This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

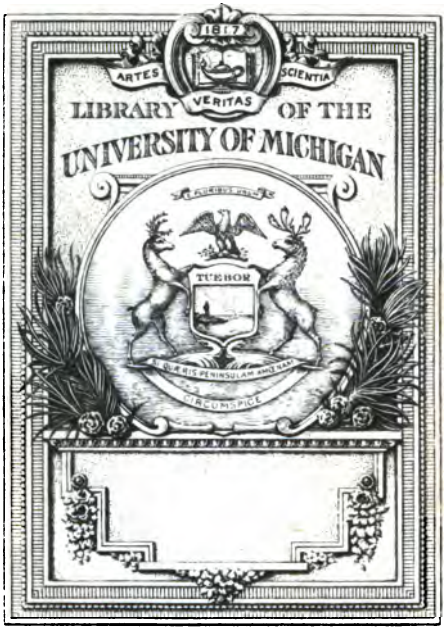
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

14 nov - 1834 - 25; The
Last published £3/07/6




Digitized by Google

AP
4
.R167

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*Hobgyd, Del.* *W.Hall Sculp*

*Bendow, Publisher.*

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

THE

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

# FASHIONABLE EMPORIUM

OF

## POLITE LITERATURE,

THE FINE ARTS—POLITICS—THEATRICAL EXCELLENCIES—WIT—HUMOUR—GENIUS—TASTE—GALLANTRY—AND ALL

THE GAY VARIETY OF SUPREME BON TON.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
Wit, truth, and humour shall by turns appear.

VOL. I.

---

LONDON:

BENBOW, PRINTER, BYRON'S HEAD, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

1822.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Court.
Southern
1-14-43
47111
2v.

# PREFACE.

ON presenting the first Volume of THE RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE to the Public, custom, as well as obligation, demand from us some review of our labours at the close of the year. It is not for us to speak respecting its merits; but this we can assert, that few periodical publications have, under similar circumstances and disadvantages, obtained so much patronage and success in as short a space of time. We have had no puffing advertisements; no bookselling connection to force a circulation; we have not flattered hypocrites and scoundrels that we might share in their dishonest plunder. To unmask these has been our object, and with what effect, let the Vice Society tell. We have expressed that openly, which others did by inuendoes and equivoques; we have made LOVE our principal theme, because, as MOORE, says, 'The world are all thinking about it," and for this we have incurred the malice of a gang of reverend hypocrites. We shall quote the words of a valued correspondent, and conclude by saying, that in what has been praised, we shall endeavour still more to deserve praise; and the errors that have been pointed out, shall be amended as speedily as possible.

Digitized by Google

'Woman is a theme of which you seem capable of estimating the full value, and can promulgate to the world in a manner which shews you free and independent of that false delicacy and restraint which pervade the generality of the periodicals of the present day, which, by throwing a veil over their real meaning, tend more to embarrass the reader by their obscurity, than elicit any thing whereby to illustrate their positions by solid reasoning and sound judgment. I allude to the style in which these are generally written, being under the head of 'Domestic' or 'Moral and Religious Tales,' which are nothing more or less than luscious descriptions of vice arrayed in all the pomp of pageantry, and placed in a point of view more calculated to inflame the licentious—or young and inexperienced mind, than the true detail of facts connected with public justice, and public punishment, in which she is represented in all her native deformity, divested of the mask that concealed her actions from the gaze of man. (Vide the article Fashionable Gallantry.) 'Yet it has been urged, why encourage such an immodest publication as the 'Rambler's Magazine?' the reason is obvious, there is not, I am persuaded, throughout the whole, an indecent phrase, though, at the same time, it fully exposes the scenes of debauchery that are daily laid to entrap the unwary, in order that the prudent and virtuous may be placed upon their guard, and knowing, avoid the fatal snare.'

Digitized by Google

# INDEX TO VOL. I.


A.

Achilles; a Defence of the Ladies of Great Britain .. 337

ANECDOTES, &c.

Curious Dialogue ..... 33
Supplement to Buffon ..... 34
Common Scold, Hatton-garden; Marriage Lottery, &c to 39
Jupiter and Leda; Shandean Imitations; the Boots, 86 to 90
Lady Howe; Maid's Soliloquy; a Winning Appearance; Amorous Abbé 131 to 141
A great Duke in a Passion; Murat; Generous Landlord; Ready Wit .. 178 to 180
The Agreeable Ghost; Lord Byron Picking his Nose; The Banker and Sailor; A Tar in a Church .... 231 to 236
French Gallantry; Northern way of Making Love; Miss Elphinston's Work Bag; Disappointed Bride 273 to 282
Counsellor Dunning; Forgetfulness; Lady Castlereagh, Pat, and the Potatoes, Courtship and Matrimony, &c. ..... 324 to 332
The Dean taken for a Bishop: The Ladies' Choice; Sterne's Wife..... 373 to 375
Bibles and Bible Societies; Nan Catly; Gallantry and Tenderness ..... 422 to 425
Modern Preacher; Force of Conscience ..... 459 to 470
Work of Love; Morality of the Clergy; Epigrams; The People's Prayer.... 514 to 522
Retort Courteous; Mrs ——'s Whistle ..... 566 to 571

B

Bowing and Scraping ..... 153

C

CUCKOLD'S CHRONICLE.

Temple Crim. Con. ..... 5, 59
Wright *v.* Wright ..... 8
Pennington *v.* Lowe ..... 12
Misconduct of the Rev. S. Davis 16
Allardyce *v.* Johnson ..... 64
Newman *v.* Bennett ..... 66
Perrin *v.* Perrin..... 67
Crim. Con..... 47

D.

Dumb Lover, a Tale ..... 17, 69
Dialogue in a Water Closet.. 55
Disastrous Consequences of Girls going to Fairs ..... 248
Drama ..... 454

E.

ECCENTRICITIES.

A Run through London .... 109


Digitized by Google

Letter from T. Figgins..... 112
Letter from a Grass Widow.. 114
Letter to the Editor ..... 116
Marriage of Old Coke ..... 145
Letter from the Huron to his Friend ..... 217
Love in Northumberland .... 219
Another Prophet ..... 221
Money Lenders ..... ibid
Wife of Two Husbands .... 311
American Wit..... 313
Churchill ..... ibid
A Black Husband wanted.... 314
Wife wanted ..... 315
Memoir of the Bp. of Clogher 375
Love in Chancery ..... 376
Diogenes and his Tub ..... 681

## F.

FASHIONABLE GALLANTRY
Hibernia *v.* Caledonia ..... 103
Gill *v.* Gill ..... ibid
Hayes *v.* Bonus ..... 104
Ex-Sheriff Parkins ..... 162
Crim. Con. at Botany Bay .. 163
Dent *v.* Manton ..... 165
Rape..... ibid
Ditto, Durham Assizes ..... 166
Bigamy ..... 168
Thwaites *v.* Smith..... 211
Crim. Con. in India ..... 212
Ditto in Lancaster..... ibid
King *v.* Chance ..... 213
Bates *v* Morris ..... 215
Abduction in Ireland..... 216
Irish Crim. Con..... 256
Love in a Balloon ..... 259
Gwynne *v.* Jenkins ..... 260
King *v.* Mar. of Westmeath.. 261
Nowlan *v.* Lord Glentworth.. 347
Kendal *v.* Rooke ..... 349
Rape..... ibid
Footman seduced by a Duchess do.
Worrall *v.* Sanderson ..... 398
Cock *v.* Moss ..... 401
Thomas *v.* Jones ..... 402
Sealey *v.* Moore ..... 442
Abduction of Miss Goold.... 443
Ditto of Miss Ferrell ..... ibid
Rape at Norwich ..... 444
France *v.* Powell ..... ibid
Bell *v.* Hill ..... do.
Cutting and Maiming..... 445
Seymour *v.* Gartside..... 446
Daly *v.* Garratt ..... 447
Clogherism..... 448
Love at Fifty ..... 493
Ritchie *v.* Bluet ..... 495
Ex-Sheriff Parkins's Appeal.. 496
Who's the Dupe..... 499
Morality of a Gospel Minister 544
Case of Seduction ..... 545
Paternal Love ..... 548

## G.

Green Gown, an Adventure .. 255

## I.

Influence of Love on Society 149

## L.

Letter from Timothy Buskin 177
Life of Marchioness de C—— 196
Life of Lady Arabella H——t 245
Letter on the Marriage Act .. 437
Love, an essay on ..... 1
Love in Japan..... 155
Lodges, list of Odd Fellows 48, 131

Digitized by Google

London Hells Exposed 105, 159, 206, 239, 400.

LITERATURE.

Tales of Ton ..... 23
Cospatrick of Raymondsham 24
Puzzled and Pleased ..... ibid
Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron 25
Giuseppino, a Tale ..... ibid
Queen Mab, notice of ..... 91
Cain, a Mystery, by Ld Byron 119
Broad Hint for Tommy Moore 121
Scotch Fables and Irish Lies 122
The Amours of Faublas .... 181
The Lollards, a Tale ..... 222
Notices ..... 225
Belshazzar, a poem ..... 269
The Mohawks ..... 270
Exposition of Dr. Watkins's Life of Lord Byron ..... 618
Biographical Dictionary .... 419
Wieland's Agathon, a Poem 458
The Two Visions ..... 509

M.

Minor Company, characters of 177
Memoir of Miss M. Tree.... 252
Ditto of Mrs. Q——— ..... 298
Ditto of Percy Byshe Shelly 393
Ditto of Rt. Hon. Ld. Byron 429
Ditto of Napoleon Buonaparte 477
Methodist Prayer Meeting .. 537
Memoir of an Orator..... 536

MISCELLANIES.

Olive, Princess of Cumberland 306
Bow-street ..... 308
Unnatural Mother ..... 309
Chimney Sweeper no Bishop 355
Torture, a new method of .. ibid
Death of Emery, Comedian .. 356
On the New Marriage Act .. 357
Wretched condition of a Man who has a Loving Wife .. 359
Golden Ass 363, 404, 499, 519
Vice Society ..... 408
The Church in Danger .. 408, 452
Loves of Lord Nelson ..... 410
Living Characters--Ex-Sheriff 312
———————Cobbett.. 449
———————Canning 503
———————Adolphus 554
The Puritans ..... 450
Different Methods of Courtship 556
Hypocrisy and Persecution .. 558
Justification of Bail ..... 560
Correspondent ..... ibid

P.

Plan for reducing the Population ..... 271
Primitive Innocence ..... 432
Politics..... 44
Effects of Fanaticism..... 45
Pugilism ..... 46

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Private Theatrical Conspiracy 57
Private Theatrical Conspiracy 130
Minor 31, 138, 177, 230, 373
Berwick-street 32, 128, 230, 372
Rawstorne-place 32, 80, 129, 176 231, 373, 509
Francis Street ..... 129, 176
Wilson-street ..... 176, 230

POETRY.

Fleet-street Melody ..... 26
Lines left on a Lady's Piano 27
To Jessica ..... ibid

Digitized by Google

Celestial Crim. Con. ..... 28
Ode to Poetry ..... 93
Maids and Wives ..... 96
Coke and the Commons..... 141
Moving Impromptu ..... 142
Agricultural Interests ..... ibid
Lines to Henry Hunt..... 143
To Eliza ..... 144
Stanzas ..... ibid
The Successful Lover ..... 190
Marriage at Paddington .... ibid
Giving the Devil his Due.... 191
The Two Doctors, epigram .. 192
Modern Manners; The Contrast; Royal Relationship; Thanks..... ibid
We're a' Nodding..... 236
To ——; Lines on a Recent Marriage; On a beautiful April Morning ..... 238
The Yielding Maid ..... 290
Epitaph on Grub-street Jack 242
Put out the Lights, Mary .. 383
The Life of Love ..... 284
Song of Glory ..... 285
Amatory Epistle ..... 287
Butterfly and Rose..... 332
Lines to Harriet..... 334
Fable of the Bees 335, 425, 522,
Lovers' Kiss ..... 425
The Duke and the Devil .... 471
On the Choice of a Wife .... 474
View in Hyde Park ..... 475
On Woman; On Lord C—: On our Pious Clergy..... 476
The Kiss..... 521
On a Pipe of Tobacco ..... ibid
On Achilles ..... 622
To Bessy ..... 567

R.

The Rambler; or, Life and Amours of Gregory Griffin 49
100, 202, 293, 343, 389, 485, 528
Remarks on Female Genius.. 97
Reflections on Female Taste 193
Remarks on the Degeneracy of the Nobility ..... 242
Remarks on the Prevailing Taste for Pugilism ..... 290

S.

Society for Suppression of Vice ..... 271
Strictures on Blackwood .... 395
Some Remarks on Marriage 481

T.

Theatrical Remarks ..... 266
Cutting Remarks on a Kean Performer ..... 267
Theological Quackery ..... 209

THEATRICALS.

Covent Garden 39, 77, 126, 170, 226, 316, 507
Drury-lane 40, 75, 124, 169, 226, 316, 525, 562
Adelphi Theatre .....41, 228
Haymarket Theatre.....79, 367
Olympic ..... 43, 78, 127, 174
Royalty .....80, 174
Surrey Theatre 78, 173, 228, 317, 371, 416
Italian Opera ..... 172
Astley's Amphitheatre .. 370, 417
Cobourg Theatre 43, 79, 173, 229, 371, 417, 508, 563

V.

Vauxhall ..... 371,418
Vice Society v. Benbow, with Speech of C. Phillips .... 350
Venus, account of ..... 525

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*Mars, Venus, & Vulcan.*

*Vide page 28.*

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

No. I.] JANUARY 1, 1822. [Vol. I.


"*Perdutto e tutto il tempe*
"*Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
"*All time is lost,*
"*That is not spent in love.*"

## ON LOVE.

As every thing connected with the soft passion of Love, will claim the highest consideration in the undertaking about to be commenced, it may not be amiss to dedicate the first article to his Godship; or, at least, to a remark upon those emotions attributed to his almighty power.

That love was designed to be the chief business of our lives, is evident, from the peculiar strength which NATURE has given that passion over every other, and from the length of time that we are susceptible of its influence. Other animals experience its power but at stated intervals; and then in so limited and mechanical a manner, that its impulses are gone the moment the purposes of procreation are answered, and the desire ceases with the capability to perform its operations. But, with men and women, the season of love lasts from the moment in which Nature first kindles it in their blood at the age of puberty, to the latest period of



Digitized by Google

their lives; for even the incapability of administering or of receiving the sensual portion of its pleasure, does not incapacitate us from enjoying that intellectual luxury which springs from the contemplation of personal, mental, or moral beauty, in a favourite object of our opposite sex. Nature has been particularly bountiful to her creature man, in giving him a perpetual relish for the pleasures of love, and making them the most agreeable of all his pastimes; for what is there in the world that can afford us such superlative happiness? Does ambition, avarice, drunkenness, or gluttony, yield their votaries a hundredth part of the felicity experienced by two youthful lovers during their courtship—and at that period when they sink panting and breathless in each other's arms, after the first taste of Hymeneal bliss? "Can ought saint, sage, or sophist ever writ"—can spirits from above, or dæmons from below, cozen us out of our senses, and seduce us to deny that the happiest moments of our lives are spent in the society of lovely woman? While we are single, is she not the *Polar Star* that guides our course? Is it not our grand object to render ourselves acceptable to her—to acquire a competence in order to support her—and ultimately to gain possession of her, and to enjoy her? There is no pursuit but what had its origin either in a desire to render ourselves agreeable to her, or in her support and protection: whether we cross the seas for war or merchandize—whether we toil by night or by day, the object of all our efforts will be found to have sprung from love, however we may be subsequently seduced by interest or ambition.

It is true that all this is founded on the secret spring of *sexual-desire*, which nature has implanted in us, that, as creatures of *necessity*, we should, in spite of ourselves, do her journeywork; but then she has decked it with such various charms—endowed it with such exquisite sensations—and made her service the greatest boon of our existence.

In yielding to the dictates of love, and in performing its joyful rites, we are subscribing to the religion of

Digitized by Google

NATURE;* we are pious without hypocrisy, and our fervour arises from real instead of pretended inspiration. Our devotion is not the discipline of gloomy bigots, but the ardent enthusiasm of zealous votaries, who are prompted by a love of heaven, and not goaded by a fear of hell. We may perhaps be told, that all these ineffable delights are fleeting and imaginary—and that when once the spells of expectation are broken, and the charm of novelty destroyed, we shall in vain seek for that luscious zest which exhilirated our souls when first we drank of the magic cup: but we would ask, whether the enlivening goblet of rich Falernian wine is despised because we have drank of it the hundredth time? Do we despise every pleasure that has lost the first fascination of novelty, and because it comes not in the shape of an untried, untasted luxury? No: the endearing acquaintance with the ecstatic delights of love only renders our homage the more loyal and the more constant; while we abstain, we are able to refrain—but, when once we taste, we are anxious again and again to partake of the delicious banquet, and however the want of that economy which is necessary in the enjoyment of every good thing, may occasionally cloy, yet the unutterable raptures of connubial bliss are a never-ending, still-beginning, consolation to the sons and daughters of Adam and of Eve.

Perhaps we may also be told of the evils which arise from the junction of uncongenial souls, and be entertained with a history of wars, and jars, and brawls, and strife, which sometimes ensues the connection of the sexes—but with this we insist we have nothing to do; it is not the fault of Nature, but of the fools themselves, for having taken up with the wrong half, and when that is the case, they can no more be expected to join in mutual harmony than two odd halves of a pair of scissars to fit and join in a close embrace.

---

* We perfectly agree with what the laughing sage, *Boccaccio*, says in his witty and well conducted allegory—

"*Che quello servigio che piu si poteva far grato a Dio, si era rimettere il* DIAVOLO *in* INFERNO."

*Novella X.—Giorno III.*

To illustrate, we shall quote Plato, who, in his "Banquet," puts a very pretty fable into the mouth of the celebrated comic poet, Aristophanes:—"Jupiter, in the beginning, did not make the man and woman separated as they are now, but both the sexes were combined in one body; and in this manner the human race continue to be manufactured, and to live, one generation after another, for the space of 50,000 years; but in the year of the world 50,001 and a half, one of the double beings who was high in authority, ordered a mountain to be levelled, and the course of a river to be turned. Now this was, in those days, considered to be flying in the face of the gods as much as cutting our own throats is at the present day; therefore, Jupiter took it into his head to be angry—nay more, he flew in a great wrath; and to punish the sacrilege of this presumptuous individual, he hurled one of the heaviest and best loaded thunderbolts which Vulcan had ever made, at the whole race of them, and split each of them into two. Thus, for the crime of one, the whole race was condemned ever after to exist as distinct sexes; and such was the confusion, that they were obliged to go hopping about in search of their right halves, very frequently picking up the wrong. Hence arose domestic broils, jealousies, and strife; hence the origin of anger and discord between man and wife. Those, however, who, in the lottery of life, got hold of the *right half*, managed to live comfortably; and, in the worst of times, if they could make both ends meet, and every thing was fitting and appropriate, they enjoyed a heaven upon earth."

We shall conclude this subject, for the present, by recommending the moral of this fable to the serious attention of our readers.

¶.

Digitized by Google

# The Cuckold's Chronicle.

## AN AFFAIR OF GALLANTRY COMFORTABLY HUSHED UP.

[*PRIVATE INTELLIGENCE.*]

A nobleman, hitherto better known on the turf than in the annals of gallantry, was in the habit of purchasing certain fancy articles at a stylish shop in one of those streets at the west end of the town, where the gay and the fashionable lounge away their mornings. It happened, that the wife of this tradesman occasionally assisted in the shop, notwithstanding they were considered the most dashing high-flyers in the street. She is about thirty years of age, and has had three children—but there is something very agreeable in her person, and moreover a sort of bewitching glance, and amorous look, sometimes discoverable in her eye, which attracted the notice of the noble customer, and led him frequently into conversation with her, when the husband was absent. From the circumstance of her always entering the shop when his carriage was seen to stop at the door, and the general tenor of her conduct, he flattered himself she was *come-at-able*, and immediately determined to lay his plans accordingly. He took an opportunity of introducing the subject of theatricals, and learned that she was going with a party to Covent Garden the next evening the "Exile" was performed, which was the most lucky information he could desire. When the evening arrived, he repaired to the theatre, and being confident she would like to show off her agreeable person in the dress circle, he kept a strict look out, and had the pleasure to see the object of his wishes enter a box not far from him, in company with another lady, and a youth. Many minutes did not elapse before he was comfortably seated by her side, earnestly pleading the violence of his passion, and pressing her hand within his own at every



Digitized by Google

convenient opportunity. The fear she evinced lest his ardour should be perceived, made him confident that nothing would be wanted to crown his bliss but proper time and place.

There having been so many awkward discoveries at such places as the "Key," the "Fountain," &c. he thought he should be more retired and secret if he could procure an obscure set of chambers in the Temple. He immediately made a confidant of his chaplain, and employed him to look for a vacancy on a third or fourth story, which being met with, was taken in the clergyman's name, merely as a study—and truly it was for that purpose, for

> "Woman is a book, and often found
> "Much better in the *sheets* than when she's bound!
> "No wonder, then, some students take delight,
> "Above all things, to study in the night!"

The chambers consisted of two rooms in the attic story, which could not possibly be pryed into from any other window, being at the end of a building which overlooked a garden. It was to this place he conducted her the moment she had become ripe for his designs, on an occasion when she was returning from a call on a female friend in the city, the intention of which visit was hinted during a chat she had with him in the shop.—The matter once accomplished, it only remained to concert measures for their future meeting, which were to be as frequent as possible, without exciting suspicion.

Their appointments were, in the first place, periodical; at least, she was only missed about twice a week, and it is supposed they settled at parting when they should meet again—but his lordship became urgent to see her more frequently, and one day was observed, by a maiden sister of the husband, to slide a note along the counter under her hand. This was mentioned to the husband, in private, when he came home in the evening, and the absence of the wife served to strengthen the suspicion. A plan was arranged to watch her the next time she went out, and they succeeded in

Digitized by Google

tracing her to the entrance of the Temple, from Essex-street, where she was met by his lordship, who conducted her to the accustomed rendezvous, the husband's trusty scout gently tripping up the stairs to ascertain the door they entered.

This being done, he returned to the anxious husband, and held a council of war on the best mode of proceeding to catch them in the act. They proceeded towards the staircase, and steeling gently up, discovered, that a window on the landing-place of the attic story opened into the gutter, between the roof and the parapet wall. They calculated that it might possibly lead them towards the windows of the chambers, and determined to crawl gently round the roof. The first window they arrived at, looked into a sitting-room; one candle was on the table, a lady's bonnet and scarf, and a man's hat, stick, and gloves. It was not thought prudent to enter this window, unless they could arrive at no other; they therefore continued until they turned the corner of the roof, when they reached an attic window consisting of two sashes, which slid past each other in an upright direction. They could perceive a light in the room, and the window was partly open, on account of the closeness of the evening; there was a curtain, yet it was undrawn, there being no house near to overlook it. The husband, and his trusty shopman, paused for a while in breathless silence, before they ventured to peep in—but hearing the well known voice of his wife pronounce "My dear," as in the moment of rapturous ecstacy, when grateful for the excess of bliss enjoyed—he could no longer contain himself, and sliding back the window, he sprung into the room, and found his lordship closely locked in his wife's arms on the bed. They were both in a state of perfect nudity, but though so desperately engaged in * * * * *, the sudden alarm brought their conflict to an abrupt termination. The poor husband had brought a horse-whip, and was about to lacerate the body of his frail spouse before she had time to put on her chemise, but her inamorato had sufficient presence of mind to give

Digitized by Google

the affair a very different conclusion. He was prepared with a brace of loaded pistols, which he immediately seized, and presented, one in each hand, at the husband and his shopman, and bid them both get out of the window again, or he would blow their brains out, as thieves attacking him in bed, with a view to rob and murder him. They lost no time in obeying his commands, and he immediately ran down to the second floor window, and called up the watchman, to take charge of two men on the roof of the house, who came there with a view to rob him. Expostulation was useless, their situation was sufficient, and Charley sprung his rattle for assistance, to lug them to the watch-house. His lordship told the affrighted fair one to get into bed and make herself comfortable, as she should stay there all night, and he would come back as soon as he had given the parties in charge.

*(To be concluded in the next.)*

---

## COURT OF KING'S BENCH, *Saturday, Dec.* 15.

### WRIGHT *versus* WRIGHT.

Mr. Scarlett stated the case to the jury. He said that the plaintiff, Mr. John Wright, was a respectable wine and brandy merchant, and spirit retail dealer, residing in Ratcliffe Highway; and his wife had been a kind and affectionate partner to him, assisting him in his industry, by her aid and assiduity, before the unhappy circumstance occurred which had led to their final separation. The defendant, he lamented to say, was united by the ties of relationship to the plaintiff—he was his own first cousin; and was a linen merchant, residing at Norwich, and also a man in a very respectable line of trade. The plaintiff's wife was from North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk, and was the daughter of the coroner of that county. In the year 1812, the plaintiff married her at her parish church, and, having respectable means, determined on coming to the me-

Digitized by Google

tropolis to enter into some business. He took a house and cellars in Ratcliffe-highway, where he commenced business, and his wife attended to the bar. Though living at Norwich, the defendant occasionally came up to the metropolis; and when he did so, was a visitor, as a relative and acquaintance, at the plaintiff's house at Ratcliffe-highway. The defendant came to his house when in town, in the month of March in the last year; and one day after dinner, pressed the plaintiff to accompany him to the Royalty Theatre. A coach was called, and the plaintiff and defendant set out for the theatre. Before they set out, the defendant said to the plaintiff that he would take a bed in his house that night, and return home with him after the play. After they arrived at the Royalty Theatre, the defendant, under some pretext, withdrew from the box, and promised in a few minutes to return to the plaintiff—a promise which he never kept, for the plaintiff did not see him again at the theatre in the course of the evening. The moment he quitted the box, he returned quickly home to the plaintiff's house, and on his making his re-appearance there, the plaintiff's wife, who always before staid at the bar when her husband was out, until the hour of shutting it, which was eleven o'clock, retired with the defendant, and without a light, into the parlour behind the bar;—she was seen a little before her having so retired, in the kitchen with the defendant, his arm around her neck, and his hand in her bosom. Leading to the bar and parlour there was a passage, in which there were two doors, one of them more immediately leading to the bar from the parlour than the other, and which was always used by Mrs. Wright; but on this occasion, that more convenient door was observed, by one of the female servants, who had occasion to go there, to be closed fast, and her mistress answered her at the other door—a circumstance altogether unusual. She (the mistress) appeared then, with her dress in great disorder. After Mrs. Wright had been observed to go from the bar into the parlour with the defendant, the cellar-

Digitized by Google

man employed on the premises, was standing with one of the female servants in the kitchen. They heard a noise like chairs jogging or beating time against the floor in the parlour, and the man had the curiosity to go and listen, to ascertain the cause. He passed to the bar along the passage. One of the doors (the nearer one) was shut, but the further one was just-ajar: there was no light, and he crept softly on, until he obtained a peep through the unclosed door, when he saw the defendant and Mrs. Wright in such a peculiar situation—in such close contact—and performing such operations as could leave no doubt on the mind as to the motive which guided them to the end they had in view. She was afterwards seen in great dishabille passing through the kitchen into the yard; and one of the servants assisted in putting her cap and gown to rights, after their disorder. The husband soon after returned, and his wife went to the door and let him in; but she endeavoured as much as possible to conceal her appearance, by keeping behind the door as he passed in. When the plaintiff went into the parlour, and saw the defendant at home before him, he complained of his having left him so abruptly at the theatre; and the defendant retorted that it was he who had missed him, for on returning and not finding him, he thought he had shaped his course homewards, and therefore he had bent his way in the same direction, and had fallen asleep almost ever since. The parties then sat down to supper, and defendant staid there on that, and, he believed, the following night.

Several witnesses were called to prove the case, and that the husband and wife lived happily together.

Matthew Wiggins, the cellar-man, deposed to what had before been stated of his peeping into the parlour, and discovering his mistress and the defendant closely engaged in the "soft encounter;" and in about ten days or a fortnight after communicated to his master, of his own accord, what he had seen. His master then said nothing to him for several days. His mistress left the house a few days after. During two years that witness lived in the house, his master and mistress lived

Digitized by Google

happily together. He always used her well. They lived comfortable. He had no animosity against his mistress whatever.

Mr. Gurney then rose, and addressed the jury for the defendant. He said that their experience must have told them, that no cases differed so widely from each other as those of a Crim. Con. character. Some of them were rendered, by their circumstances, of great and lamentable aggravation—where a defendant had by wiles and intrigue undermined the honour of a virtuous woman, and had ultimately made her fall by his arts. There was no suggestion, even if the whole of what had been stated in evidence was true, that this was a case of that description. The utmost that had been suggested did not amount to any aggravated case of seduction; for here the intercourse of the parties was casual—the defendant living mostly at a great distance from the plaintiff, and only coming now and then as an ordinary visitor to his house. According to one of the servants, who had lived six months at the house, she had never seen the defendant there before this alleged transaction. They had here no seduction, no arts, no deceit. As to the condition of the woman, she was as they had heard, merely serving in a gin-shop, and possibly romping with the defendant in the manner her maids sometimes do, and out of that, perhaps, was framed the whole case. If the jury thought this was a case for damages, he was sure they would think with him, that the smallest damages would be quite sufficient for such a transaction.

Lord Chief Justice Abbott, in charging the jury, said that the first question which they had to consider was, whether they believed the adultery had been committed. If they believed the witness Wiggins, then upon that point there could be no doubt, for on his testimony the proof rested, the other witnesses merely speaking to acts of impropriety, but not amounting to the principal act. With respect to the question of damages, it was true, that this case was unattended with the points of aggravation which sometimes are found in such offences. They would of course look at the

Digitized by Google

plaintiff's situation, at the injury he had received, and at the probable means at the disposal of the defendant. They would consider these circumstances dispassionately, and apportion the damages which they deemed applicable to a case of this character.

The jury consulted together for about five minutes, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, *One Hundred Pounds.*

---

## COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—*Dec. 4.*

### PENNINGTON *versus* LOWE.

Mr. Serjeant Pell stated the case to the jury. He said, that the situation of Mr. Pennington, the plaintiff, had for some years past been most distressing, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, and the present case came in aggravation of his misfortunes. In the year 1808, Mr. Pennington, then a widower, without children by his former wife, married the lady, whose misconduct had given rise to this action. She was the daughter of a gentleman named Alvan, and at the period of her marriage was about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Pennington being then about thirty-four. They had lived together for many years in the greatest possible harmony, and the marriage was satisfactory to the friends on both sides, with the exception of Mr. Alvan, whose objection to it was so strong from the commencement, that he refused to see her for twelve months afterwards, and could never be perfectly reconciled to her husband. This determined aversion, on his part, continued to be shown in the most manifest manner down to the year 1817, by which time his daughter had four children, the youngest of whom, a little girl, had been christened by the name of Ellen Lowe Pennington—Lowe, as the Jury would observe, being the name of the defendant. Mr. Pennington had been a coal-merchant, but becoming extremely embarrassed in the year 1818, he applied to his father-in-law for assistance, and the jury would be shocked to hear, that the

Digitized by Google

only condition upon which the application would have been listened to was, that the husband should consent to separate for ever from the wife of his heart, with whom he lived at the time in the full enjoyment of conjugal happiness. At this period the greatest intimacy subsisted between the defendant and Mr. Pennington, who little suspected his base designs. It appeared that in 1817 a separation had taken place, and Mr. and Mrs. Pennington lived apart from each other. Mrs. Pennington, upon that event, went first to reside at a house belonging to her father, in Duncan-place, Battersea-fields, and afterwards removed to a house in the Wandsworth-road. She left that residence in a short time, and went to live with her mother at Woodford, her father having died in the year 1818. In the mean time she had not given up her acquaintance with Lowe, who still continued to visit her; and his attentions at Woodford assumed so marked a character, that the mother found it necessary to forbid him her house, and Mrs. Pennington was also not permitted to enter it any more. She then went to a place called Theydon Bois, near Epping, whither she was attended by the defendant, whom she never lost sight of. In August, 1819, she affected to be troubled with the rheumatism, and said she would go to Southend for the benefit of sea-bathing. But did she go there? No such thing. She left Theydon Bois, it was true, but not for Southend; and when she returned, on the 3d of November, she brought back an infant child with her, of which she had been delivered at a small house near Wanstead. The defendant was the person who had taken that house, representing himself as an officer on half-pay, and stating that his wife (meaning Mrs. Pennington) was near her confinement. It would be proved to the entire satisfaction of the jury, that the parties lived together in that house as man and wife; and this being the case, no doubt could exist on their minds that the defendant had perfected the wickedness which he had contemplated from the commencement. Yet the guilt of the defendant might still have eluded the visitation of justice, had it it not been for an extraordinary cir-



Digitized by Google

cumstance. Mr. Macdonnell, a medical gentleman, who had attended the lady at her delivery, thought he had seen her before, though he could not at the time recollect where. Not long after, however, he met Mr. Pennington near the forest, who was then seeking for evidence against Lowe, and the circumstance led to a full developement of the affair, Mr. Macdonnell recollecting that Mrs. Pennington was the same lady he had delivered. This occurred in the month of November, 1819; and, immediately after, Mr. Pennington commenced legal proceedings against the defendant. But what did the jury suppose had been the conduct of the adulterer on that occasion? Why, in forty-eight hours after, he had the impudence as well as the cruelty to arrest Mr. Pennington for a supposed debt due to him for the maintenance of the husband's four children, the husband himself not having the slightest knowledge of the transaction. If it should be said that this action could not be maintained because the husband and wife were not living together at the time the adultery took place, then he (Mr. Serjeant Pell) should lament, for the character of the country, and for the best interests of society, that such a defence could be tolerated. He should lament that because a husband and wife happened, from peculiar circumstances, to live apart from each other, a license should thereby be afforded to any wicked man to perpetrate his designs on female virtue.

Several witnesses having proved the facts stated by the counsel for the plaintiff,

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan then addressed the jury for the defendant. He commented on the leading points of the statement made by Mr. Serjeant Pell, and contended that the plaintiff could not be legally considered entitled to damages, as he had been living apart from his wife at the time the adultery took place. This was the main point of the learned Serjeant's argument, and he adduced several authorities in support of it, observing at the same time, that the plaintiff could not have been ignorant, for a long period previously, of the terms upon which the defendant and his wife lived together. It was also remarkable, he said,

Digitized by Google

that after the death of the lady's father, the husband and wife had not come again together. What did this show?—not that they were affectionate towards each other, but that their differences were irreconcilable. He conjured the jury not to treat the case as if the parties had lived, up to the period when the adultery was committed, in harmony and conjugal happiness with each other.

No witnesses were called on the part of the defendant.

Lord Chief Justice Dallas then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury. His lordship took a luminous and comprehensive view of the law of the case, and said, that with great deference to the high opinions of Lord Kenyon, Mr. Justice Ashurst, Mr. Justice Buller, and Mr. Justice Grose, who held a contrary doctrine, he could not bring himself to believe, that because a man happened to be separated from his wife at the time, he was not in a state to bring an action against a person who had seduced her. It was very true that the fact of his separation might very materially affect the amount of damages; but it ought not to be put in as a bar against the action, the best interests of morality being decidedly opposed to such a doctrine. It would be extremely severe, indeed, if a man, who, perhaps from untoward circumstances, found it necessary to live separated from his wife, was to have a spurious offspring foisted upon him, and his honour injured in the tenderest point, without being able to maintain an action against the adulterer. His lordship, after urging some further arguments to this effect, said he should reserve the point in question for the future consideration of the court; observing, that if the jury should now return a verdict for the plaintiff, a nonsuit might afterwards be entered if his opinion should not be sustained.

The jury then retired, and after remaining absent about twenty minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds.*



Digitized by Google

## ARCHES COURT.—*Nov.* 14.

### ALLEGED MISCONDUCT OF THE REV. SAMUEL G. DAVIES.

This was a case which had been removed by letters of request from the Consistorial Court on the Diocese of Oxford to the Arches Court of Canterbury. Seventeen articles were presented against the Rev. Mr. Davies, curate of Chalbury, and minister of the parish and chapel of Chaddington, in Oxfordshire, charging him with a variety of acts of profaneness, immorality, drunkenness, indecency, and indecorum, both in his private conduct, and in the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions.

The chief of the articles admitted by the court, (after hearing arguments of counsel as to their admissibility) were, the charge of his coming to church to perform divine service in a state of inebriety, from excessive drinking and intoxication. Also at a vestry meeting at the parish church of ——— —, where he officiated as curate, particularly on the 24th of April, 1821, so that he could not take the chair. His expressing himself in private conversation to a respectable parishioner, named Evans, with great indecency— "*Give me a good horse, and five shillings, and I will ride to Hell and back again in two days, against the whole parish.*" His having taken upon him, of his own authority, to change the hour of church service from eleven to twelve, to the great inconvenience of the majority of parishioners; and next, his reading the church service with such rapidity, as to make it utterly impossible to hear distinctly what was said.

Sir John Nichol here observed, it might or might not be shown, that it rested with the clergyman to appoint his own hour. He was of opinion that was a matter which rested with himself. If it was found inconvenient to the bulk of his parishioners, they might complain of the inconvenience to the Diocesan. With respect to the article "habitual and excessive drinking," the learned judge thought, if several instances could be proved that would bear out the offence charged, and

Digitized by Google

this article was admissible as conduct highly indecorous in a clergyman in holy orders, the court would credit or discredit the evidence upon the whole of the case.—With respect to the language made use of to Mr. Evans, that certainly was an indecency of expression for which a person of his calling was subject to be admonished. The eleventh article charged conduct of a still more criminal and scandalous nature, namely, that the defendant, having a certain pupil in his house, a young gentleman between the age of fourteen and sixteen, *suffered the said pupil to lay in the same bed with himself and wife.* That this was publicly and repeatedly witnessed by the servants, and by every body in the house, and was notorious to all the neighbours, to the great scandal of religion and morals. *That he suffered the said pupil to go to bed to his* (the defendant's) *wife, and to lay in bed together, both being naked.* That such had been habitually witnessed both before the said pupil went to the University of Oxford, and after his return from College, where he remained three years up to 1816.

The thirteen articles were all admitted, with the exception of certain modifications for the sake of technical forms, which the court directed should be reformed in those respects.

## THE DUMB LOVER.

[*Having met with this tale among a collection of "Avantures Gallantes et Comiques," under the title of "Le Muet Babillard," and not being aware of its introduction into our language, we have translated it purposely for this publication.*]

Of all the vices of society, hypocrisy appears to me one of the most considerable, since it often conceals the most wicked projects under specious appearances: therefore, I think it a meritorious undertaking, to undeceive the public with respect to any erroneous opinions they may have conceived; and I flatter myself, that no one will blame either the subject of this history, or the punishment with which it terminates.

Digitized by Google

Paris is, of all the cities of France, that where one finds the greatest number of singular adventures; and nothing can be more diverting, or even more instructive, than a collection of anecdotes of this great city. A widow, whose name I shall conceal under that of Dorothea, acquired there a very great reputation. Her family was illustrious, and her wealth so considerable, that, although she was neither handsome nor young, she had a crowd of lovers, who all being attracted by the charms of her riches, sought with earnestness the means of pleasing her, which however appeared extremely difficult.

The devotion of Dorothea was most exemplary; she scrupled even to turn her head towards her confessor, and a look or a glance appeared to her a crime. She was seen to visit every day most of the churches in Paris; to go through the different hospitals; and to give considerable alms to the poor. In fact, it was upon these vain appearances she acquired so general a reputation for piety, that they called her the holy widow. Nevertheless, her lovers most assiduously endeavoured to persuade her that marriage was at least as agreeable to God as so rigid a widowhood. Some of them had gained over her confessor to their side; and others, under the mask of hypocrisy, followed her in her pious courses: but all these attentions made no impression on her. She wished, (she said) by an austere celibacy, to atone for the pleasures of the flesh and other worldly vanities she had partaken of during her marriage. These sentiments, and her disdainful manners, did not dishearten her numerous pretended admirers—so powerful is interest over the minds of men. They continued to put in play all the schemes imaginable to entrap Dorothea, and there was but one, named Alizart, more honest and less greedy than the others, who abandoned so difficult a project—but notwithstanding his retreat, the number of her supplicants was not less considerable.

While these things were going on, there arrived at Paris a young gentleman of good family, but so extremely poor, that the most humble hotel in the city appeared to him still above his means. He happened to descend in the neighbourhood of the widow, and was not long before he heard her spoken of as a prodigy of piety. This young man, whom I shall name Silmander, informed himself of her proceedings, and was not at a loss to perceive that an inordinate vanity and ostentation were the principal incentives to Dorothea's conduct. Silmander possessed con-

Digitized by Google

siderable wit; he was young, handsome, and well-made, and he resolved to put all in practice in order to gain the widow. But the number of lovers who came every day after her, made him conceive that it would not be by ordinary means that he could hope to triumph—and he hit upon a stratagem which had all the success he could expect. He thought, that if he could have free access to her, without causing the least umbrage, he could ultimately shake that virtue he already distrusted so much.

He found means, by some money, to purchase him a permission to beg throughout Paris, as one deaf and dumb from his birth. Silmander was not known, and his certificate was properly made out and attested. He changed his inn, and went to lodge in one of the most retired suburbs of the city. After this precaution, which appeared necessary to him, he began to put his project in practice, and to place himself in the principal churches, where he might meet Dorothea. In the first instance she payed no attention to this new supplicant; but, in a little time, his decent demeanour caused him to be noticed. She read his pretended certificate—appeared touched with his case—and was liberal in her charity. Silmander made her a bow, to thank her, with so good a grace, that Dorothea, turning towards her female attendant, said in a tone sufficiently loud for our *deaf* man to hear—"Great God! what a misfortune it is that this young man labours under such an infirmity." This tender compassion of the widow augured well to Silmander. He redoubled his assiduities, and Dorothea, whom a secret good-will interested for him, daily augmented her alms.—At last, the thing went so far, that the good widow generally emptied her purse in favour of the pretended dumb. But Silmander, who would not deprive the real poor of her alms, went ordinarily to the door of the church, and distributed a part of what he had received among those who were still more wretched than himself. This proceeding was at length noticed by Virginia, the widow's *femme de chambre*, who always attended her. She told her mistress, who could not believe so disinterested an action, until convinced of it by her own eyes. Love, which began to make an impression on her, made this generous conduct appear so brilliant in her eyes, that it enabled him to gain absolute possession of her heart. Nevertheless, before she indulged in the kindness she felt towards Silmander, she was pleased to consult her confessor, who was a good monk, with a mind as heavy as his body, for study had never enlightened the former, although good cheer had aggran-

Digitized by Google

dized the latter. Dorothea had contributed more than any other towards the vast corpulence of this venerable father—therefore, he entered with docility into all the views of the widow, and was charmed with the pious work she proposed to him. He applauded the design she had formed of taking Silmander under her protection, as it would prevent the young man from falling into vicious habits—it was to save him from the precipice, to which, sooner or late, the world would seduce his innocence. In fact, it was concluded, on both sides, that the charitable deed should be put in execution that very day. They sent to seek for Silmander, and it was with great pains that they made him understand the happiness which awaited him. At length, having so well played his part to confirm them in the opinion of his deafness, he threw himself at the feet of the good lady, and appeared so transported with his good fortune, that he accomplished the conquest of her heart. Virginia was charged with the care of conducting him to the house of Dorothea, where they gave him a very comfortable apartment.

The tailor had orders to make him two suits of clothes, neat, but genteel, and every other necessary was liberally allotted him, so that at the expiration of a few days, he found himself equipped as he ought to be according to his age, his person, and his education. Dorothea gave him the honourable post of her esquire, and it was to him that she gave her hand in all places where she wished to go. Silmander had no difficulty in perceiving that it was love assigned him this office, since no one but himself could be continually near her: and moreover, she from time to time darted at him the most amourous glances, which he pretended not to understand. He remarked that the good widow frequently feigned to make false steps, to have the pleasure of squeezing his hand, and as he wished to reduce her to the necessity of making all the advances of an amourous person, he appeared very respectful, but very indifferent. This mode of acting rendered Dorothea desperate without the power of complaining. She saw well, that it was but natural that a man she had retrieved from misery, should show the respect he owed her, and moreover, that her outrageous devotion could not leave any hope for love. She would willingly have been less devout, but she had adopted so decided a tone, that it was necessary to sustain it. Silmander, who could read her heart, laughed to himself at these various conflicts.

In the meantime, her suitors continued their assiduities; but a

Digitized by Google

new motive, of which they were ignorant, caused them to be treated with additional contempt, and the dumb protege, at whom they took no umbrage, became day after day an invincible obstacle to their desires, which were more lucrative than sensual. Among these suitors was one Florimond, who, fatigued more than the rest with so long a resistance, concluded in his own mind, to put the widow in such a situation, that she would not be able to deny favours which he pretended to take from her by violence.

He watched with great care one day, when all the domestics were gone out for different purposes, and entered the apartment of Dorothea. He found her alone, as he had calculated, for Silmander had gone out for a short time. After a very short conversation, Florimond, willing to make the best use of his time, proceeded immediately to take such liberties as are seldom permitted in the first instance. The widow uttered dreadful screams, but they were useless, and finding herself much fatigued, would probably have yielded, if the dumb Silmander had not entered her apartment. The moment he perceived the violence of Florimond, he drew his sword, and advanced fiercely towards him. This passionate lover, who only expected a few scratches from the widow, was extremely surprised to find a combat more serious upon his hands. Nevertheless, as he was as bold a man, as he was a brutal ravisher, he put himself presently in an attitude to punish the indiscretion of Silmander, but he was no more successful against him, than he was in ravishing the holy widow, and quickly received two good thrusts with the sword, that laid him at the feet of Dorothea. This adventure made a great deal of noise; Florimond was on the eve of death without being pitied by any one, and every one congratulated Dorothea on her having escaped violation by this presumptuous lover, who was for ever banished her house.

The fidelity of the dumb man was universally applauded—they praised his valour, and the fame of this action being spread throughout the city, all the world were anxious to come and see the gallant Silmander, who conducted himself with admirable presence of mind, and while they loaded him with praise, he appeared occupied with other matters, and affected to be ignorant of what they said to his advantage. In the meantime, gratitude had entirely determined the love of Dorothea, and it was but a slight regard to decorum that still combatted against him. It appeared

Digitized by Google

extremely hard to the tender widow to make the first advances, but she must nevertheless submit. Silmander read with pleasure in her eyes, her love, and her perplexity. Indeed, notwithstanding the modesty she still retained in spite of herself, she could not help feeling flattered but that Silmander was sensible of her kindness.

One day when he was in her apartment, she went to a table, and drew quickly on a paper, a lady, who presented a heart to a gentleman, who refused it. Under the first figure she wrote the name of Dorothea; and under the second, that of Silmander. This declaration was very significant, and Silmander immediately effaced the figure, and drew the representation of a man upon his knees before a lady, with their names written under the two figures. This reply was gallant enough, but it did not satisfy the widow, as the man might be upon his knees as well through respect as through love. This idea appeared to her very natural, and it made her hold her head down with shame and mortification, of which, Silmander quickly divined the cause, and derived secret pleasure from it, as he wished to provoke her to make the most extreme advances. Virginia, who entered at this moment, could not help enquiring the cause of the embarrassment which she perceived in her countenance. Dorothea, who had an entire confidence in this girl, and had avowed to her the secret passion she had for Silmander, told her every thing which had passed, and the interpretation she put upon the answer of the esquire. Virginia pretended to enter into the fears of her mistress, as she had secret reasons for dissuading the widow from her love; and the handsome person of the dumb man having equally touched her heart, she would willingly rid herself of so formidable a rival as Dorothea. "Madam," said Virginia, "you flatter yourself in vain, to think that Silmander could reply to your tenderness. How could a man, whom you have taken from the most degraded condition, imagine himself happy enough to gain your affections. If he could listen and reply, your discourse might persuade him, but as he is not in a situation to benefit by those means, he could only be made sensible of your attachment, by those gross kind of favours, which your modesty and sanctity renders you utterly incapable of bestowing." "Ah, my Virginia!" exclaimed the widow, "to what does not love expose one? I love with violence—the object of my love would surely return it—but alas! he is insensible as to what I want, and what he might have. I am distracted, and

Digitized by Google

can no longer brook the almighty power of love. If Silmander will not play the part of a man in making the first advances, and being impudent with me, I must be under the necessity of taking him by storm—I must throw myself languishingly on his bosom, and thus tempt him to rifle all my charms!" "What, Madam," said Virginia, "could you resolve upon advances of this nature? No, no! it shall never be said that you abandoned yourself to a design which must in a little time be discovered; I have conceived a plan, whereby your love can be satisfied, without the consequences being known to the public. I will consent (to shew my zeal for your service) to marry Silmander, and then, without his knowing his happiness, your own may be accomplished, by your occasionally slipping into my bed, and receiving the embraces intended for me." This proposition charmed Dorothea, as her love was more sensual than delicate, and she promised Virginia to exert all her authority to bring about an affair so gratifying to her passions. This conversation, which passed before Silmander, pleased him very much, and in spite of his desire to laugh, he contrived to keep his ordinary demeanour. He had already perceived the amourous feelings of Virginia towards himself, but the expedient she resorted to, in order to make her mistress enter into her interests, seemed original and comic.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

## Literature.

*Tales of Ton; containing fashionable characters, a Novel, in four volumes, by Miss M'Leod.* London, 12mo. 1821.

These tales are written in an easy, pleasant style, and professedly pourtray living characters in high life, An interesting story combines the detached incidents, and introduces the different personages in those situations which have eventually unmasked their *real* characters, and renders the work highly interesting. We are happy to see the follies and vices of the age so completely exposed; here, the mirror is held up to Nature, and those who discover it in their own deformities will vainly endeavour to shrink from the gaze of the world, or palliate those actions which have justly incurred its censure. Should the noted offenders be too old

Digitized by Google

of too hardened to reform, the pen of this able satirist must arrest the baneful effects of their example, and deter the young and unsophisticated from being deluded for a moment by their glittering vices. A knowledge of the ton certainly enhances the merit of the work, as all the principal acts, and most of the scenes, can be brought home to real life, which doubtless increases the interest, and sanctifies the whole with the charm of truth.

---

*Cospatrick of Raymondsholm, a Westland Tale, by the Author of Redimond the Rebel, and St. Kathleen.* London, 2 vols. 12mo. 1821.

This novel improves considerably as it proceeds, and the perusal has yielded us much pleasure. The dryness of the commencement is amply compensated for by the attractive charms it afterwards displays. The author has sketched some masterly characters, and the narrative becomes highly dramatic towards the close. Our feelings became intensely excited by unperceived degrees, and though satisfied with the catastrophe, we regretted our arrival at the end of the volume.

---

*Puzzled and Pleased; or, The Two Old Soldiers; and other Tales, in 3 vols. By Francis Latham, Author of the Mysterious Freebooter, Romance of the Hebrides, &c. &c.*—London, 1821.

Puzzled and Pleased is a well written and interesting tale.—The two old soldiers consist of a colonel who has retired from the army, which he entered at an early age; a free good hearted man, who wishes to see every body happy, but it is his foible to make them so after his own way, and if possible, to induce them to consider his plans of felicity the most perfect. The other soldier, his companion, was a serjeant, and originally his servant, when in the army, but promoted to a commission through his merit. The last mentioned veteran having lost both his legs in the service, is retained in the colonel's family, where he enjoys every possible comfort.

We think this work cannot be read without much pleasure; great diversity of character, combined with many interesting incidents, strongly recommend it to the public favour, and promise to secure it permanent attention.

Among the other tales are "*A Benefit Night; or, Amateurs and Actors;*" a truly comic story, and would make an excellent farce.

Digitized by Google

***Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; The Two Foscari, a Tragedy; and Cain, a Mystery.*—By Lord Byron.**

Though neither of these tragedies are written with a view to theatrical representation, yet they are far more adapted for the stage than Marino Faliero. The author has endeavoured to confine himself to the rigid principles of the Greek drama; but without considering that they derive any value on that account, we must acknowledge that they have afforded us very great pleasure. Sardanapalus is the most rich and fertile in poetical imagery and affecting sentiment. Being founded on a portion of history, with which much liberty could be taken, his lordship has had more scope for his imagination than in the The Two Foscari, which is built upon modern history, and kept tolerably close to the facts, as related by Daru, in his "Histoire de Venice," and Sismondi's "Histoire des Republic Italiennes du Moyen Age." The female characters in both are drawn with considerable ability, and do great honour to the fair sex. Indeed, as far as character goes, there is little to admire in either of the tragedies, except the women, though we have no doubt, on account of their poetical merit, they will soon be made use of by the theatres. The Mystery of Cain is a very singular composition, which will be circulated by thousands, and be universally read in consequence of the medium through which it is presented to the world. The dialogue between Lucifer and Cain cannot be read by a cultivated mind without giving rise to the most sceptical opinions, and is, by some, considered a more dangerous book than Shelley's Queen Mab.

In the Appendix to the Two Foscari, his Lordship says, that among other misrepresentation he had laboured under, was that of writing the Notes to Queen Mab, a work which he never saw until it was printed, and which he recollected shewing to Mr. Sotheby, as a poem of great power and imagination. He never wrote a line of those notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form, though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, he highly admired the poetry of Mr. Shelley's other productions. We will say more of these Tragedies hereafter.

---

***Giuseppino, an Occidental Tale.***

This is a very interesting bagatelle, and an excellent imitation of the style of Don Juan. It contains the adventures of an Italian



Digitized by Google

swindler (Joey) in London, and is so much in the manner of Byron, that many persons were deceived by the trick played off in the Literary Gazette.

---

"The Garden of Florence," and other poems, by John Hamilton, contains a very pretty poem, founded on a tale of Boccaccio, describing the loves of Pasquino and Simonida, in Spencerian stanzas.

Barry Cornwall's new poem is entitled "The Deluge," and relates to that event as described by classic authors.

Novels are forthcoming from the pen of Mrs. Opie, and the Author of "Calthorpe."

Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, has announced a romance in three volumes, to be called "The Perils of Man; or, War, Women, and Witchcraft."

---

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### A FLEET STREET MELODY.

Tune—"*The Young May-Moon.*"

The moon shines on your pen, my Slop,
And thence reflects again, my Slop,
On each office cub,
On the Service-Club,
And the pimps of the Bridge-street den, my Slop,
While all the Whigs are quaking, Slop,
To see your readers taking—Slop,
The daily mess,
Their maws to bless,
Which you've such a knack of making, Slop.

The church and things more royal, Slop,
There are rogues who would destroy all, Slop;
But you *can change*
The *Times* so strange,
And reduce 'em all to loyal, Slop;

Then rave, and swear, and curse, my Slop,
You're back'd by Southey's verse, my Slop;
And if neither emit
Any *sterling wit*,
You can finger the *sterling purse*, my Slop.

PETER PIKE.

---

## LINES LEFT IN A LADY'S PIANO.

Oh! ask me what charm is the sweetest on earth,
'Tis not the best bumper that Bacchus is worth;
'Tis not the brisk chace, when fair echo at morn,
From the arms of old Silence is roused by the horn.

'Tis not the best landscape the world can display,
Though smiling in sunlight, and freshest of May,
'Tis not to be found in the ocean's proud store,
Its white spreading sails, and its grotto-edged shore.

'Tis to see lovely woman in elegant ease,
Her dear polished neck bending over the keys,
Which swell with fond pride as her fingers they kiss,
And pour their best notes in return for the bliss.

F.

---

## TO JESSICA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

How blest the homeward seaman's sight,
Fix'd through the ebon veil of night,
On his dear country's beacon way,
And thus athwart November's gloom,
One star's effulgent beams illume,
THY star, dear nymph, thy natal day.

We will not mourn that that rich train
Of hues that sport in Summer's reign;
Have all by winter's ague died;
Since nature on thy cheek and lip,
Which Hybla's bees might joy to sip,
Exults in all her loveliest pride.

We will not mourn that Phœbus' lamp,
Flickers so sadly in the damp
Cold visage of the dying year.



Digitized by Google

For still thine eye its lustre sheds,
And as thy smile's enchantment spreads,
Light, life, and happiness appear.

Never may sorrow's troop advance,
That smile to chase, to dim that glance,
But every sun's revolving race,
Fresh wreaths of joy, dear girl, entwine
For thee—for what so fit to join,
As Pleasure's thrill with Beauty's grace?

FELIX.

## CELESTIAL CRIM. CON.;

OR,

## *The God Vulcan cuckolded by the God Mars.*

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Meantime the Bard, alternate to the strings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern God enamour'd with her charms,
Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduc'd: and how the Sun, whose eye
Views the broad heav'ns, disclos'd the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul, indignant thro' the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies;
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
Th'eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wond'rous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bow'rs,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
His fav'rite isle! Observant Mars descries
His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies;

Digitized by Google

He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of love
Descends smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
With eager joy, and with a sigh address.
Come, my belov'd! and taste the soft delights;
Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms!
Then, nothing loath, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay,
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive, th' entangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly:
Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven returns:
O Jove, he cried, oh all ye pow'rs above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the strong God of arms.
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O sight tormenting to a husband's eyes!
But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms,—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
'Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dow'r.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.
Meanwhile the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the Goddess-train.
All heav'n beholds, imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.
Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!



Digitized by Google

Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.
Thus serious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo thus to Hermes cries:
Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame like Mars, to share the joy?
O envy'd shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.
Loud laugh the rest, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the God:
And free, he cries, oh Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I ensure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for the unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd; No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.
Then to the snares his force the God applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves,
Where to the Pow'r an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies:
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bow'rs,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial show'rs,
Unguents that charms the Gods! she last assumes
Her wond'rous robes; and full the Goddess blooms."

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.—BOOK VIII.

Digitized by Google

# Private Theatricals.

*Oct.* 24.

## MINOR THEATRE.

PIZARRO; AND PAST TEN O'CLOCK.

*Rolla* was well sustained, generally, but the gentleman who played it shewed too great a disposition to imitation, and in attempting to make a point in the scene with the *old blind man* and the flying soldiers, completely failed, but on the whole we cannot regard it as a very promising performance. *Pizarro* was very spiritedly performed by a gentleman who appeared to possess a perfect knowledge of the stage; his exits were good, and the whole of his performance effective, particularly when *Elvira* enquires *Alonzo's* fate, and he answers "Death, Death, in lingering torments;" this was given with much expression and animation, and met with great applause. *Alonzo* whined most delightfully in many of his scenes—in others he was respectable. *Orozembo* was miserably tame. *Las Casas's* disagreeable lisp completely marred the effect his conception of the part would have had—but he acquitted himself very credibly in other respects, except a continual hammering with his right hand, as if he was practising how to fib an unfortunate infidel. The *Old Blind Man* and *Almagr* were both horrible. *Valverde* was beastly ignorant: he should learn to speak English. A Scotch Sawny *grunted* through *Alzhiba* in a most *melodious* manner!—and, with the exception of *Cora*, all the other characters were most miserably filled. It was highly ludicrous to see Pizarro's chief officers marching about the stage with the sentinel at their head, carrying a fowling-piece on his shoulder, and a large pair of mustachios on his lips. The curtain fell before the after-piece was concluded!

*Dec.* 3.

GUY MANNERING: AMATEURS AND ACTORS.

*Dominie Sampson* was very respectable—*Dirk Hatteraick* middling—but *Dandie Dinmont* execrable. The same person who we have before alluded to, as performing the sentinel in Pizarro, thought this a good opportunity of again displaying his mustachios, and met with the contempt he deserved. The Dance of Highlanders was very well got up. *Amateurs and Actors* went off pretty well, with the exception of Mr. Stupid Whiskerchops,

Digitized by Google

who again stuck himself up as a mark for the derision of the spectators in *Geoffrey Muffincap*. *O. P. Battle* was well performed, and *Wing* pretty decent. The rest of the characters in the usual style.

---

*Dec.* 8.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.—MOUNTAINEERS.

A *gang of bakers* butchered these pieces in the most cruel manner: the only difficulty in judging of the performers was this—which was the worst—they were all horrible.

---

## BERWICK STREET THEATRE.

MACBETH.—BOMBASTES FURIOSO.—AMATEURS AND ACTORS.

*Macduff* and *Banquo* were shocking—but *Macbeth* worse. The whole of the performance was of the very worst description.—A combat of three was introduced (for the first time we presume) between the *Weird Sisters*, in which two of them beat and kicked the third off the stage: the broad-sword combat was very bad. In *Bombastes Furioso*, we understand (for we were absent at the time) several of the characters introduced a turnip fight, and pelted each other to their great satisfaction, and the great edification of the spectators. *Wing*, in *Amateurs and Actors*, was despicable, and all the others nearly as bad—if not quite.

---

*Dec.* 18.

## RAWSTONE PLACE THEATRE.

FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.—MILLER AND HIS MEN.

*De Valmont* was miserable: *Florian* and *Bertrand* barely respectable. *Longueville* and *Le Clair* both very good. *Eugenia Geraldine* pretty fair. An apology was made for *Rosabelle* and *Gaspard*, who read their parts, and got on as well as could be expected. In the *Miller and his Men*, *Grindorff* and *Lothair* were very good—*Karl* and *Kelmar* respectable—but *Friberg* very bad. The mill was blown up long before the time, and all effect completely destroyed. The scenery and dresses at this theatre are excellent.

Digitized by Google

# Anecdotes, Jeux d'Esprits, Bon Mots, &c.

*A curious dialogue between Lady* F——y *and her present* man Thomas, *at the time of his hiring.*

LADY F. Well, and so you came out of Norfolk?

THOMAS. Yes, and please your ladyship, I comes from Norfolk.

LADY F. How long have you been in London?

THOMAS. Why, and please your ladyship, just a week.

LADY F. Pray, now, what might be the reason of your quitting the country?

THOMAS. Please you, my lady, I was desirous of seeing this town in hopes of bettering myself?

LADY F. Are you sure that was the only reason? [*Thomas blushes, and hangs down his head.*]

LADY F. Come, come, own the truth—there was a sweetheart in the case?

THOMAS. My lady, I does not know how to tell stories.

LADY F. (*aside,* Then I am sure you will not do for my service—but I shall soon cure you of this prejudice of education) That's right, tell the truth.

THOMAS. As the deuce would have it—but I'm asham'd.

LADY F. Oh, do not be ashamed—what, a child, I suppose—well, well I shan't like you the worse for it.

THOMAS. Why your ladyship is a conjuror, I believe.

LADY F. I thought there was something of that at the bottom—never mind—it is a very natural cause, and a robust young man like you cannot avoid giving way to the calls of nature. [*Thomas blushes again.*] Well, but who was your sweetheart.

THOMAS. Nancy Williams, and please you.

LADY F. What you were very fond of her, I suppose; promised her marriage?

THOMAS. No, in troth, I had no more thoughts of her till that very afternoon than of my dying day. She came into the field as I was a *mowing*, and so ——

LADY F. I won't put you to the blush—I can guess the rest. But do you think you can do my business, as you only understand *mowing*, and such like work.

THOMAS. I hopes to learn, and please you, my lady. I'll do any thing I'm bid; and should be very proud in serving your ladyship in any capacity, as a body may say.

Digitized by Google

LADY F. Well, I believe I must try you. Let me see, what will be the best thing to put you to first. Come a little nearer, (*he approaches*) I suppose you can wind up a clock?

THOMAS. I can wind up a jack.

LADY F. It is all the same—only you must go more gently to work. Go into my boudoir, and wind up the clock over the couch——but be sure you do not touch the alarum, and I'll come and see how handy you are in your first operation. But I forgot to ask you, did Nancy Williams come up to town with you?

THOMAS, Oh! no, my lady, I was very glad to leave her behind, and all that belonged to her.

LADY F. Well, go and wind up my clock: and If you don't understand it, I'll shew you how; but methinks, to judge by appearances, you can wind up a lady's clock as much to her satisfaction as the smartest lacquey in the parish of St. James's.

[*Exeunt,*

---

## SUPPLEMENT TO BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PRIEST.—This is a *biped*, or two-legged animal:—its body black—sleeky, dew-lapped, and inclined to corpulency.—This animal is confined to no age and climate, having been found at all times, and in all quarters of the earth, though in some places in a more wild and savage state than in our own country. From remains which have been dug up in the Fields of History, there is good reason to believe that it was in former ages larger and more ferocious than our present breed;—its skeleton, indeed, like that of the mammoth, is immense, and even terrific; and we know that there was a time when mankind were dreadfully tossed and gored by its fury.—More peaceable, however, in its present habits, and become comparatively domesticated, it is now generally found in *fat pastures*, and in the parks and meadows of the Great; or, like the town bull, it frequently feeds upon the parish at large, consuming a whole tenth part of the produce and stock, both alive and dead, of a district.—Although retaining a smack of its original inclination for blood, this creature is generally inactive in its habits, and *extremely tractable to the commands of its master*. Hired to *guard* the flock, it has been frequently found to *worry*, and always to *fleece* them; and there are those amongst us sanguine enough to

Digitized by Google

hope, that the time may yet come, when their numbers may not merely be reduced, but when, like the wolves which formerly infested our island, they may be wholly destroyed—and, with the kind permission of heaven, the race become eventually extinct.

---

A COMMON SCOLD.—PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 8.—Catherine Fields was indicted and convicted for being a common scold. The trial was excessively amusing, from the variety of testimony, and the diversified manner in which this Xantippe pursued her virulent propensities. "Ruder than March wind, she blew a hurricane;" and it was given in evidence, that after having scolded the family individually, the bipeds and quadrupeds, the neighbours, hogs, poultry, and geese, she would throw the window open at night to scold the watchman. Her countenance was an index to her temper—sharp, peaked, sallow, and small eyes. She was sentenced to be ducked in a horsepond seven days successively.

---

The following tragi-comic paragraph appeared in a Paris paper of Sunday last:—"On Thursday, some boatmen took a man out of the Seine who had thrown himself in from the Pont-au-Change. On conveying him to the Corps de Garde, they succeeded in recovering him. He was no sooner restored than he assured the Commissary of Police very seriously, that as soon as he was free he should take the first opportunity of drowning himself. The Commissary proposed to him to sign a declaration of his intention to destroy himself, and to which the man readily agreed. At this juncture, a female arrived, loudly screaming, *My husband, I will see my husband!* When, however, she found him alive, she was immediately silent. The boatmen approached her, to ask for some reward for having saved her husband, when she angrily repulsed them, saying, *Why did you not let him drown himself? what business had you to meddle with him?* These words had the effect of curing the husband of his folly, and he swore that he should not again attempt to drown himself."

---

DAVID'S SOW.—"As drunk as David's sow," is a common saying, which took its rise from the following circumstance:—One David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an alehouse at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which was greatly resorted to by the curious; he had also a wife much addicted to drunkenness. One

Digitized by Google

day David's wife having took a cup too much, and being fearful of the consequences, (her husband being in the habit of giving her a little discipline for her cure) turned out the sow, and lay down to sleep herself sober in the sty. A company coming to see the sow, David ushered them to the sty, exclaiming, "There is a sow for you! Did any of *you* ever see such another!" all the while supposing the sow had really been there; to which some of the company, seeing the state the woman was in, replied, "It was the drunkenest sow they had ever beheld;" whence arose the saying, "As drunk as David's sow."

---

HATTON-GARDEN.—A DANCING-MASTER AND A MUSICAL LADY.—An affair of crim. con. came up for inquiry. The dancing master described himself as living upon good terms with his wife at an obscure village in Buckinghamshire, and on Saturday last he accompanied her to witness an exhibition of strolling players in a barn. The husband left his *frail rib* to see *Pizarro*, while he took a glass of comfort with a neighbouring farmer, and did not return home till after the play was over; and, to be brief, the musical lady had become enamoured with the performance of *Rolla*, and she eloped with him in a neighbour's chaise cart. The husband discovered the retreat of the fugitives at Somers-town, but the wife refused to leave *Rolla*, and the former sought advice how to make her. The only answer given was—by an action for criminal conversation. "What!" said the husband, with much emphasis, "an action against a strolling player."

---

MARRIAGE LOTTERY.—It has often been said, figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practicable illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of an advertisement in the *Louisana Gazette*:—"A young man, of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes:—He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to all widows and virgins under 32. The number of tickets to be 600, at 50 dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which, is to be entitled to himself and the 30,000 dollars."—*New York American*.

---

DANDYISM.—We really thought dandyism was extinct until a

Digitized by Google

few days since, when three dandies of the first order, were charged, at the Public Office, Marlborough-street, by a female, with throwing a handful of snuff into her eyes, in Piccadilly; they pleaded, in their defence, inebriety, and the *rudeness of the lady's conduct in taking indecent liberties with them!!!*

O tempora! O mores!

The magistrate fined them five shillings each for being drunk, and ordered them to find bail for the assault.

---

Pecuniary Reparation.—A widow lady, at Southampton, died last month, and left a very large fortune to a former admirer, whose addresses she refused forty years ago.

---

Enjoyment.—A singular instance of the rage for the *pleasures of matrimony*, was lately evinced by a young girl, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, who being unable to find money to purchase wedding-clothes, actually submitted to the operation of having five front teeth drawn, for which she received five guineas, and purchased the necessary articles; after this we may well exclaim with the poet—

"Happy the climate where the beau
"Wears the same suit for use and show;
"And at a small expence your wife,
"If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life."*

---

Bon Mot.—A gentleman meeting his friend in the street, "Jack," said he, "what's the matter with your father, I hear he is dangerously ill." "No, no," replied Jack, "not *dangerously*; he only labours under a disorder very incident to *old* people, *a confinement in the chest*."

---

Anecdote.—A gentleman threatening to give a poor fellow a *good dressing*, the man replied, "I am much obliged to your honour; but as you are a gentleman, you ought to be best *dressed*; and if you please, I will undertake you shall be so."

* Our readers are, doubtless, aware that in many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, the natives have so far forgotten the shame of Mother Eve, as to *go entirely naked*; while in other parts they tattoo the skin; to which the poet alludes.



Digitized by Google

At the last assizes in the county of Norfolk, a man was tried on a charge of bigamy. Two wives had already proved their titles to his person, when a third stood up for the same purpose, and a fourth appeared in readiness.—"Why, you fellow," exclaims the Judge, "at this rate where do you intend to stop?" "To stop, my Lord!" replies the other, "I was going on till I could find a good one."

---

A young lady of quality was lately cured of a dropsy of nine months standing, in a very surprising manner. A substance was brought away which has motion, and actually increases, and all her friends are agreed, that it is a *monstrous bore!*

---

Bon Mot.—A company of gentlemen in the town of——being met, and chatting about the news of the day, one of them informed the company, that the pretty sempstress of the place was going to be married to an ordinary barber. Her beauty was so extraordinary, as to excite surprize and pity in some of the company, that she should accept so poor an offer; upon which, one of the gentlemen spoke the following, extempore—

Why shou'd we Molly's humble fate condole,
Where shou'd the needle turn but to the pole?

---

Matrimony.—Since in these times of depravity, most people marry more for money than love, and, as it were, make marriage a kind of traffick, it may not be amiss to lay before the public, as an instance that there are disinterested people in this respect, a late match between a gentleman at the west end of the town, and the widow of Leadenhall-street. It has been observed, and I believe the observation to be just, that *old hat* is in continual great demand, and of course a good commodity: it will be said then that Mr. *****, when he married the brisk widow above-mentioned, was in hopes of coming into a good stock: if that was really the case, his hopes are realized; it certainly is a snug thing, and promises to make him a pretty lively-hood. The marriage articles were concise, but much to the purpose; viz. "She has bound herself to furnish him with an *old hat*, so long as he is able to keep it *well brushed*."

---

*The Courier*, in extenuation of a very gross blunder that he published, dwells on its having been contained in a *tiny* letter of half a

Digitized by Google

dozen lines. This description of apology strongly reminds us of the old story of a young lady, who, on being charged with having had a child, confessed the fact, and excused herself by saying—but indeed it was "a very, very little one." The infantine simplicity of *The Courier* is truly remarkable.

---

PARISIAN PLEASANTRY.—Not many days ago, a Mademoiselle La Rose was to have been married in Paris, but the ceremony was put off by the gentleman, who, on one of his visits, discovered symptoms of premature *budding*. A wit observed, on this occasion, by the way of excuse, "that it was a striking proof of the extraordinary *mildness of the season*."

---

# Theatricals.

## COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday evening, instead of that flat, stale, and unprofitable trash, *George Barnwell*, the managers of this theatre gratified the holiday gentry with the tragedy of *Virginius*; but the galleries were so noisy and impatient for what was to follow, that the actors were, in many scenes, inaudible, and some of them very unceremoniously hissed. When MACREADY was on the stage, the gods kept pretty quiet, which afforded the lovers of good acting a rich treat. It would be unjust to point out any particular passages in which he was effective, as the whole performance was truly excellent. ABBOTT was unusually animated in *Icilius*; and Miss BEAUMONT very interesting in *Virginia*, though we should much rather have seen the play as it was originally performed. To the great delight of the refined inhabitants of the upper regions, about half-past nine, the overture to the Pantomime began, which is neither striking nor appropriate. The curtain then drew up, and displayed in gorgeous splendour, the entrance to the Palace of the King of the Gold Mines, who is enamoured of *All-fair*, the Princess of Golconda, for whom the Yellow Dwarf also entertains an affection. The King departs for Golconda, where he soon after arrives, attended by Guinea Pig, the Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, and is about to complete the marriage ceremony, when the Princess is claimed by the Yellow Dwarf as



Digitized by Google

his bride, a general hubbub ensues, which is put a stop to by the appearance of Mother Bunch, who transforms the King, Queen, and Princess into Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine; Guinea Pig into Harlequin's Lacquey, and the Yellow Dwarf into Clown. The usual quantity of kicks, cuffs, and thumps then ensue; and after travelling to England, and enduring great vicissitudes, they all meet in the Rotunda of the Bank of England, which is transformed by Harlequin's sword into the Palace of the King of the Gold Mines. The whole of the scenery is beautiful in the extreme; particularly the Chamber of the Princess, the exterior of the Steel Castle, the Gardens of the Palace, and the King's Palace. The tricks and machinery were (considering its being the first performance) very well managed. Ellar, Barnes, and young Grimaldi, exerted themselves to the utmost in Harlequin, Pantaloon, and the Lacquey; and Grimaldi threw all his irresistible comic humour into the Clown; and Miss E. Dennett performed the part of Columbine. The introduction of John Gilpin's Journey to Edmonton, pursued by the Clown on a jack-ass, and their disasters in the china-shop, are well contrived, and very laughable. The Pantomime was given out for repetition by Grimaldi, amidst loud shouts of approbation. Much merriment was occasioned previous to the Pantomime, by the novel circumstance of a hat thrown out of the two shilling gallery being hoisted up by a motley string of pocket handkerchiefs.

---

## DRURY LANE.

A new burletta, entitled *Giovanni in Ireland*, has been produced at this house instead of the usual Christmas Pantomime, but it will not go down. We have undertaken to give our readers the plot of every new piece, but must beg to be excused in this instance, as we cannot discover one. It is from beginning to end an absurd jumble of nonsense. Mr. Elliston has been so long accustomed to strut in kingly robes in the *Coronation*, that he will want to cram a procession and a representation of George the IV. into every new piece; and, consequently, we have him presiding at the Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, but the public seem to be sick of such stuff, and to greet him with groans and hisses whenever he appears in such fulsome parade. Some of the scenery is good—and the singing of Madame Vestris always acceptable; but the united talents of her, and Miss Povey, Miss Copeland, Mrs. Bland, with Messrs. Knight, Harley, and the whole

Digitized by Google

strength of their company cannot keep it alive. Mr. Elliston may force it for a few nights, and fill his bill with the most barefaced falsehoods as to its enthusiastic reception, but empty benches will soon compel him to withdraw it.

A Miss EDMISTON has made a successful *debut* at this house in *Jane Shore*. She has also attempted *Lady Macbeth*, a part not so well adapted to her age and stature, and of far more difficult execution; but, upon the whole, she exhibited indications of genius, which lead us to conclude she will take firm root, and ultimately rank as a first-rate actress.

It may also be proper to record, that Miss Copeland, and Mr. Fitzwilliams, of the Surry Theatre, have been successfully transplanted to this house.

---

ADELPHI.—LIFE IN LONDON.

Mr. Moncrieff has scattered the gems of his genius liberally around, and poured the copious stream of drollery through the purlieus of St. Giles's, in a way which we have nothing like since the days of Fielding; but he has, at the same time, taxed us on the score of probability, beyond all the limits of the Drama. The story hinges on *Hawthorn*, a young Somerset fox-hunter, (Burroughs) accompanying his cousin, *Corinthian Tom*, (Wrench) to London, to *see Life*, and *Sue*, (Mrs. Waylett) a faithful country girl, accompanied by her friend *Jane*, (Mrs. Hammersley) forming the hazardous determination of following her lover to town in disguise, and, by the assistance of her school-fellow *Kate*, (Mrs. Baker) at that time residing in London, guard the unsuspecting fox-hunter from following too closely in the chase of folly. *Hawthorn* is introduced by *Corinthian Tom* to *Dr. Logic*, (Wilkinson) a sort of Index to Life, residing in the Albany, who conducts the aspiring youth from Almack's to the *back slums of the Holy Land*, (a beggar's tavern in St. Giles's;) from Tattersall's to *All Max's*, in the East, (a Wapping dancing-room) where they are entertained with a grand Pas de Deux between *African Sal*, (a strapping negro-wench) and Mr. *Grimmuzzle*, (a waltzing dustman.)—The trio are followed through most of these scenes by Sue, Kate, and Jane, who haunt them in different disguises, sometimes as the honourable Miss Truffles, at other times as ballad-singers, match-girls, &c.; and at last are given in charge to the watch, by their fair guardian angels; invited to Hell, (a modern



Digitized by Google

gambling-house) to get satisfaction; the quarrel is made up, and Sue and Kate, in the garb of two young dandies, called Sir Jeremy Bragg and Captain Swaggery, assisted by a French black-leg, fleece them of £5000. The fair guardians then discover that *Logic* is ruining his fortune, contrive to get him arrested, relieve him with the £5000. won at Fielder's Hell, reclaim him from fashion to be the admirer of *Jane*, and the whole march off the *tapis*, on the high road to Hymen's altar. With such a plot, and such a field, it may easily be imagined there can be no lack of variety; and we really think, with a little attention, the want of probability might have been greatly obviated. The carping critic may perhaps say, the idea of Noah's Ark in the Holy Land is borrowed from Burn's Tatterdemalions at Posey Nancy's; or the moralizing of *Hawthorn*, too, like the soliloquy of the Roman youth—

"If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
"May Juba ever live in ignorance."

But we well know the difficulty of avoiding similarities, and we mention this not in condemnation, but in protection to the Author from the shafts which envy never fails to level at success. True it is, the piece will not be a favourite with those who wish to have their souls harrowed up with distress, before they can be tuned to feeling; as, with the exception of the complaint of the poor tradesman in the Fleet prison, which is relieved by *Logic* as soon as uttered, there is not an expression calculated to give a moment's pain in the whole production:—it is, indeed, Momus's own. The fastidious may perhaps say, there is too much slang, and that the devotion of the Author to the *Gods* is too conspicuous: but here we cannot blame.—A great critic has said, that wit consists in finding out a likeness between things radically dissimilar; the coiners of slang seem to have been of the same opinion; and we envy not the man his gravity, who can hear a match-girl designated as a *timber-merchant*, or St. Giles's the *Holy Land*, without bestowing the tribute of a smile. The actors strived to do their best. Burroughs does not seem exactly at ease in the new character assigned to him. Wilkinson and Wrench are perfectly at home; the *queer ogles* of the former are admirable conceived. But the personification of the beggars beats all description.—The man who played the part of the timber-toed French Negro Fidler, who capers about the streets, with a white wig and a field-officer's hat, imitated Negro-French to the life;

Digitized by Google

and a ragged-looking rascal, with a red nose, scratched his back upon the scenery, so apparently as he *liked it*, that we fear he communicated a sympathetic feeling to the poles of the audience. The less conspicuous characters of the mendicant tribe known in the metropolis were equally well supported, but we must say, though the grand Pas de Deux, between *Grimmuzzle, the Dustman*, and *African Sal*, be a good burlesque on waltzing, we wish, in decency, that they would not threaten their collision with such vehemence. The likeness of *Cribb*, the champion, is so good, that we were some time in discovering that the hero himself had not been prevailed upon to tread a less hostile stage than that on which he formerly exhibited; indeed, the "warrior's short speech," and every distinguishing feature, is so perfectly true, that if we knew Mr. Moncrieff participated in the inextinguishable spark, which is said to require so much moistening in Authors' throats, we would fancy he must have tasted the *blue ruin* with the champion in person.

Having said thus much, we shall not enter into the Christmas Pantomime of *The Beauty and the Beast*, which is admirably adapted to answer the purposes intended.

## COBOURG.

Mr. GLOSSOP has presented the holiday-folks with a New Drop Curtain composed entirely of Looking-glass, which has a very singular and beautiful effect. We think it likely to answer his purpose, as the house has been literally crammed every night since it re-opened. We will give a more particular description next month, as we shall not visit it until the public curiosity is somewhat gratified. They have got up a very splendid piece called the *Temple of Death*.

## OLYMPIC.

The holiday amusements at this neat little Theatre, consist of a short version of *Life in London*, in which, *Oxbery* as *Jerry*, and *Tayleure* as *Snaggs*, (a drunken constable) afford considerable amusement. The watch-box scene, and row, near Temple-bar, are well executed, as also the scenes in the Fleet Prison, and Sketches of Low Life. *Rumfuskin*, and a Pantomime, called "*The House that Jack Built*," follow, to the great diversion of the audience.

Digitized by Google

# Politics, &c.

The Editor of one of the best Sunday Newspapers has obtained the following secret information as to the measures intended to be brought forward in Parliament next Session.

1. A Bill to tranquillize Ireland by doubling the grievances of which she complains.
2. A Bill to restore the ancient veneration for monarchy.
3. A Bill to make the Holy Alliance respected.
4. A Bill to make the Duke of W———— a sensible man.
5. A Bill to enable the Marquis of L———— to make a speech that can be read.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas the most noble the Marquis of L———— has been hitherto entirely dependant on Newspaper Reporters for the reputation of being able to speak connectedly, and to the purpose, for any length of time; and great danger and disgrace has been thereby incurred, &c.

6. A Bill to divest those persons who live on the public purse of all apprehension about Reform, and to expunge the word from the English vocabulary.
7. A Bill to enable the Landlords to collect their rents while the interest of the debt continues to be paid in full and in gold.

Or, in place of this, if thrown out—

8. A Bill to enable the Landlords to live, pay taxes, and be contented, without any rents.

---

*The liberality of* "THE GREAT ENLIGHTENER OF THE PEOPLE," *William Cobbett.*—This fretful porcupine, after having offered to be broiled on a gridiron if ever we returned to Cash Payments, is so completely cut up and mortified at the failure of his prophecy, that his intellects are despaired of. Though the people have not seized him to put his offer into execution, his sufferings have been much longer than they would, had he been burnt in Smithfield, according to his own plan, for he has, ever since the resumption of Cash Payments, been *broiling on the gridiron*, not of SHAME, for the Brute

Digitized by Google

never had any, but of DISAPPOINTMENT and VEXATION. Some are of opinion that he is sinking into his dotage, from the following specimen in his Number of 22d December—"I am always pleased when I see a man ruined who has taken in the *Old Times* newspaper for any length of time; and thank God I do see many such. They are base wretches, and ruin is what they deserve."

---

THE EFFECTS OF FANATICISM.—The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Hereford Permanent Library, took place on the 18th of December, when that invaluable work, "Burdon's Materials for Thinking," and the "Apocryphal New Testament," published by Mr. Hone, were, by a large majority, condemned to the flames, and immediately burnt to ashes.

The celebrated works of Hume and Gibbon, and the famous critical and historical dictionary of Bayle, were also ordered to be destroyed by these Goths and Vandals, but the resolution has not yet been carried into effect, in consequence of the honorary secretary (a gentleman of acknowledged talent and liberality) signifying his intention of instantly resigning his office. This notification, and the spirited remarks of a few individuals who felt indignant at such bigoted intolerance, saved them for the present. Several of the members have openly expressed their wishes to have the shelves purged from every book in which the act of parliament religion, or any of the thousand sorts of Christianity were called in question, and hailed the proceedings of the day as a triumphant beginning of a glorious work!!!

The conduct of these spiteful and malicious fools gives us heartfelt satisfaction, because the circumstance of their prohibiting those excellent works will kindle a flame of enquiry in the bosoms of thousands who have not yet had the pleasure of perusing them. Are not these jackanapes aware that their proceeding will cause an extraordinary demand for such works; and that Mr. Wilson of the Royal Exchange, the publisher of "Burdon," as well as Mr. Hone, will be more benefited by this, their foolery, than by twenty pounds spent in advertising those works. It is hardly necessary to remark, that the clergy were very active in promoting these measures.

Digitized by Google

# Pugilism.

The grand contest between Hickman, the Gas-light man, and Neat, the Bristol Champion, took place on Tuesday, the 11th of December, on Hungerford Downs, near the town of Newbury, in Berkshire, sixty-six miles from London. This battle was important (we mean among the patrons of the fistic art) in two points of view. First, because the Cockney and Bristol Schools were fairly pitted against each other; and, secondly, because the issue was to place the winner in the enviable situation of "Champion of England," the veteran Cribb having, we understand, prudently declared his intention to retire upon that pension of well-earned fame to which his former prowess so well entitled him. Neat has long been viewed as a well-qualified candidate for the "top of the tree;" and, from his muscular powers, superior weight, and scientific studies, created much confidence among his friends. It is true, that his first essays were not so successful as his "chauniers" had anticipated, but still it was considered, that when his natural talents reached that point of perfection of which it was known they were capable, that he would prove a non-such among the heavy weights; and the Bristolian felt a conviction of his ultimate success. It will be recollected that the last affair in which Neat's name was brought upon the tapis was his engagement to fight Spring, on which occasion, in consequence of his having broken his arm while training, the stakes were forfeited to Spring. As soon as Neat had recovered the effects of his unlucky accident, it was intimated that he was open to any fresh invitation, and that his friends were ready to "post the coal" at a moment's warning. The season at length arrived for confirming the judgment of his backers. Hickman, the Gas-light man, had so completely dazzled the London ring by the effulgent blaze of genius which he emitted on every occasion where his abilities were called into action, and having so quickly cast into shade all the minor stars who presumed to oppose his meteoric flights, that he was pronounced the sun of the metropolitan constellation. Heated by such unexpected elevation, and perhaps a little too vain of his unchequered career, he determined to soar into the highest regions of pugilistic fame. Like Phæton, however, his imagination out-stripped his powers, and he was doomed to fall; dragging

Digitized by Google

with him the hopes, and no small portion of the gilded incense of his worshippers. It is but just to observe, nevertheless, that in proportion as his attempt was daring, his precipitation was noble, and that although he can no longer be considered as a star of the first magnitude, he may still shine with an enviable brilliancy in an humbler sphere. In plain terms, he is not a match for the heavy weights, although invincible among men of his own standard. Neat, to whom he was so indiscreetly opposed, vindicated the superiority of fourteen over twelve stone. According to the old adage, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and it was not till our cockney friends had partaken of a hearty meal of this proof, that they were convinced of their error. Up to the very eve of the "mill" Gas was backed in London at 6 to 4; of which odds, it is but fair to state, there were abundance of takers, In Bristol and its neighbourhood the feeling was the other way, and Neat was decidedly the favourite.

As early as Saturday last, the roads leading to Newbury were thronged with amateurs, anxious to secure good quarters previous to the eventful day, and every house of entertainment within 20 miles of the scene of action was thronged with welcome guests. On the Monday night not a bed was to be procured for love or money; and a vast proportion of the assembled multitude were happy in having an opportunity of obtaining even shelter for their heads, while many of the humble order of visitants bivouacked under the surrounding hayricks. The stakes to be contended for were two hundred guineas aside, but the sums depending on the result were supposed to be not less than 50,000*l.*

---

CRIM. CON.—On Friday last, a case came on at Marlborough-street, as a charge from St. Ann's Watch-house, of which the following is an outline. The parties are a gentleman holding a situation in the Excise, and the wife of a respectable tradesman. The husband having a suspicion of his wife's infidelity, waited within view of an accommodating hotel, in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, when he saw his wife and her *chere ami* come out. He commenced an attack upon the man, administering to him a severe personal chastisement, and then sent them both to the watch-house. The Magistrate had no power of affording redress to the husband, and the case was dismissed. The wife, who has three children, walked from the office with her gallant. It did not appear in evidence that this was a case of seduction, but merely that the

Digitized by Google

husband suspected his wife of indulging in *extra gratifications*, and had traced her to one of her banqueting-houses. The gentleman she had picked up for this purpose could not be to blame, and we think, that instead of the husband being suffered to give a charge, the gallant ought to have put the husband in the watch-house, for so unwarrantable an assault. It would be a very hard case if every man who listens to the invitations of an interesting female, and has the charity to render himself agreeable to her, should run the risk of having his head broken by some jealous-pated monopolizer, with whom it was evident she could no longer carry on an harmonious commerce.

## List of Odd Fellows' Lodges.

MEETINGS ON MONDAY EVENINGS.

1. Saint James's Lodge, Duke of Argyle, Great Windmill-st.
2. Knights of Jerusalem, Hero of Waterloo, Waterloo-road, Surry

TUESDAY EVENINGS.

3. Philanthropic Lodge, Red Lion, Cross-lane, Long-acre.
4. Don Cossac Lodge, Spread Eagle, Kingsland-road.

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS.

5. The Kent Lodge, King's Arms, Duke-st. Grosvenor-square.
6. Belvidere Lodge, at the Bell, Vine-st. Narrow-wall, Lambeth.
7. Burdett Lodge, Beckford's Head, Old-street, St. Luke's.
8. St. Luke's Lodge, Magpie and Stump, China-walk, Chelsea.

THURSDAY EVENINGS.

9. The Prince's Lodge, the Feathers, Grosvenor-place, Pimlico.
10. Grand Lodge of England, Bull's Head, Jewin Crescent, Cripplegate.

FRIDAY EVENINGS.

11. St. Vincent's Lodge, Sadler's Arms, Swallow-st. St. James's.

SATURDAY EVENINGS.

12. Warwickshire Lodge, the Cock, Market-st. St. James's.

Printed by J. Sudbury, Castle-Street, Leicester-Square.

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

*MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] FEBRUARY 1, 1822. [No. 2.


" *Perdutto e tutto il tempe*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" *All time is lost*
" *That is not spent in love.*"

## The Rambler;

*Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

THE life of many an adventurer might be summed up in a few words: for instance—" He was born of respectable parents, and educated with the greatest care and tenderness, but falling into bad company, his morals were corrupted—he abandoned himself to pleasure and dissipation—became gradually initiated into every species of profligacy—and ultimately terminated his career on the gallows." So laconic a memoir would not answer the purpose, where either amusement or instruction are intended. Much has been said in favour of the study of biography, and when Plutarch and Dr. Johnson have thought themselves laudably occupied in compiling the lives of heroes and poets, and Theophrastus and La Bruyere in drawing sketches of characters and manners, we shall need no apology for attempting a faithful relation of the adventures, amours, intrigues, and eccentricities of Gre-



Digitized by Google

gory Griffin, although neither a hero nor a poet. If we are not mistaken, it is Dr. Johnson who says, that "there is no individual, however humble or obscure, whose life, if impartially written, would not afford much instruction."

Whatever, therefore, may be the merits or defects of the memoir about to be submitted to our readers, we entreat them to consider it as founded on fact, and comprising genuine sketches of life and character; in short, the result of actual experience, and not a fiction, founded on such ideas as are gathered only by the reading of novels and romances, and committed to paper by those who have had no opportunity of deriving practical knowledge.

It will be necessary, in many instances, to conceal both the names of places and persons, as the majority of the parties alluded to are still alive, and might be scandalized by the succeeding narrative.

Our hero was a natural child; he took the name of Griffin from his mother, and that of Gregory from his father, the Rev. Athanasius Gregory, D. D. who possessed a good living in the county of Sussex, and held a post of some consideration in Winchester Cathedral. This clergyman was an old bachelor, particularly addicted to good living, and had a very pleasant villa near St. Cross, on the road from Winchester to Southampton. His establishment consisted of a horse, a lad to look after it, an old woman who had been with him many years, and a poor girl or two from the workhouse to assist in the kitchen.

As this old woman was of great importance in the concerns of the reverend divine, we shall just mention the origin of their acquaintance. When Dr. Gregory was a young man, and pursuing his studies at Oxford, this said housekeeper was a fine buxom wench about twenty, in the habit of walking the streets of an evening, with a basin or a mug in one hand, and a key of a street-door in the other, to look like a *clean wholesome servant girl*, going of an errand, according to the general custom of the *Cyprians* at that seat of piety and learning even unto this day. Young Gregory was

Digitized by Google

taken by the bait, and had frequent connection with her. In course of time he became so partial to her, that he took a house within three miles of the university, and fitted it up for her to let lodgings to the *kept misses* of the students, and for the convenience of private *accouchements*. Thither he resorted whenever he wished to relax from the rigid discipline of the schools, continuing to spend his leisure moments in fond dalliance with her during his stay at College, and on his quitting it, promised to pay her a visit once a year, at least. The pursuits of ambition and preferment, however, prevented his visiting her for several years, until he went to take up his degree of D. D. at the age of forty, when he found her still living in the neighbourhood, somewhat the *worse for wear*, and by no means in the comfortable circumstances he left her. She was then about forty-three, and had no charms to tempt a person of his years, but he had schemes in his head which induced him to think she might be of important service, and accordingly he proposed that she should go to Winchester, as his housekeeper. The poor woman was glad to accept that office; and, upon her arrival at St. Cross, the reverend and newly dubbed *Doctor in Divinity* addressed her in the following manner:—"Mrs. Jones, when you were young, you administered to my pleasure, and I paid you liberally for the use of your charms. We are both going down hill, but may still be serviceable to each other, though not in the same *sense* as formerly. You are well aware that persons advanced in life require the sight of youthful charms to stimulate them to the sports of love. My passion for women is as strong as ever, but my age requires additional excitements, and as I am blessed with all the other good things of this life, I see no reason why I should debar myself of *that*, without which, the world would be a wilderness. Your office, therefore, will be, to procure a succession of young girls as your servants, and gradually train them for my enjoyment. In return for these kind offices, you will be my confidential housekeeper as long as I live, and shall be well provided for if I die before you. More-



Digitized by Google

ever, should you have a colt's tooth still remaining in your head, or in other words, if you have yet any hankering after the flesh, I will turn away my *old* JOHN, who acts as groom and gardener, and you shall have the hiring of any stout athletic young man you may wish in his place. It will be in your power to nurse and pamper him in such a manner that he will not mind occasionally doing an *odd job* for a good-natured woman, even though she is old enough to be his mother."

Mrs. Jones, who had during the latter period of her life acted as a procuress, felt no hesitation in accepting the office assigned her, and was pleased to obtain a comfortable and permanent asylum upon what, she (having no scruples of conscience) conceived, very easy terms. She immediately applied to the parish workhouse for a couple of girls, about 13 or 14 years of age, to assist in her kitchen, in order that she might commence her vocation. As the seduction, of which Gregory Griffin was the offspring, did not happen until ten years after this period, we shall pass over the catalogue of innocents that were corrupted by this experienced couple, nor disgust our readers by the various plans of iniquity they pursued to entrap them, but come at once to the case of Maria Griffin, the mother of our hero. She was an orphan, in the parish work-house, and answered the description generally applied for by Dr. Gregory's housekeeper. When she was taken into service she was nearly fifteen; her hair was light, complexion fair, and disposition mild and docile. The parish dress consisted of a coarse dowlas smock, linsey-woolsey petticoat, leather stays, green stuff gown, worsted stockings, and heavy nailed shoes. In this garb she continued to assist in the Doctor's kitchen about three months, when she was told she would shortly have some new and better cloaths given to her, as her conduct was approved of. It is only those who have been in such situations themselves, that can conceive the joy excited in her bosom by this information. Her thoughts were occupied day and night with the subject, and her work was rapidly dispatched that she

Digitized by Google

might have the more leisure to assist the housekeeper in making the new apparel. She was also promised that when her cloaths were ready, she would be promoted to wait at table; and was told, if she pleased her master, he would be kind to her, and make her many presents. One evening, after her new suit was finished, she was ordered to wash herself, and come into the parlour, where the housekeeper introduced her to the Doctor, in these words—"If you please, sir, I wish you to see one of my little maids; she has been with me three months, and conducted herself so well, that I am about to reward her with some new cloaths to wear on a Sunday."

"Aye, aye, by all means, Mrs. Jones; I am sure she deserves them, if she is as good as she is pretty. Fetch them here, and put them on, that I may judge how they become her." This was part of the scheme of these Devils incarnate. They thought that a girl so young, and so simple, would put up with any treatment for the sake of new cloaths. The poor creature blushed and trembled. She begged Mrs. Jones to let her go into another room. "Poo, poo, child," said Mrs. Jones, "why should you mind undressing, am not I here to dress you. Are not your master and myself old enough to be your parents. You shall not have the cloaths, but he bundled back to the workhouse if you give yourself these airs; therefore strip yourself immediately, and put on this fine new shift which I have made for you." The poor girl hung down her head and commenced, but was so slow, that Mrs. Jones brought her before the fire, to strip the girl herself, and just as she had left her completely bare—"There, sir," said she to the lecherous old parson—"What reason had this girl to be ashamed of stripping before a gentleman—she is neither diseased nor deformed, but on the contrary, has as fine and soft a skin as you would wish to see—her shape is exquisite, her bosom nearly ripe, and every thing else in perfection." Poor Maria burst into tears. "What's the fool whimpering about? There! if I was you, sir, as you are the giver of these things, I'd make her sit on my knee, and have the pleasure of



Digitized by Google

putting her new smock over her head." They then dressed her between them; and gave her a glass or two of wine to cheer her spirits, and placed before her a looking glass, that her eyes might be delighted with her gay appearance. The old parson thanked the worthy housekeeper for the charming game she had started for him to pursue, and doubted not the object would be accomplished in a few days.

Maria, from this time, had to wait upon the Doctor, who took every opportunity of praising her beauty, and gradually encroaching upon her modesty by the amorous kisses which he every now and then imprinted upon her blooming cheeks, or her exuberant snowy hills, which were growing daily more luxuriant. At every fresh approach he attempted to appease her with fresh presents of ribbands, lace, fine white stockings, new gowns, bonnets, caps, &c., till at length, by the assistance of wine, he effected his diabolical purpose. The girl, though naturally modest, was too young and simple to dwell much on the consequences of what had happened, and was afterwards easily induced to become the regular partner of his bed, little thinking how many had passed there a few fleeting months of guilty pleasure, to be rewarded by years of misery and mortification. Thus did the salacious old goat riot in the charms of this beautiful girl, glowing with all the luxuriance of sweet fifteen, for about four months, when it was perceived that symptoms of *multiplication* began to appear, and then it was determined she must share the fate that some twenty others had done before her. The old Doctor and Mrs. Jones planned it that the servant boy, a youth between fifteen and sixteen, should by some means or other be seduced to cohabit with Maria. The housekeeper began to fill the lad's head with amorous ideas, gave him wine, and incited him to romp with the girl, telling him he was a fool if he did not give her what she wanted, &c. &c. It was not difficult to bring this affair about, and a plot was concerted for the Doctor to catch William and Maria in the act—which having been accomplished, he threatened to strip her and turn her out of doors, but ultimately

Digitized by Google

pardoned her, on condition, that when her pregnancy was perceived by the parish officers, she would swear the child to William, who would be obliged to marry her, and in that case be well provided for. She remained in the house two months longer before she was discovered to be breeding, but when she was taken before a magistrate to swear the child to William, the youth, not choosing to be saddled with other people's concerns, ran away, and was never heard of more. The poor girl went into the workhouse to lie-in, and was ever after neglected by Doctor Gregory, whose feelings had become hardened by a constant repetition of such actions. Maria's child being a male, she gave him the cognomen of Gregory, in order that the world might suspect his real father, although she did not dare avow the perjury into which she had been so basely seduced. Having thus given, according to custom, the pedigree of our hero, and brought him safely into the world, we will reserve the commencement of his career for the next chapter.

## A DIALOGUE IN A WATER-CLOSET.

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—A lady, whose fancy-man I have the pleasure to be, was at the Grand Masquerade, held in the Argyle Rooms, on the 27th of last month, and accidentally over-heard the following conversation in one of the little chambers of convenience, to which a duchess, a countess, and two other ladies of quality had retired.

*Lady B.* Well, ladies, have you heard that a certain nobleman, who is equally renowned in the annals of gallantry, as those of war, is going to marry one of his daughters to the rich Mr. ———— ?

*Countess.* Yes, it was nearly effected, but it is all off.

*Lady J.* How so ?

*Countess.* Why, the gallant general knowing that *crim. con.* ran in the blood of his family, after having arranged with the intended bridegroom the amount of

Digitized by Google

the jointure to be settled on his daughter, was desirous of introducing a clause into the settlement to prevent its being invalidated, in case she committed a *faux pas*, and was divorced. By this mode of bargaining, it appeared that the father calculated on such an event, and, consequently knew, that she either was already, or only wanted the sanction of marriage to be, a wh—e.

*Duchess.* Fie! Countess, fie! You should not use so uncharitable a phrase.

*Countess.* I beg your grace's pardon; but the suitor, Mr. —— stated, at Lady Y——'s rout, the other evening, that it was impossible he could draw any other conclusion, and therefore broke up the parley immediately.

*Lady B.* I think the gentleman was perfectly right; it was certainly a most preposterous clause to be introduced into a marriage settlement.

*Duchess.* I think not: at least for people in our rank of life. What advantages should we derive from birth and title, if we were bound to live according to the mechanical rules of common people.

*Lady J.* Have we not the advantage of influencing society by our example, and having the most trifling good which we do, magnified a thousand-fold, while the same things done by a common person would pass for nought.

*Duchess.* Pshaw! One would think you were bred in a farm-house! What old-fashioned notions! You are but just married; you have not known Sir John long enough to get tired of him. You, moreover, were brought up in retirement, under the watchful eyes of crabbed parents, and had no opportunity of losing your ———— before marriage, consequently, you have not known the luxury of a *crim. con.* The *gratifications* which are forbidden have a higher zest, "bread eaten in secret," saith the Scripture, "is sweet," and if you'll take the word of an experienced person, I can assure you, that your first *crim. con.* will yield you more rapture than the first night of your marriage, in the cold formality of legitimate embraces, and when things were done according to Act of Parliament.

Digitized by Google

*Lady J.* Well, your grace ought to know best, as you speak from *experience;* my ignorance must plead my excuse; I wish to remain faithful and chaste. I have known but one man, and I am satisfied.

*Duchess.* When you have known twenty, you'll be less so.

*Countess.* I am perfectly of your grace's opinion, though I disapproved of the clause in the settlement. Our lords have greater temptations to pleasure than common people; they can keep as many mistresses as they please. They cannot serve heaven and hell at the same time; and are we to be neglected? No. If one lord deserts his post, another must fill it; and if a lord is not to be found, a commoner will do, or even a servant-man, provided he is fit for the service.

*Duchess.* Bravo! Spoken nobly, my dear countess! But come, we shall get no volunteers to do *duty* for us to-night, if we bury ourselves here discussing the *theory*. *Allons*, let us go and practice the good things of which we have been preaching. [*Exit omnes.*

The above was minutely detailed to me, the next morning; and though the relator is a dashing *Cyprian*, you may rely on its authenticity. I find since, that the intended marriage, which led to the above conversation, is a circumstance well known in high-life; and the rupture, and its cause, as mentioned by the countess, is not merely idle-scandal, but a positive fact. The father of the lady, who thus lost one of the richest private gentlemen in England, has been mentioned as a candidate for a dukedom.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

¶ CICEBEO.

## PRIVATE THEATRICAL CONSPIRACY.

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,

I seize this opportunity of congratulating the public on the appearance of your excellent and impartial Ma-

Digitized by Google

gazine, which has stood forward in the most praiseworthy manner, and exposed some of the despicable and ignorant gang of vagabonds who now disgrace many of the private theatres of the metropolis.

It is really shocking to observe a set of fellows, without education or talent, thrusting themselves forward on the boards of a private theatre in such characters as Hamlet, Richard, and Othello, for which they pay a most extravagant price: a price which they can only raise by robbing their employers—a practice that bids fair, in time, to bring them to the gallows.

What renders this doubly distressing is, that respectable young men of education and ability are led by their passion for the dramatic toga to associate with those contemptible wretches whom I have before described, and in time imbibe their pernicious principles.

But to the point. The sole reason for my thus addressing you is, to make the public, as well as yourself, acquainted with a conspiracy, of rather a curious nature, among the lowest of these worthies.

For several weeks previous to the appearance of your Magazine, private meetings were held among the above truly respectable gentlemen, as to the propriety of establishing a Theatrical Magazine, which could be sold at a low price, in order that the purchase of a copy should not weaken very materially the exhausted finances of "Shakspeare's warm admirers." It was also to contain copious criticisms on private theatricals, and the editor and his friends, the committee of management, were to praise each other reciprocally, and compare themselves to Kean and Macready, in their respective characters.

One of the leaders of the gang was to be "a gentleman of the most distinguished talent, and worthy of no contemptible place in the company of either of the patent theatres." The other "excelled in all parts that required intensity of feeling, great expression, and superior judgment." These, sir, were the self-drawn characters of the two conductors—and the understrappers were to be rated in proportion.

The appearance of your Magazine has annihilated

Digitized by Google

the junto: their senses are bewildered; their precious lives are despaired of; and all their "impartial criticisms on themselves," long ere this, committed to the flames.

I remain, Your well wisher,
CONSCIENZO.

*Covent Garden, Jan.* 10, 1822.

---

[We do not hold with all our correspondent's opinions, who is rather too severe on "stage-struck heroes," and should not have made his letter public, had we not received positive information from a most respectable quarter, confirming his assertions.]

---

# The Cuckold's Chronicle.

## THE TEMPLE CRIM. CON.

[*Concluded from page* 8.]

THE private intelligence which we received last month, concerning this affair, was broken off at the part where his lordship sent the intrusive husband and shopman to the watch-house.

Having dressed himself, he endeavoured to tranquillize the mind of the frail fair one, and prevailed upon her to remain in bed until his return. When he arrived at the watch-house, the husband and shopman were placed at the bar, before the constable of the night. His lordship stated that he was proprietor of certain chambers in the Temple, and that the two fellows then at the bar, suddenly entered his bed-room window, and placed themselves in a threatening attitude; that being fortunately provided with fire-arms he succeeded in driving them out of the window, and the watchman took them on the roof of the house. *Charley* corroborated this evidence, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. The husband acknowledged that appearances were certainly against him, but that a watch-

Digitized by Google

house was not a proper place for him to state who and what he was, and the justifiable motive which prompted his conduct. He declined saying any thing until he went before the magistrate in the morning, when he could have a private audience.

The parties being thus secured, his lordship returned triumphant to his anxious inamorata, and entreated her to banish every care from her mind, and devote her whole soul to love during the night, as she should have nothing to regret, let the result be what it might.

She was not, however, so easily calmed, for she sincerely loved her husband notwithstanding these occasional *faux pas*, and would not willingly have given him a moment's pain. Her temperament was warm, and although she had now and then transgressed the rule of right for the gratification of her passions, it had never interfered with the devotion of her heart towards her husband, and the father of her three children. Her feelings were most accute when she reflected what must be the anguish of her husband, who she knew adored her; and the idea of a separation from him was insupportable. This being her deplorable situation, it was not until his lordship had made her drink heartily of mulled wine, that he could prevail on her to repose herself until the morning, when he pledged himself he would effect an amicable arrangement. He rose early, and sent for his chaplain, a man of considerable experience in matters of gallantry, and of a ready wit in all emergencies. The Rev. Mr. T——— arrived at the chambers, and breakfasted with his lordship, and the disconsolate fair one, about nine o'clock. After every thing past had been minutely related, his lordship said, "Thus you see, my Reverend Joker, I am in a devil of a scrape, at least the poor woman is—you have often assisted me in these matters, and if you get us safe through this, you shall have the living of C——, which is well stocked with game, you shall be dubbed D.D., and perhaps, I have interest sufficient to get you made a bishop before long." The chaplain immediately exclaimed, "I have it—I must be off directly—there is not a moment to lose: in the mean time, let your

Digitized by Google

lordship step to the magistrate, before whom these parties must appear, and assure him the matter was not so serious as you suspected; it was a mistake, and you consent to their discharge." "Whatever your reverence orders shall be done," said his lordship. The chaplain hastened immediately to the watch-house, and told the husband he would have no occasion to expose his name, trade, or residence, nor the affair of his wife to the magistrate, as he would be discharged the moment he appeared, without a question being asked; and begged, as he valued his future happiness, not to give vent to his just anger and indignation at the present moment, but be calm until after they should have had some further conversation in private at a tavern. He had some difficulty in getting the husband to listen to his proposals, and it was not until he used considerable address, that the poor cornuto's consent was obtained regarding the interview.

The chaplain returned to his lordship, and told him that he had engaged two rooms at the Tavistock Hotel, and wished him and the lady to be in one of them during his (the chaplain's) interview with the husband. His lordship agreed, and left every thing to the management of his reverence, who concerted with the heart-broken fair-one, part of the plan of operations.

No sooner had the husband and his shopman been discharged, than they met the chaplain at the appointed rendezvous. The chaplain requested that the shopman would withdraw for awhile, and solemnly exhorted him, if he would serve his own interest, not to give the slightest hint to any mortal of what had befallen his mistress.

The moment the shopman was withdrawn, the chaplain addressed the unfortunate husband to the following effect:—"You are, no doubt, sir, contemplating in your own mind schemes of revenge—it is just and natural that you should—but however just and natural, and however gratifying to one's feelings certain modes of proceeding may be, we ought not on all occasions to



Digitized by Google

exclude the suggestions of sound policy. In this country there is no punishment for adultery, except the *fiction* of modern lawyers, called an action for damages; wherein, if the husband can prove he actually sustained a loss, he obtains an amount according to his respectability and the responsibility of the adulterer. But these verdicts hinge upon a great variety of considerations. If the adulterer is a friend, and is guilty of a breach of confidence and hospitality—if he has pursued a long and artful course of seduction, and ultimately alienates the affections of the woman, thereby depriving the husband of the mistress of his house, the mother of his children, and what is the greatest and best gift of heaven, *a good wife;* in such cases, the damages are certain and proportionate. But if a man merely goes into a shop to purchase the articles sold there—if the female who serves, has charms, and the customer fancies her charms as well as the other articles of the shop—and if, moreover, this female willingly consents to his partaking of some of those charms, and carries them to the residence of the customer, that he may the more conveniently enjoy them; where, I ask, is the jury that will give damages worth suing for? What good can you expect to gain but public exposure? Recollect too, the ridiculous figure you will cut in court, when your journey round the roof of the house is described; your entry of the bed-chamber with a horsewhip; your sudden and terrified retreat after beholding your wife in the arms of another; your confinement in the watch-house all night as a thief, while the adulterer remained triumphant, rioting till morning in the heaven of your wife's embraces. Would it not be better for you, as a man of business, that this matter should be hushed up; that the shopman should be bribed to silence; and instead of incurring the enormous expence attendant on legal proceedings, with no other effect than publishing to the whole world your own dishonour—that you should pocket a *douceur* of £500, as some recompence for the treatment you have received.

"A word also with regard to your wife:—She is, I

Digitized by Google

can assure you, wretched; his lordship has offered to provide for her, and to support her in the first style of elegance, but she will listen to nothing. She says the fault was in her *passions*, not in her *affections*, which have never been alienated from you; she says she still adores you, notwithstanding she has so grossly wronged you; she does not care what becomes of herself, but grieves alone for the anguish you must feel at her infidelity. But leaving this miserable, yet doating and affectionate creature to her own reflections, let us take the circumstance in another point of view:—You have never known your wife remiss in her domestic duties; she has born you three children, but has, at last, in consequence of the weakness of her nature, yielded to an accidental temptation—she has, for once, indulged in an *extra gratification;* a *strong appetite* has induced her to take one *glass of comfort* from home—Is this a demonstration that she loved you less? Do not many ladies, when from home, take a dram to warm them, or a draught of soda-water to cool them, without detracting from the love they bear their husbands? She says you love her; she feels confident of it; and I do not doubt it; but can you swear that you have never, when heated with wine, been seduced by the frailty of the flesh, against your better judgment? Have you never kissed the maid in the absence of the mistress? Your conscience tells you, you have. You allow that woman is the weaker vessel; *ergo*, her passions have a greater influence over her. If you are a Christian, you must be merciful, and make allowances. God pardons those who repent of their transgressions, even unto the seventieth time; and mercy is the sublimest attribute of the Deity. If the Father of all was to be as unforgiving to his children, as man is to his fellow creatures, what human being could hope to enter the kingdom of heaven? Our blessed Saviour said, when the woman was taken in adultery, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' Your wife sincerely repents; she loves you most affectionately; in fact, she adores you: if you are a man, and a Christian,



Digitized by Google

you must forgive her." "Is this romance, or reality," exclaimed the husband. "It is truth, by G—d!" answered the priest, and struck the table emphatically with his hand. At this signal, the wife rushed into the room, and threw herself, bathed in tears, at the feet of her husband— * * *

If we have ever tenderly loved a woman, and fancied ourselves beloved by her; if she has offended, and we behold her, in tears, soliciting our forgiveness; whatever cold policy may dictate, 'tis difficult to repulse her.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
"Look in her face, and you forget them all."

We will not attempt to describe the scene which took place between the husband and wife at this critical moment; suffice it to say, a perfect reconciliation was effected. The chaplain gave the husband a check on his lordship's banker for £500, and made a present of £50 to the shopman, on condition of his eternal secrecy as to what had passed. His lordship did not make his appearance, but signed a bond, by which, he forfeited £1000 if ever he made future approaches towards the *forbidden fruit*, and thought himself extremely lucky in thus comfortably hushing up an affair, which might have caused unpleasant sensations to his amiable consort, who was then confined with her sixth child. ¶

---

## COURT OF KING'S BENCH, *Thursday, Jan.* 9.

### ALLARDYCE *versus* JOHNSON.

Mr. Allardyce, a surgeon in the 34th Foot, brought an action against Capt. Johnson, of the 6th Native Indian Cavalry, for *crim. con.* with Mrs. A. the plaintiff's wife. Mr. Allardyce married Mrs. A. formerly Miss Walker, a native of Yorkshire, in the year 1813. In 1814, professional pursuits called him to India; in 1820, having then three children, one of them became seriously ill, and the air of Europe was found necessary almost

Digitized by Google

to its existence; an Indiaman was ready to sail, commanded by Captain Chapman, a friend and relation to Mrs. Allardyce, and the plaintiff seizing the fortunate opportunity, at once embarked his wife and family for Great Britain. On board the same vessel Captain Johnson also was a passenger, and he was soon noticed to pay such attentions to Mrs. Allardyce, as to call forth the comments of Captain Chapman. Nothing farther improper, it is believed, took place till arriving in England, when Captain Johnson's visits and attentions to Mrs. Allardyce were very frequent, and the result was, that after some time, Mrs. A. set off to France, and at Dover she was joined by Johnson, who accompanied her to Dunkirk, where, and at other places, they were ascertained to have cohabited together. Mrs. Allardyce returned to England, and resumed her residence at Brompton. On the 1st of October, the plaintiff arrived in England, and immediately joined his wife, whom he met with that pleasure which would arise from long absence. Upon seeing him, she burst into a flood of tears, but those were imputed to her joy and surprise; and for a term of ten days Mr. Allardyce found nothing to disturb his happiness. At the end of that time, however, it was fated to be destroyed for ever. Laying before her his future prospects in life—his plans for himself—his hopes for his family—Mrs. A. was so shocked at the consciousness of her own situation (for she was then pregnant by the defendant, and the fact could not much longer have remained concealed), that she confessed the guilty course she had pursued, and implored her husband, in mercy, to banish her his presence. An immediate separation took place, and the present action was brought but as preliminary to a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court. It happened during Mrs. Allardyce's residence at Whitby, that a report reached England of Mr. Allardyce's death. The rumour, in less than a month after it arrived, was contradicted by a letter from the plaintiff himself; but the plaintiff's counsel said it was now understood to be part of Captain Johnson's defence, that his intercourse



Digitized by Google

with Mrs. Allardyce had been carried on during the supposed death of her husband.

Witnesses having been called to prove the fact as above stated,

Mr. Scarlett, for the defendant, admitted a verdict must go against him; but submitted, that as no friendship had been betrayed, nor hospitality violated, it was not a case for heavy damages. He also insisted, that both the defendant and the lady had been betrayed into error by the report of Mr. Allardyce's death.

The jury, after a moment's consideration, found for the plaintiff—damages *Five Hundred Pounds.*

---

## ADMIRALTY SESSIONS, OLD BAILEY, *Jan.* 21.

### NEWMAN *v.* BENNETT.

Charles Bennet was tried for a *Rape* on the body of Jane Newman, on the High Seas. The prisoner appeared to be about one and twenty years of age. The offence was committed on board His Majesty's ship, *Tartar*, off the coast of Africa, within 300 leagues of Sierra Leone, on the 3rd of June, 1821.

The prosecutrix, a young woman of very respectable appearance, stated, she was the wife of the purser's steward, and the prisoner was lob-lolly-boy, (the person who does the dirty-work in the sick-birth, under the surgeon's mate.) He had frequent occasion to come to her husband's birth for provisions, on which occasions he had always behaved himself with common civility, but no other familiarity had ever passed between them. On the night in question, she went to bed about nine o'clock, and her husband with her, but being taken ill in the night, he went on deck, and she fell asleep. She was awakened by the shaking the hammock, and said, "Newman, is that you?" She received no answer—but her husband being deaf, she was not surprised. She then turned herself on her left side, and was going to sleep. She felt a man get into the hammock. At first, his feet were towards her

Digitized by Google

head, which was the way she and her husband usually lay, on account of the hot weather, and in order to make more room. On his *altering his position*, she soon discovered it was not her husband, and she called to the sentry for his assistance; but the prisoner gained possession of her person, and effected his purpose, without any answer from the sentry. He then left the hammock, and was standing by the hatchway; when she got out, and called again to the sentry, who came with a light, which enabled her to see that it was the prisoner. The sentry asked what was the matter—she said it was Charles Bennett who had been ill-using her in her hammock, and then went on deck to her husband, and fell into his arms, crying, "Newman! Newman!"

It appeared in evidence, that the place where the sentry stood was about ten yards from her hammock, and that three slave girls, about twelve years of age, slept in the cock-pit near her, and only divided by a curtain: that if a woman in a hammock in the cock-pit had called out to give an alarm against a ravisher, she must have been heard by a great number of persons on board.

Baron Graham summed up the evidence at great length, and the jury, after a few minutes consultation, returned a verdict of—*Not Guilty.*

---

## ARCHES COURT.—*Monday, Jan.* 21.

### PERRIN *v.* PERRIN.

This cause was instituted by Mr. W. Perrin, of Camberwell, against Mrs. Francis Perrin, his wife.

It appeared, that the parties were married in 1818; and, in 1820, Mr. Perrin separated himself from his wife in consequence of having been informed, "and it then having first come to his knowledge, that Mrs. Perrin had, *previously* to her marriage, carried on an adulterous intercourse with one Thomas Lee, by whom she had a child, and from whom she had an allowance

Digitized by Google

of 40*l.* a-year:" and also, "that Mrs. Perrin *previously* also to her said marriage, had cohabited with one John Howell; and that when Mr. Perrin charged his wife with the facts in question, she admitted the same to be true."

The learned Judge, Dr. Nicholl, ordered this part of the document to be expunged, as what had occurred previously to the marriage had no business to be introduced, and that the case must rest upon proof of circumstances stated to have occurred since the separation.

---

The above was merely one of the numerous discussions which take place in this court on points of form and relevancy. The merits of the case were not gone into; but, from an expression which fell from the learned judge, it appeared, that the petition contained matter, which, if proved, would enable them to grant relief to the husband; and as no adultery is complained of during the time they lived together, the only inference is, that it must have occurred after he had separated himself from her. There seems, to be a great hardship in this poor woman's case. The husband finds no fault with his wife up to a certain period; she was dutiful and faithful to him—but all at once he takes it into his head, that because she had been *hungry*, and had *eaten* before he married her, it would be a sufficient excuse for him to put her away. He puts her away accordingly, and refuses to *eat* and *drink* with her any longer. The lonely and desolate woman is not to starve, because, forsooth, her foolish husband is whimsical and unsocial—No! the cravings of nature must be satisfied, and the poor woman *ate* and *drank* with some one else: and pray what reasonable person can blame her? "He who putteth away his wife, causeth her to commit adultery."

Digitized by Google

# THE DUMB LOVER;

## A TALE.

### *Translated from the French.*

[*Concluded from page 22.*]

The widow *Dorothea* was charmed with the apparent generosity of Virginia, and highly delighted with the scheme by which her passions were to be gratified. That no time might be lost in effecting a *consummation* she so eagerly longed for, she sent immediately for the good father Confessor, and told him, that being extremely pleased with the services of her esquire, she was anxious to attach him to her service, and to accomplish it, she would marry him to Virginia.

The monk, according to his laudible custom, approved this generous project, and undertook to make it comprehended by Silmander. They sent for him, and the priest exhausted his rhetoric to find signs which should convey what he desired to say. The dumb man, who wished to be really deaf to this extravagant proposition, pretended to understand nothing of it. He could not help laughing in his sleeve at the various efforts by which the monk endeavoured to inform him that he was to marry Virginia, and perform the duty of man towards a woman. Neither the monk, Dorothea, nor Virginia, could make him understand. The monk lost his patience, and the servant was enraged; but the widow found cause of self-congratulation, as her pride led her to believe that the dumb man had perceived the tenderness she had for him, and would give himself up to none but her. This cause appeared to her the more certain, as she knew the keenness of his wit, and the facility with which he comprehended things much more difficult, therefore she could not help giving him a most tender look, expressive of her gratitude and affection. Silmander returned glance for glance, and gave her to understand by a significant smile, that she was not mistaken in her conjectures. The joy of Dorothea may easily be conceived; the monk was presently dismissed, and not suspecting the love of Virginia, she imparted to her the transports of her soul. It is not difficult to imagine what mortification the poor girl must have experienced, but as it is natural to flatter one self under all circumstances, she would not readily believe that Silmander could be guilty of so much finesse; the widow, however, to leave no doubt upon the subject, procured pen,

Digitized by Google

ink, and paper, drew two women, and a man kissing the hands of them both. She afterwards wrote the name of Dorothea, Virginia, and Silmander; and the dumb man having looked at the design, took the pen, and effacing both the name and the figure of Virginia, returned the paper to Dorothea. This answer was so positive, that it left no doubt in the breast of the tender widow, and her raptures were so violent, that she could not restrain herself from clasping Silmander in her arms, and almost smothered him with her burning kisses. Poor Virginia could no longer endure the sight, but stung to madness, ran out of the room to give vent to her feelings. Nothing could happen more opportunely than her absence at this critical *juncture*, for the amourous inclinations of Dorothea were wound up to such a pitch, that the hard-hearted Silmander, who had so long tantalized, at last took compassion on her—submitted to her embraces—and like the good Samaritan, administered that balm which the malady of the holy widow had so long required—and * * * * * *

From this period a mutual understanding took place between the two lovers, and Dorothea had nothing to interfere with her happiness but the love of Virginia, who was much handsomer and younger than her mistress, and could not account for Silmander's preference. At length, the example of the widow inspired Virginia with the same impudence, and she told her mistress, that she had long and violently loved Silmander—that she was determined to enjoy him—and that if Dorothea did not permit him to return her love, she would split—she would blow the affair of her debauchery with Silmander over the whole town, and for ever blast her reputation for piety, sanctity, and chastity.

The widow trembled at this threat, and was extremely embarrassed. Love is a monopolizing and selfish passion—and the widow was sufficiently capable of engrossing the whole stock of Silmander's love without the aid of a partner. Her pride, however, would not suffer her willingly to lose her reputation, to save which, she suppressed the jealousy so natural to females, and in order to stop the mouth of Virginia, reluctantly consented that the embraces of Silmander should in future be equally divided between them. Thus the poor dumb man was for a while obliged to submit to the amourous caprices of a widow and a maid; but we must not for the sake of decency, explain precisely, how these two regulated their operations. The pleasures of the night did not

Digitized by Google

prevent Dorothea from following her accustomed occupations during the day, and the same attention to churches, hospitals, and alms-giving—the same modesty, piety, and sanctity, marked her external conduct as before. But alas! there is no solid happiness in this life, and a circumstance occurred to damp that rapturous ecstacy Dorothea had so long enjoyed in the arms of Silmander, for in the course of a few months she perceived a considerable alteration in her person—a plumpness easily accounted for, but by no means desired. "O God, what must I do!" exclaimed she to Virginia, "How can I conceal the state that I am in?" "I know but one way," replied Virginia; "Choose from among your admirers him, whose penetration does not extend to exact calculation of time, and without hesitation marry him immediately."

Dorothea was afraid of the experiment, lest her love for Silmander should be discovered, and lead to his expulsion from the house. "Then marry Silmander himself," said Virginia, "as you are able to make him happy! "What do you propose to me, interrupted the widow! "would you have me become the laughing stock of the whole city, after having been its example? This would be letting the world know that I had submitted to the embraces of a man of inferior condition, merely to gratify my desires, and then married to hide my shame. No, no, I would rather comply with your first proposition, for my love shall not blind me so far, as to sacrifice in a moment, a reputation I have been so long acquiring. I will marry Alizart, as he is of all my admirers the most easy to be imposed on.

The proper means were immediately resorted too, in order to bring the matter about, and Alizart was extremely grateful that her choice had fallen upon him. The report of the intended marriage was presently spread throughout the city, and every one agreed that a more honest man could not be joined to the most virtuous of women.

In the meantime, Silmander, who saw what was going on, wrote to his brother Calanthus, desiring him to come instantly to Paris, and meet him at an obscure hotel. His brother lost no time in complying with this request, and after some consultation, it was determined that Calanthus should go the next day to Alizart, and give him a faithful account of the whole affair, not doubting, but as he was a very honest and honourable man, he would be happy to contribute to the good fortune of Silmander, who saved him

Digitized by Google

from falling into so artful a snare. It was also resolved that the pretended dumb, should speak to Virginia, and gain her to his interest, which did not appear to be difficult, on account of her attachment, and the influence a few presents might have over her.

The arrangements being made, Silmander demanded a private interview with Virginia, in her chamber; and, after a little time spent in devotions to the god of love, he made her rise and sit down beside him, addressing her as follows:—"You will no doubt be surprised to hear me speak—but, amiable Virginia! I ——." "Oh, heavens!" cried the girl, rising from her seat, "by what miracle have you recovered your speech?" "Fear nothing," interrupted Silmander, making her set down, "no miracle has restored my speech, for I have never lost it. It was ambition made me feign to be dumb, and the same ambition makes me this day cease to be so. Only listen to me, and you shall know my motive in playing a character so different from my real one." "I can easily guess it," said Virginia, "your object was the wealth of Dorothea." "It is true," he replied, "and I thought it necessary to appear without consequence, in order to accomplish my designs. In a word, I must marry Dorothea—my birth is not inferior to hers, and I shall not suffer her to carry to others, the fortune, of which I have cemented the inheritance. You must aid me in this design, amiable Virginia," continued he, "and if it is true that you love me, you ought to contribute to my happiness, particularly as it will form your own. We must penetrate adroitly the sentiments of Dorothea, and ascertain, whether, if the chance which has rendered me dumb, should give me my speech, she would consent to confirm by a happy marriage, that which my birth, and the liberties she has given me, entitles me; if you see," continued he, "that she appears to desire such a thing, you will let me know, and I'll go and swear an eternal love and boundless gratitude.—But if, on the contrary, she appears insensible to such a change, we must carry matters to the last extremity, and endeavour to undeceive the public with regard to her false virtue."

Virginia, who had as much wit as love, promised to execute this commission. After paving the way for such insinuations by a great deal of art, she asked Dorothea, "if love, by one of his most charming caprices, should present Silmander to her gifted with the liberty of speech, whether she would find any difficulty in uniting with him in the bonds of wedlock." "What do you

Digitized by Google

say?" interrupted Dorothea, "if such a miracle was to happen, far from doing as you say, I would do every thing in my power to make him lose his speech again—and there is no length I would not go in order to punish him for my own folly."

This being the case, Silmander sent word to Calanthus to commence operations immediately with Alizart, who, after being informed of all the particulars, was extremely grateful that his eyes were opened in time, and entered with cheerfulness into the plans which were formed for serving Silmander, who, in return, promised him an eternal friendship, and a part of the fortune he should gain by his assistance.

In the mean time, the widow felt the increasing weight of the burthen with which she wished to honour her intended husband, and pressed the conclusion of the marriage with great anxiety, and the day was at last fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. The church in which the ceremony was to take place was filled with a prodigious number of spectators. The curate commenced the ceremony with great devotion, but when he came to ask Alizart if he accepted the widow Dorothea as his lawful wife—"No!" replied he, in as loud a tone as he could speak.

"That is not what you should answer," interrupted the curate, "you should say YES."

"I ought indeed to say it," replied Alizart, "if I had a wish it should be so, but as God has saved me from the danger which menaced my head, I ought not to pronounce the word which you require."

"And what came you here to do?" cried the priest; "do you come here to trifle with one of the most august sacraments of our holy religion?"

"I had no such intention," said Alizart, "I appear here for no other purpose than to give a legitimate husband to Dorothea."

After which, turning towards the assembly, who listened, and already, by their murmurs, testified their discontent, he said, in a loud voice, "Is there any one among you who will marry this illustrious widow, on the condition according to which she intended to marry me? It was not enough to offer me her person only, but the wish to join with it the precious pledge which she carries in her chaste loins. Is it not just (continued he) that the author of her future generation, join in your presence, the names



Digitized by Google

of father and husband. Come then, my dear Silmander, and claim a prize, of which they would unjustly have deprived you."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Silmander came pressing through the crowd, and exclaimed—"Ah! what do I not owe you, Signor Alizart? you seek to make me happy in joining me to my dear Dorothea, and rendering me the possessor of the deposit that I have confided to her. It is with sincere regret, madam, (continued he, addressing himself to the widow) that I have exposed here a thing which ought to be enveloped in eternal silence, but it is the result of your own cruelty: you know that Virginia has done every thing in her power to persuade you to marry me, but your obstinacy has pushed things to the last extremity."

The poor widow was in a dreadful consternation, and knew not how to act. To deny the matter was useless, as the accusation of Silmander could not be doubted, since it seemed as if he had only recovered the use of his speech in order to give evidence of her dishonour. She was agitated by conflicting passions, and various schemes passed within her mind—first, to throw herself into a convent, and give her fortune to the poor—next, to kill herself, and wash the stain from her reputation by her own blood—but, at last, as life is sweet under all circumstances, and as she had loved Silmander, she took the more laudable resolution, and restored herself a part of the honour which her libertinism had taken away. She addressed the spectators, and avowed publicly her fault, demanding pardon of Alizart for the wrong she had contemplated towards him. Then, turning to the curate, she said, "Go on with your august ceremony—it is but changing the object, and in spite of the deceit of Silmander, I will give him the hand destined for Alizart." This conduct was generally applauded, and the priest, who cared not to whom she was joined as long as the matter was finished, united her for ever to the amiable Silmander.

It is said they lived together in perfect tranquillity, Dorothea ceasing to be a hypocrite, and becoming sincerely devout. Alizart found in the purse of Silmander the means of establishing himself comfortably, and poor Virginia received a handsome pension for life, but was never properly consoled for the loss of her dumb lover.

Digitized by Google

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday evening, the 15 ult. we witnessed the first performance of a new Melo-Drama in three acts, entitled the PIRATE, founded on the Novel of that name by "the great unknown."—Perhaps we ought not to say founded on, but cut out of, or selected and arranged from, as the dialogues are in the words of the Novel with very little variation. The characters are as follow:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Magnus Troil, | Mr. Loveday. |
| Basil Mertoun, | Mr. Pope. |
| Mordaunt Mertoun, | Mr. Penley. |
| Claud Halcro, | Mr. Gattie. |
| Bryce Snaelsfoot, | Mr. Munden. |
| Provost, | Mr. Foot. |
| Captain Cleveland, | Mr. Cooper. |
| Captain Goff, | Mr. Smith. |
| Lieutenant Bunce, | Mr. Harley. |
| Pacolet, | Mr. Vining. |
| Norna, | Mrs. West. |
| Minna, | Madame Vestris. |
| Brenda, | Miss Cubitt. |

"The piece commences with the shipwreck of CLEVELAND, who is saved from the waves by MORDAUNT MERTOUN; the former then visits Magnus Troil, the UDALLER, to obtain restitution of his shipwreck property, where he wins the affections of MINNA, one of the daughters, and BRENDA, the other, it appears is attached to MORDAUNT MERTOUN. NORNA, a wild and mystic female (a counter-part of MEG MERRILIES) instigates MORDAUNT to suspect the motives of CLEVELAND, and a coldness takes place between them, which proceeds even to mortal defiance. NORNA is, however, in this piece, divested of the supernatural powers assigned her in the novel. CLEVELAND's serenade under MINNA's window is introduced with good effect; at this moment he is watched by MORDAUNT—they fight—MORDAUNT is wounded, conveyed away, and cured by NORNA. He afterwards follows CLEVELAND to Kirkwall, whither he has gone to meet a vessel he



Digitized by Google

has discovered to be his consort. NORNA is also hovering near the spot, and the UDALLER and his daughters, with MORDAUNT'S father, are also brought here at the same time. Here also the capture of the Rovers takes place, and their vessel is destroyed. NORNA had hitherto considered MORDAUNT to be her son, by BASIL MERTOUN, who had deserted her, but in the interview, where she discovers herself to her betrayer, she finds it is CLEVELAND who is hers, and that MORDAUNT was by another woman. BASIL MORDAUNT, the Recluse of Sumburg, turns out to be a pardoned Rover, and the piece concludes with the union of MORDAUNT AND BRENDA, BASIL MERTOUN AND NORNA, and the prospect of pardon for CLEVELAND, and his ultimate union with MINNA."

The above is a brief outline of the plot. The ancient Sword Dance was introduced with good effect, and a fine chorus, of which Mrs. Bland, Miss Povey, &c. formed a part. In each act, a Duet was introduced between Madame Vestris and Miss Cubit; they were executed in a fine style, and the first and second were justly ENCORED. Harley made the most of his part as a Lieutenant Bunce, who had formerly been a strolling player, as did Munden in SNAELSFOOT; but the comic incidents which might have been introduced, were lost, by the omission of the Yorkshire agriculturist, TRIPTOLEMUS YELLOWLEY, and his maiden sister BARBARA. Mr. Cooper was very fair as CLEVELAND, but elevates his voice too much; Penley's MORDAUNT MERTOUN, rather inspired, and Pope's BASIL MERTOUN still worse. Mrs. Egerton must certainly be ill, or a character so exclusively in her line as NORNA, would not have been given to Mrs. W. West, who though not adapted for it, certainly executed it with considerable energy. The discovering of herself to MORDAUNT as his mother, was a fine piece of acting, and drew down thunders of applause. Several new and beautiful scenes have been got up purposely for this piece, and are very creditable to the Artists of the establishment, but the Drama itself is upon the whole heavy, from its barrenness of comic incident, and want of sufficient, powerful, and thrilling interest to attract as a serious piece. We attach no blame to Mr. Dimond, who dramatised it, for we do not consider the novel itself possesses the same fund of materials to work upon as some of the other works of the writer which were so successfully adapted to the stage. When the curtain fell, the applause was very general,

Digitized by Google

and many cries of ENCORE, but when these had subsided, there was so loud a cry of "off, off," that we could not hear Mr. Cooper announce it for a second representation. It will, however, we have no doubt, continue to attract for several nights, though it can never become a stock piece, like BERTRAM, and ROB ROY.

OWEN, PRINCE OF POWIS.—A new tragedy was produced on Monday, 28th ult. It is a tissue of plagiarisms, without interest, and will not do.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Shakspeare's play of ROMEO AND JULIET was performed at this theatre on Thursday evening, for the purpose of introducing Miss Fanny Brunton, for the first time to a London audience, in the character of JULIET. This lady is sister to the Miss Brunton, formerly so celebrated in ROSALIND. Her figure is good, her attitudes graceful, and her countenance both agreeable and expressive. Her youth too renders her suitable for the character, but her execution did not reach that exquisite delicacy and softness which our imagination is prepared to expect from the delineation of the Poet. She nevertheless exhibited indications of talent, which leaves little doubt but she will improve considerably in a ecnd performance, and even if she should not arrive at perfection in this character, she may still become a favourite of the public in other departments of the Drama. We think there are many characters in which she will shine; and that her principal defects, in JULIET are, a want of sufficient refinement, and a disagreeable drawl when she wished to be very tender, that appeared too much like affectation. The house was respectably attended, and she met with very general applause. When the curtain fell, a loud cry of ENCORE issued from the pit, and the piece was given out to be repeated on Monday evening. Mr. Abbott played MERCUTIO, in consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Jones, and acquitted himself very respectably. We consider that Mr. Macready played ROMEO as a matter of necessity rather than of choice, as it is not a part adapted to his powers, except in those scenes that require energetic acting. In these, and in the dying scene he was excellent, but it can be easily conceived by those who know him, that his voice was not suited to convey the soft and tender breathings of a soul like ROMEO's. In every passage which required animation, and the operation of the more



Digitized by Google

boisterous passions, Mr. Macready's brilliant talents excited universal admiration, and called down thunders of applause.—Mrs. Davenport sustained the NURSE's part very well; and the evening's amusement concluded with the splendid Pantomime of HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER BUNCH, which seems equally to delight both old and young.

## OLYMPIC.

THE PIRATE.—Through the illness of Tayleure, TRIPTOLEMUS YELLOWLEY, was undertaken at a short notice by Oxberry, and of whom it will therefore be unfair to speak at present. The scenery is well painted, and the piece, if judiciously curtailed, will, we doubt not, have a long and successful run. The pedlar, BRYCE SNAELSFOOT, is played excellently by Mr. Henry Johnston. His Donald, in the "Falls of the Clyde," led us to expect a great deal, and we were not disappointed. Mr. Power is a clever and sensible young man; he generally has a good conception of the character allotted to him, and works hard to execute it; we are sorry to see him so often fail through an unmanageable voice, and a disagreeable accent; but as his faults are chiefly those of nature, they should in a great measure be excused; his performance of CLEVELAND, the pirate, was of a very respectable description, and in many parts highly effective; his last dress, however, was most outrageously inappropriate. Of Mr. Howard, Miss Healey, and Miss Norton, we shall say nothing, for it would be very far from favorable. Miss E. Scott plays MINNA very prettily, and improves much upon acquaintance. The piece was throughout well received, and announced for repetition amid loud plaudits. The pantomime followed, and sent the whole of a very numerous audience home in good humour.

## SURREY.

Mr. Dibdin's adaptation of the PIRATE, is the best of the three; it abounds more in comic incident, and is as well performed as at the other houses. TRIPTOLEMUS, and his sister BAB, CLAUDE HALCRO, and CLEVELAND, are well executed. As to NORNA, the part is better played here than any where; Mrs. Glover could not do any thing bad, but she plays this in fine style, and makes a powerful impression on the house.

Digitized by Google

## COBURG.

The superb looking-glass curtain which graces this beautiful theatre, nightly attracts very crowded audiences. It appears to be made of the best plate-glass, and the frame-work is the most gorgeous display of the gilding art we have ever witnessed. A crimson drop-curtain is also brought forward, painted in a similar manner to that of Covent Garden; it ascends to the roof of the theatre without being rolled up, the procenium of which has been cleaned and richly gilded. The Melo Drama of *The Temple of Death*, (pompously announced in the bills as having electrified all Paris) is got up with great magnificence both in the scenery and dresses, and the disappearance of part of the Temple, with the Murderer enveloped in fire through the stage, in the concluding scene, is remarkably well managed. There are also two pretty good combats of six warriors with battle-axes, and another of eight youths with swords and shields, but the chief attraction of the whole is a grand trial of skill, alias a "most terrific combat," which is fought with surprising precision, by Blanchard and Bradley, (unquestionably the best stage combatants in England,) whose fame resounds through the kingdom, and of whose prowess we have often heard while travelling upwards of two hundred miles from the Coburg theatre. Huntley, whom we are glad to say, has returned to this theatre, plays ENRIC well, and H. Beverley makes a good BLALAND; Rowbotham is very respectable in GONDIMAR, and Miss Taylor has little or nothing to do in ZORANDA. Miss Watson is as careless as ever; but as to Mr. Cordell, who should have been KING GOTHERIC, he is still Mr. Cordell, and will never be any thing else.

---

## HAYMARKET.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Goodacre's ingenious Lectures on Astronomy at this theatre. His apparatus is different from what we have seen used by former lecturers in the same place, and in many respects superior. Many things which we have only heard asserted by other Lecturers, are here laid down and exemplified with a precision of demonstration extremely satisfactory to the understanding. He uses no word or peculiar phrase which is not explained in a manner to render it intelligible to the meanest capacity, and we consider it a recreation as amusing and instructive to the old (generally speaking) as to the young.

Digitized by Google

The causes of the change of the seasons, the revolutions of the world, and the sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and the variations in the appearance of the moon, were explained and demonstrated so forcibly, that a child might comprehend and recollect as long as he lived. The Lectures are removed to the Paul's Head Tavern, in the city.

## ROYALTY.

A new splendid Spectacle, called the "Silver Mine," has been produced here, at a considerable expense, and which, through the aid of good scenery and dresses, has been very successful. An interesting drama, called "The Juror Murderer," has been imported from the Coburg, in which Henry Kemble and Sloman play a country farmer, and a candidate for a chandler's shop, very well. Gallott and Davidge are quite the reverse as FREEGOOD and FRANK. The playmakers at this house are quite destitute of that most essential qualification, historical knowledge. In a piece called "Napoleon Buonaparte," a triumphal banner, inscribed Austerlitz" is introduced in the procession through Paris, along with those of "Lodi," "Arcola," and "Marengo," on Napoleon's return from the latter memorable battle, whilst he was First Consul in the year 1800, when in fact, the battle of Austerlitz did not take place until five years afterwards, when he was Emperor of the French. If they had been at at a loss for a name, why could they not have used Mondovi, Castiglione, Montonette, or some of the other victories gained by him in the Italian campaign in 1796?

## WEST LONDON THEATRE,

Tottenham Street, has closed much earlier than was expected.

# *PRIVATE THEATRICALS.*

JAN. 2.

## RAWSTRONE STREET THEATRE.

CASTLE SPECTRE—ELLA ROSENBURG.

OSMOND was attempted by a person, who murdered the language most inhumanly, and was seconded by a wiseacre, who strutted about like a bantom-cock on a dunghill; PERCY, HASSAN, SAIB, MULEY, and all their characters, save FATHER PHILIP, were miserably sustained.—In ELLA ROSENBERG, the

Digitized by Google

only character decently performed, was FLUTTERHAM; and the lady, who was the representative of the unfortunate ELLA, was so horrified by the scarecrows who surrounded her, that she fainted away—and as usual, the conclusion of the piece was adjourned. SINE DIE.

---

JAN. 8.

WALLACE.—THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The audience this evening appeared to be principally composed of hackney writers, and scribes of the lowest order, who assembled in overwhelming strength, (we presume) to support their respectable acquaintance behind the curtain, who had undertaken the arduous task of representing the above pieces. The generous heroic WALLACE, the idol of his country's memory, degenerated into a low-bred, roaring, conventical preacher, from either the neighbourhoods of Tothill Fields, or St. Giles's. DOUGLAS was metamorphosed into a savage ruffian, and MONTEITH appeared throughout the evening, as if practising to gain through a horse collar at the next country fair, when he may be engaged for the purpose. Three such wretches were never beheld upon any stage in one evening. Several new and striking incidents were added to the usual list; the soldier, (who should receive the lady HELEN from WALLACE) walked forward to the front of the stage, bowed to the audience, and then made his exit; and in the last scene, about the time when WALLACE was led to execution, the drop curtain fell on the performance, but was quickly raised, and an apology made, stating that the accident was owing to the prompter not holding the string tight enough. Added to these, the effect of several skirmishes among the audience, which were likely to have caused some broken heads, children squalling, women roaring, and a general row occasioned by the audience making an attempt to carry the stage by storm, was of the most gratifying and delightful description.

---

JAN. 16.

PIZARRO.—INTRIGUE.—LOVER'S QUARRELS.

Rolla looked like a beast, and played like a bear; his language was neither English, nor French, but something with the shape of gibberish. PIZARRO was a conceited puppy, who did little else

Digitized by Google

than admire himself, and grin like a cheshire cat whenever he had an opportunity. By the by, his way of making a point was rather novel, it being done by running the point of his sword into the stage. ALONZO will never be fit for any thing, except pumping on. The stupid ass made himself look very ridiculous in LAS CASAS, with a white wig, and black whiskers; we should recommend him to have his head well shaved, and get admitted into St. Luke's, for he could not be in his senses, (if he ever had any) to attempt that character. OROZEMBO was base in the extreme, his appearance reminded us strongly of an old cloathsman. The old blind man was respectable, but VALVERDE and ATALIBA quite the contrary. The ignoramus who had on ALMAGRO's dress, should be told, that it is not customary for an actor to enter on the stage with his stern towards the audience; however, we suppose he knew no better; he, and three or four of the other male characters were wretchedly read by the prompter.—ELVIRA was too vulgar, conceited, and ignorant—and CORA very poorly sustained by a young lady, who is too fond of looking in the front, to see who is admiring her shape. The interlude and after-piece, were rather better. During the performance, a great commotion was observable among the audience, occasioned by the appearance of a person, who is famed for making benefits at the theatres, by selling the characters to wretched *would be* actors, for most extravagant prices, and handing them over tickets to double the amount of what they pay. This worthy has been frequently heard to say, that he did not want good actors, but those who would dub up a large price, and if they did that, he did not care a d—n whether they butchered the characters or not.

What a respectable gentleman! What an honest admirer of the Drama! Such persons ought to have their ears cropped, and nailed to their own doors, (if they have any) like the cheating bakers of Constantinople, as a punishment for their iniquities.

---

JAN. 22.

PIZARRO.—LOVER'S QUARRELS.—ALL AT COVENTRY.

(By a different squad.)

ROLLA, in addition to a complete ignorance of the English language, moved about as if dancing a Pas Seul on red hot iron; PIZARRO grinned ferociously, and interlarded his speeches with occasional hysterical hah! hah! hah's! even in common conver-

Digitized by Google

sation, he roared like a wounded bear. LAS CASAS's white face, and the streak of red paint down his nose, had a delightful appearance. ATALIBA was a regular bred methodist parson: and ALONZO, made as many faces, as if he had just taken a dose of arsenic. The old blind man appeared to move by wires. ORAZEMBO was remarkably comical, and ORANO, had a favorite way of winking at his friends in the front, in order to let them know when any thing tickled his fancy; VALVERDE and ALMAGRO, were both very good; ELVIRA was very respectably performed, and we had the same CORA as on the 16th. Notwithstanding the amusement occasioned by Rolla, Alonzo, and Pizarro, they were completely eclipsed in one scene by the terrific *entre* of a boy, (meant for a Peruvian officer) who had all the appearance of a raving maniac in his shirt, with his hair standing on end, which produced the most tremendous roars of laughter, and kept the audience in good humour enough, to look calmly the remainder of the evening on the other butcheries, committed by Messrs. Pizarro, and Co. From the state of the performances at the time we took our departure, we imagine, that the entertainments concluded about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning.

## CRIM. CON.

[*PRIVATE INTELLIGENCE.*]

[This case came so late in the month, that it could not be inserted in the proper place, under the head of "Cuckold's Chronicle," but as it is new and authentic, we do not like to defer it until the next month. We return our sincere thanks to the gentleman in Beaumont-street, for sending this early information.]

The lady, who is the subject of this article, is the only daughter of a tradesman, in the neighbourhood of Mary-le-bone. His name is S—— B——; he formerly resided at a corner house, not far from Great Chesterfield-street; and, by dint of industry and perseverance, realised a fortune. He has lately given up business in the retail, and has taken a house in the

Digitized by Google

same parish, to carry on a similar business, wholesale. His daughter was nursed in the lap of luxury—her every wish was gratified—and no expence spared to render her happy. Her father, in the spring of 1818, purchased an estate in Bedfordshire, and Mrs. B. and her daughter went to reside there in consequence of the mother's health being very precarious.

She received and paid visits among the neighbouring farmers and gentry, and a young man of property, of the name of G——, was attracted by the charms of the daughter, and solicited permission to pay his addresses. There could be no possible objection, and they were married, by special licence, on the 25th of November, 1818, Mr. G. receiving 8,000*l.* with his wife, as her marriage portion. Eleven months after, she was brought to bed with a fine girl, to the great joy of the husband, who was extremely fond of his wife. In the course of a little time, Mrs. G. began to exhibit a very free and flighty conduct, in the presence of her servants, and the labourers, which Mr. G. observed, and remonstrated with her about it. Frequent bickerings took place on this head, until Christmas, 1821, when Mr. G., who was a very hospitable man, gave all his labourers a feast. The bailiff, or superintendant of the farm, who presided on this occasion, in the course of the evening became so elevated with liquor, that he forgot all the dictates of prudence, gratitude, or decorum, and began to boast to those near him, that he was as good a man as his master, and should soon be independent; that he could do as much for his mistress, &c. &c., and various inuendos which the joskins would not believe. He told one of them, that if he would come to the barn at a certain hour the next night, he should judge for himself, if he would be cautious.

The lout, to whom the muddled bailiff had imparted this confidential communication, instead of waiting to gratify his own curiosity, informed his master the next day, who, though not crediting it, thought there would be no harm in stealing softly into the barn at

Digitized by Google

the appointed hour, to ascertain the fact. He did so: when, shocking to tell! he beheld his brawny and athletic bailiff prostrate, and closely locked in the rapturous embraces of his beautiful, but faithless and wanton wife

"——————As far as bodies
"And embodied souls can mingle!"

The happy pair, thus balked in the midst of their transports, jumped up, and stood transfixed with shame and confusion. The injured husband did not meet her with summary vengeance, but, in the greatest agony, retraced his steps homeward, went to bed, and locked his room door. Mrs. G., early the next morning, packed up every article of convenience on which she could raise money, and started for Brighton, where her mother was staying for the benefit of her health. She pretended she came to see a friend of Mr. G's, and said nothing of her *accident*.

Mr. G. wrote to her father an account of what had happened, who, when he received the letter, left London for Brighton, and was greatly astonished to find his daughter there. The mother's health was so precarious, that Mr. B. did not think it safe to communicate the affair to her, but treated his daughter with great coolness. Mrs. G. by this, guessed that he knew all, and made off for London by the Brighton stage. On her arrival in town, a coach was called for her, and she ordered it to drive to a well known bagnio in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where she took up her quarters under a feigned name. Her father followed her to town.

The Brighton coachman knew the *Jarvey* who took her from the stage, and from him they learned where she was sat down. The husband also arrived in London about this time, and, accompanied by the father, went to enquire after Mrs. G. at this Paphian Temple. On arriving at the door, a hackney-coach was just starting with half a dozen Cyprians, bound for one of the theatres, when Mr. G., thinking he heard his wife's



Digitized by Google

voice among them, opened the door, but found his mistake. He told them he was looking for a lady lately arrived in town, and described her; one of them said there was such a lady in doors, and that she had been waiting at home for him three quarters of an hour, (imagining it was Mrs. G.'s gallant, for she had already commenced business.)

The father scratched a hasty note, and sent up to the first floor by the porter, who took it to her while they waited in the passage. They heard the door open, and after a pause, while she read the note, she exclaimed, "Oh! 'tis my father!—just tell him he may be d——d, and not to come bothering me."

The husband wanted to rush up stairs, and sacrifice her on the spot; but the father pulled him out of the house, and drove home. There is no doubt but it will prove the death of her mother, who has long been in a very precarious state of health. Mrs. G———— has, within these few days, left her old quarters, and taken lodgings in Carburton-street, under the name of Smith.

"Were you, ye fair! but cautious whom ye trust:
"Did ye but think how seldom fools are just;
"So many of your sex would not, in vain,
"Of broken vows and faithless men complain."

## Anecdotes, Jeux d'Esprits, Bon Mots, &c.

### JUPITER AND LEDA.

*(Vide Frontispiece.)*

Leda was daughter of King Thespius and Eurythemis, who married Tyndarus, king of Sparta. She was seen bathing in the river Eurotas by Jupiter, when she was some few days advanced in her pregnancy; and the god, struck with her beauty, resolved to deceive her. He persuaded Venus to transform herself into an eagle, while he assumed the shape of a swan: and, after this metamorphosis, Jupiter, as if fearful of the cruelty of the bird o'

Digitized by Google

prey, fled through the air into the arms of Leda, who willingly sheltered the trembling swan from the assault of his superior enemy. The caresses with which the naked Leda received the swan, enabled Jupiter to avail himself of his situation; and, nine months after this adventure, the wife of Tyndarus brought forth two eggs—from one of which sprung Castor and Helena, and from the other Pollux and Clytemnestra. The two former were deemed the offspring of Jupiter, and the others claimed Tyndarus as their father. Ovid, in his "Metamorphosis," where he alludes to a person relating the amours of Jupiter with Danaë, with Io, Europa, &c. says:—

"And shew'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,
"Whilst the soft snowy swan sat hovering o'er her breast."

---

A very curious and valuable library some time since, being on sale, among the rest, a manuscript law book was put up, the performance of a late eminent pleader. To enhance the price, and stimulate the company to purchase it, Mr. M——, the auctioneer, told them that, besides its originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written in a blank leaf, by one of the most distinguished sages of the law; but he must beg to be excused the producing it, till after it should be sold. This took so well with the literati, that they advanced on one another at each bidding, till it was knocked down at a very considerable price, to one who was determined to have it at any rate; who, when it was delivered to him, so eager was the expectation and impatience of the company to read the opinion, that the purchaser, for fear of being crowded to death, to his great mortification read these words—"Mem. I have carefully perused this book, and do pronounce it not worthy one farthing." H.

---

THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

Some years ago, the Presbyterian church discipline in Scotland, was so rigid, that the incontinent of all ranks were compelled to public penance, or incur the most serious consequences of excommunication. An officer in the army, who resided at Stonehaven, in these times, was ordered, for an affair of gallantry, to sit on what is called the *Stool of Re-*



Digitized by Google

*pentance* for two successive Sundays; he was obedient to the sentence the first time, but found the seat, being a detached part of the church, so cold and uncomfortable, that he had little inclination to sit there again; however, there was no remedy; and he was proceeding the next Sunday towards church, when he met a brother officer of the same regiment, an Englishman, who was just arrived. "Ah, Jack! (exclaimed he) what brought you to Stonehaven? Come you shall go to church with me, and after that go home with me to dinner!" Induced by the latter part of the invitation, his friend consented; but (resumed the former) I must go and make some little addition to what is ordered, go on to the church and I will follow you, the door-keeper will shew you to my seat. The captain was obedient, and as his friend had foreseen, the door-keeper mistaking him by his regimentals for the penitent, conducted him to the stool.

Here he immediately attracted the eyes of the congregation, but vanity easily imputed that to the gentility of his appearance. He wondered at his friend's delay, but concluded some accident had detained him; at length, the parson having finished his sermon, began to rebuke the supposed offender, as the custom was, in very harsh terms. The captain, finding himself addressed, rose and listened with astonishment; but, as his face wore no marks of contrition, the lecturer still increased in severity. "You hardened wretch, (cried the minister,) you are no doubt still going on in your lasciviousness; I dare say no longer ago than the last night you have sinned again in the same way." Here our officer, unable to contain himself longer, replied aloud, "by my soul, sir, that may be very true, but how the devil came you to know it?" Much confusion here ensued; but at length, after the parson had tired himself with reprehension, the service ended, and the penitent quite confounded at so strange an attack, enquired for his friend's house. When they met, "Why, George, (said he,) "what became of you, and what strange fellow of a parson have you got here? Last night I got to bed with the chambermaid of the inn I slept at, and he has told me of it before all the congregation!"

---

A gentleman whose name was *Coal*, finding a neighhour of his in too amorous a situation with his wife, threatened to sue him for damages. The man who was thus detected, very coolly an-

Digitized by Google

swered——"If I have been guilty of any offence it must be a burglary, for I cannot deny that you found me in the *Coal-hole*."

## SHANDEAN IMITATIONS.

I. THE STAYS.—The company of a sprightly woman is an antidote to these gloomy days of November.—I went to drink tea with *Flavia*, as the only means I had to keep myself clear of the vapours.

I found her alone upon a sofa.—The hearth was clean, the fire clear, the kettle on for tea.—I was solicited to sit down and take a cup.

A drop of water from the tea-pot scalded her hand through the glove.

She held her hand out for my inspection—It was impossible to avoid praising it—it was impossible to avoid chafing it—in chafing it was not possible to avoid pressing—and in pressing it was naturally conveyed to the lips.

* * * * * *

One misfortune treads upon the heels of another—In handing the kettle, I unluckily trod on the cat. The cat squalled—Flavia shrieked and fell upon the sofa—I rang the bell, there was nobody in the house to answer, no water, no salts—I attempted to raise her—she grasped my hand with a convulsive gripe.

Her bosom heaved—I die for breath, exclaimed Flavia! Will nobody cut my lace?

Now the cutting of the lace, and the extricating Flavia from the embraces of her stays, produced another species of embrace, perfectly natural in such a situation.——

There she lay
Loose, unattired, tender, full of wishes.

II. HUNTING SEASON;—OR THE BOOTS.—There are doubtless joys in the sports of the field, or so many would not pursue them.—That there are pleasures in a lady's bed-chamber cannot be doubted. The first we are unacquainted with—the latter we experimentally know.

It has often been observed, and the observation is just, that even a confidential male friend should never be introduced as a resident visitor into the house of a new-married couple.

The blandishments of love, on such occasions, should be con-



Digitized by Google

fined to the actors; or these freedoms and liberties which nature and virtue allow to the female, may be imputed to a disposition injurious to the purity of her mind, as well as chastity of her person; and the visiting friend, if a cunning knave, may take advantages afforded by opportunity, in the absence of her husband, to destroy his peace, and ruin the honour of his wife.

Claudio married Isabella from love, and Antonio assisted him in his amour—and it was the general opinion, that Isabella reciprocated the passion of her lover—Claudio insisted that Antonio should live with him. Claudio loved sporting—Antonio was fond of reading; so while the one was pursuing his game in the fields, the other was reading to Isabella in the house.

A thousand little incidents occurred on these occasions, which led to the grand catastrophe of the *boots*.

When the hand of a man and a woman meet in contact, even by accident, sympathy follows—on such occasions the nerves, like the strings of two harps or violins, strung in unison, will vibrate while the heart beats time, and the eyes dance to the tune.

Now it happened that Claudio having insisted upon Antonio meeting him on a fox chase, rose with the sun to prepare his horses, and brought with him a boy of above thirteen years of age to assist him.

The boy was canning, arch, and mischievous——

The horses being ready, Claudio sent the boy from the stable to his house for the boots—"You will find them, my lad," said Claudio, "in the closet behind the bedchamber."—

The boy returned in a few minutes.——

"Sir," said the boy, "my mistress has got on your boots, and I am afraid to disturb her."—

Claudio stared——and exclaimed, "Your mistress." "Yes, Sir, (said the boy) she has them on—and she is lying on the bed, for I saw the boots stretched out from under the quilt."

Claudio flew into the apartment of his wife—he saw the legs stretched out—he saw the boots upon the legs, and pulling them with violence, dragged his friend Antonio from the side of his beloved wife.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that Antonio had paid a visit to the wife of Claudio, and having been somehow or other overpowered by sleep, sunk with his fair mistress into a profound slumber.

Digitized by Google

# Literature.

As several of our Correspondents are desirous of ascertaining the nature of the poem entitled "Queen Mab," alluded to by Lord Byron, in his notes to the "Two Foscari," we insert a sketch of it, from the preface to a small American Edition, which we have seen in private circulation:—

"The author has made fiction and suitable poetical imagery the vehicles of his moral and philosophical opinions. The attributes of Queen Mab form the machinery of a work, in which the delightful creations of fancy, and the realities of truth, unite to produce an indelible impression on the mind.

"The Fairy descends in her chariot, and, hovering over this earth, confers on the soul of a beautiful female (Ianthe) the glorious boon of a complete knowledge of the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*. The body is lulled to sleep; the soul ascends the car of the Fairy, and then take their flight through the unmeasurable expanse of the universe. Arrived at the palace of the "Queen of Spells," the Spirit is led by her to the "overhanging battlement," and thence beholds the inexpressible grandeur of that multitude of worlds, among which, this earth (to which her attention is especially directed) is but an insignificant speck.

"The Fairy then proceeds to point out the ruined cities of ancient time; and her sublime descriptions, with the reflections naturally suggested by the pomp and decay of grandeur, and the rise and fall of empires, will be found particularly attractive.

"Having reviewed the deeds of ages past, the Fairy next expatiates on the systems at present in existence; and here the Author's opinions, conveyed through the lips of his visionary instrument, are bold to the highest pitch of daring.

The doctrine of *necessity*, abstruse and dark as its subject is generally believed, forms a leading consideration in this poem, and is treated with a precision of demonstration, and illumined with a radiance of genius, far beyond expectation itself:—

"The present and the past thou hast beheld;
"It was a desolate sight."

"And the Fairy then lifts the veil of an imaginary futurity, and presents to the delighted Spirit the prospect of a state of human

Digitized by Google

perfection, which affords illimitable range for the erratic wanderings of poetic ardour. Here the Fairy and the Spirit revel in all the luxury of hope and joy; and having contemplated a while, with virtuous satisfaction, the happy scene thus opened to mortal conception, the former declares her task completed, and conveys the latter to her earthly tenement, which her anxious lover is watching with impatient ardour for its resuscitation."

The following short extract is inserted, to give our readers some slight conception of the beauties of this celebrated poem:—

"How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above the sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

---

Mr. Murray, the publisher of Lord Byron's works, it is said, will not re-print the "Mystery" of Cain. A letter has been addressed to him by a Dignitary of the Church, upon what is called the "profaneness, blasphemy, and impious tendency" of that poem; holding out menaces, and endeavouring, by every possible means, to intimidate him from its re-publication. It is also hinted in the "Literary Gazette," that the King has expressed his displeasure concerning this beautiful and energetic poem, which is far superior to the two tragedies printed with it. After this, Mr. Murray, who is bookseller to the Admiralty, and greatly

Digitized by Google

dependent upon the higher orders, cannot conveniently fly in their faces, and one of Lord Byron's sublimest productions is destined to be suppressed, because he has not made the Devil speak on theological subjects in the same manner as a clergyman would. It is generally a merit to delineate characters faithfully to nature, and to make them speak and act consistently with the ideas handed down to us of them; but, in this instance, the poetical truth of his Lordship has given great offence. The priests, whose trade would not be worth two-pence without a Devil, seem desirous of monopolizing the abuse of him to themselves, and are greatly incensed that his Lordship should give the Devil his due, and suffer him to speak like a Devil instead of acting the hypocrite, and canting like a methodist parson, or a member of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice!"

---

Most persons in the habit of reading reviews, or newspapers, are aware, that Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, some time since published a most stupid jumble of nonsense, called a "Vision of Judgment." Lord Byron has written a most excellent parody upon that paragon of superlative absurdity; it far exceeds any of his Lordship's former productions in keenness of satire, and poignancy of ridicule. It is said to be too bad for publication—viz. in the opinion of the squeamish: but this very circumstance will not only ensure its publication, but likewise its extensive circulation.

---

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### ODE TO POETRY.

O THOU, enchantress of the soul!
Of power the passions to controul;
To bind us in thy fairy spell,
And make the heart with rapture swell;
Begot on Fancy, by the love
Of Genius, in some sylvan grove;
And nurtur'd in the woodlands wild
By Nature, who around thee smil'd,

Digitized by Google

Sweet Poetry! thou nymph divine!
Form all my thoughts, and make them thine;
Thou art my theme, then, O! inspire
And fill my soul with thy bright fire!
Such as glow'd in Milton's breast
When Mirth he in thy garment drest;
Or when, with inspiration holy,
He sung the charms of Melancholy.
Come, thou heaven-descended maid!
In thy mother's garb array'd,
Various as the various tints
That Summer on the landscape prints;
The berry's and the cowslip's hue,
The lily's white, and æther's blue,
But most in Nature's living green,
With which she clothes the verdant scene;
Come, sweet nymph, and with me rove
By every stream, through every grove,
O'er every hill, beneath each shade
Sacred by thy votaries made.
When Aurora streaks the sky,
And the cock, with echoing cry,
Proudly perch'd upon a shed,
Calls the peasant from his bed,
To fell the wood, to drive the team,
To plant the hedge, or bank the stream.
O! range with me the spangl'd fields,
And taste the pleasure that it yields;
T' inhale the balmy breath of morn,
And sip the dew-drop from the thorn;
And bring thy lyre, and give it me,
That I may sing of all I see.
And when the sun, with glaring light,
Scorches from his noon-tide height,
Lead me to some calm retreat,
Where charming Fanny I may meet,
There would I wake the string to love,
Breathing sweetly through the grove,
And view her matchless beauties o'er,
And with my eyes for bliss implore;

Digitized by Google

Till fill'd with soft desire, her charms
She gave to my encircling arms:
Then would we sink the flowers among,
And act the thrilling joys I sung.
  But most when evening's shades descend,
When flocks in folds secure are penn'd,
And cottagers retire to rest,
I would be with thy presence blest;
Then roam with me where mountains rise,
Lifted proudly to the skies,
Or where the flowery vallies sink,
Sloping to the riv'let's brink;
Here seated on some bank or stile,
Would I stop and pause awhile,
And hear the various sounds that come
Across the vale in mingled hum,
The farm yard dog; the distant bell,
The cattle lowing in the dell:
Or the splashing of the brook,
As it rushes through a nook;
And when Diana shows her light;
Ascend with me some craggy height,
Where reclining on the brow,
I may lose the scene below.
And thence behold her bright career,
And hail the stars as they appear,
Till, wrapt in images sublime,
My thoughts the heavenly fabric climb:
And as the studded plain I view,
I dream myself a tenant too.
  Nor when chill winter's dreary reign
Arrays in white the trackless plain,
Do thou to scenes more temp'rate haste,
But stay, and tread with me the waste.
While the blustering northern gale
Pelts us with the driving hail,
Or whirls the eddying fleeces round
In devious circles to the ground.
And when the short-lived day retires,
Come with me where Mirth inspires

Digitized by Google

The circle round the festive board,
Where Bacchus spreads his choicest hoard,
Food of humour, wit, and love,
That sets us mortal care above.
There round my brow the chaplet bind
That once Anacreon's head entwin'd,
And let my bosom glow like his,
To sing of bacchanalian bliss,
In numbers flowing, easy, free,
Worthy the theme, and full of thee.
Come, then, queen of purest joys,
Come, and cheer me with thy voice,
With thy flame my bosom light,
And wrap me in thy visions bright;
And let me range thy bowers, for I
Would live with thee, lov'd nymph, or die.

R. C. F.

---

## MAIDS AND WIVES.

Ten months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbl'd her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise,
But when Florimel deign'd to lye privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were akin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half so much tumult, as wives.

PRIOR.

---

*** We regret that it is not in our power to continue the list of Odd Fellows' Lodges, this month; we will, however, make amends for it in the next number.

---

SUDBURY, Printer, No. 9, Castle-street, Leicester-square.

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] MARCH 1, 1822. [No. 3.


"*Perdutlo e tutto il tempo*
"*Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.

"*All time is lost*
"*That is not spent in love.*"

## Remarks
## ON THE POWER OF FEMALE GENIUS.

"But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless."—SHAKSPEARE.

The last century was particularly distinguished by the elegant effusions of female genius. Preceding ages were occasionally illuminated by the splendour of a few stars; but, from the middle of the eighteenth century, we have seen their rays combined—their brilliancy fixed—and every year producing new constellations. But, to descend from this complimentary style to the medium of common sense, and, in the contemplation of the feminine mind, it gives us pleasure to observe, that, in the period to which we have alluded, literature has been so widely diffused through, and so enthusiastically pursued by, that lovely part of the human species, that it seems, in many instances, to have acquired a new character—and, in a very peculiar manner, to have obtained a sexual distinction, leaving



Digitized by Google

the strength of argument—the intricacy of polemics—the researches of erudition—and the keen weapon of satire—where they ought to be left in the possession of the men, the ladies have waved their mental wings, and taken excursive flights into the regions of fancy; or, when they have kept upon earth, wandered in the pleasing mazes of local description. They have viewed still life, and animated nature, with all a painter's enthusiasm; and, in the most glowing colours, frequently depicted evanescent, and sometimes ideal objects: some have delighted in the terrific, and enjoyed the tragic scenes they have so well described—others have indulged in visionary distresses, erected ærial castles, and within the sites of mouldering walls, impending towers, and all the varieties of tremendous art, constructed "caverns dark and drear," winding galleries, and trap doors—peopling these mansions of despair with a creation entirely their own: yet, while we lament that genius has, in these instances, been often misemployed, still let us remember, such things as banditti, villains, and assassins, may be tolerated, because nothing but genius, guided by taste, could have formed and employed them; and, therefore, the tales in which they are introduced frequently find the way to our hearts, without suffering our understandings to stop their progress. With respect to elementary and moral tracts, works relating to domestic œconomy, and in the effusions of real piety, the ladies of the last age excelled all their predecessors. To them, also, the drama has been obliged for a few brilliant specks to cheer the gloomy darkness of a succession of Greenland winters. In the flowery paths of poetry, they have supereminently distinguished themselves: it has been said, that, in epic verse, the men excel them; this is a point we are not prepared to controvert—for although the same difference might have existed in England, as there once did in Greece, betwixt the admirers of Homer and Sappho; yet, as our poetesses seldom have attempted heroic flights, it is impossible to make a judicious comparison. To describe the effects of the pas-

Digitized by Google

sion of love, has been the peculiar province of the ladies; in this they have been unrivalled: their muses glow with all the fervour and elegance which animate the soul-enchanting aspirations of Pope's Eloisa, divested of their voluptuousness. We have always thought, that ladies, really learned, are amiable companions; but we dread one, really ignorant, with the affectation of being very wise—such a one I could name—the authoress of several nonsensical works, and to whom I could not (after doing penance for three hours in her society the other night) help addressing the following lines:—

"Who kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental powers,
Described our pre-existing station
Before this vile *terrene* creation—
And, lest I should be wearied, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam!
From thence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel!
Through Persia, Syria, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close!"

Having paid thus much attention to the ladies, we request a little of theirs in return: the wit, mirth, and humour of our work, depends on them; for, wherewithal to keep it alive, and whilst we describe scenes of gallantry, or crim. con. *faux pas*, we shall take care to word our matter so that the most delicate ears cannot be offended, or the profane mind turn any thing into indecency.

The ladies will now accept our adieu; and, although we are designated Ramblers, we hope to become settled and steady friends at their toilet and tea table.

MORTIMER.

Digitized by Google

# The Rambler;

## *Or, the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

[*Continued from page 55.*]

### CHAPTER II.

The last chapter concluded with the birth of our hero in the parish workhouse, where his mother continued some months, in order to suckle her infant; but, as soon as it was weaned, the overseers insisted that she should go to service, as the child could could be taken care of, like the rest. Poor Maria was, therefore, obliged to leave her bantling to the care of strangers, and went into the service of Mr. Wilks, at that time the proprietor and printer of the Winchester paper. In this place she continued for several years, and was permitted regularly to visit her child every Sunday, during his stay in the workhouse. When young Gregory was six years of age, he was occasionally let out to the farmers, at two-pence or three-pence per day, to be employed in their fields in stone-picking; and, as he grew older, to mind sheep on the downs. He arrived at the age of nine without receiving any education; but at that period a circumstance happened which connected him, young as he was, with the republic of letters, and snatched him from the simplicity and obscurity of a rustic life. Maria Griffin still lived with Mr. Wilks, and, by her propriety of conduct, had acquired considerable confidence and respect. She exerted the influence she had obtained in endeavouring to get her poor Gregory promoted from the occupation of stone-picker, to be an errand boy in her master's office, and ultimately succeeded. Young Gregory was highly delighted to be so near his mother, and had an opportunity of being with her in the kitchen every evening after the labours of the day were concluded. Maria had, during the last eight years, learned to read and write tolerably well, and feeling the benefit of these acquisitions, was particu-

Digitized by Google

larly anxious to impart them to her son. She was indefatigable in teaching him to read, nor was he backward in learning. Such was his progress, that, at the age of ten, he was elevated from the post of printer's devil, and actually placed at the compositor's case, to learn the printing business. His vanity was not a little gratified by this exaltation, and, to stimulate his exertions, Wilks would frequently say, "If you are steady, industrious, and persevering, you may one day be a master; I was the son of a poor soldier, stationed in the barracks of this city, and have myself risen from being an errand boy in a printing office." Nothing was better calculated to make up for the deficiency of his early education, than his new employment as a compositor; and the working upon a newspaper afforded so great a variety of information, that by the time he was 12 years of age, his knowledge was more general, and his judgment more expanded, than that of most youths of 16, who have been under the tuition of several masters.

A French Catholic priest lodged with Mr. Wilkes, and had a particular *penchant* for Maria. To ingratiate himself with her, he paid great attention to young Gregory, and invited him into his study every evening. Whether the emigrant succeeded in obtaining his wishes of the mother, we have no positive proof. He initiated her son into the rudiments of the French and Latin languages.

The emigrant did not confine his tuition to French and Latin, but also endeavoured to instil into his pupil a respect for the Catholic faith, which, for ought young Gregory knew, was as good as any other. Being at liberty to go where he pleased on Sundays, he had generally visited the venerable cathedral, on account of the imposing effect of the music, and the grandeur of the pile; but, as he was under such great obligations to the Frenchman, he accompanied him to the English Catholic chapel, in Peter Street, and took a peculiar delight in it, because it was something out of the common way. For six months, he never went to



Digitized by Google

bed without the *missal* and the *Vespers* under his pillow.

In a little time, our hero took such a fancy to the ceremonies of the Catholic religion, that the emigrant procured him the office of acolyte, to assist the priest at the altar on Sundays, and other days, when business permitted. After officiating in this capacity for a few months, he obtained the patronage of Dr. Milner, at that time Vicar Apostolic, (or what the Catholics, among themselves, call Bishop) of the midland district. Gregory not being apprenticed to Mr. Wilks, the Doctor proposed that he should leave the printing office, and in future devote himself to the service of the chapel, and to receiving such an education as would prepare him for the priesthood. This affair was shortly accomplished, and the young aspirant was placed under the instruction of an ancient Jesuit, who resided near the chapel,

We have been obliged to enter into the foregoing details, however uninteresting they may be to the reader, in order that our hero's education, and other accomplishments, hereafter to be developed, might be accounted for. At this period, he had received three years experience in the printing business, and two years assistance from the emigrant in the French and Latin languages, we will therefore leave him for the present, to pursue his studies, until he arrives at that period when the passions gain sufficient strength to give indications of future character. Before concluding this chapter, it may however be necessary to mention, that the removal of Gregory caused his mother to quit the service of Mr. Wilks. She soon obtained a place with a farmer, at a small market-town on the Portsmouth road, about twenty miles from Winchester. After living with him two years, he became so much attached to her, that he married her, and had several children by her. She had informed him of every thing which had happened to her, and he promised that he would always be friendly to her son, who was very frequently invited to visit them.

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### HIBERNIA *versus* CALEDONIA;

*Or, Love in Miniature brushed out at Bow Street..*

A Mr. Robert M'Gillies was hauled into office, to answer the charge of Judy Cob, the former an overgrown lazy Scot, the latter a tiny Irish piece of brittle ware. Judy made heavy complaints—"Mr. M'Gillies had deluded her; his card was marked 'M. P.' and she concluded he was one of the 'St. Stephen's boys,' however, he prevailed on her to come to London, where he "did nothing at all, at all" but spend her *manes* in ale and tobacco: disgusted, she placed herself *undernathe a rale* M. P. who took her a house in Norfolk Street, where Mr. Robert beat up her quarters, tore her clothes, smashed her glasses, and swore he would stick to her whilst she had the price of a *noggin* in her pocket.

"In truth," said Judy, "he'll never let me go to the grave *alive;* the officer found him in full dress, in bed, at mid-day, smoking, and swigging Edinbro' ale." Mr. Robert M'Gillies roared and cried, and swore he loved her better than "*oatmeal parritch* or barley brose, and had such an *itch* for her person, he could not live wanting her." The magistrate said they were both "bad subjects," and as Robert could not find bail, he was sent to paint miniatures in Tothill-fields Bridewell, and Judy returned to her M. P.'s lodgings in Norfolk Street.

### CRIM. CON.

GILL *versus* PEEPING GILL.

This case came on before Sir John Nichol, as an appeal from the Consistorial Court of Hereford, for restitution of conjugal rights, on the part of Mrs. Gill, which Mr. Gill withheld on account of imputed acts of adultery.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Gill had failed in two actions, in different courts, to establish the guilt of his lady. Sir John Nichol presuming upon non-proof of guilt being confirmation of innocence, gave (instead of a sentence) an admonition, advising the parties to come together again.

From what we have read of this case formerly, it is not likely that such an event will take place. The suspicious husband bored holes in walls, through which he and his *maid*-servant peeped, (servant-*girl* I mean) but peeped in vain. Antipathies are carried to a curious extent, when the "green-eyed monster" bears predominant sway over the feverish mind. We are old enough to remember an anecdote of Mr. Clive, the barrister, husband of the celebrated actress of that name, who was a very peculiar man, and extremely nice in keeping his pepper and salt accounts: he always made out a washing bill himself, and saw his linen counted. The numerous *faux pas* committed by Mrs. Clive created a separation from her husband; and, in proportion as he had loved, he detested her. A new washerwoman coming to take Mr. Clive's cloaths, as she counted them into the bag, she recapitulated all her employers' names—and, amongst the rest, Mrs. Clive's. "What!" exclaimed the cornuted barrister, "Mrs. Clive, the actress?" "Yes, your honour." "Then out with my linen, and be off, for my *shirt* shall never be rubbed against her *shift* any more, either in this world or the next?"

We presume this to be the case with Mr. Gill; and not until thunder and beer are found to agree, will they cohabit together.

---

## A NOSELESS CRIM. CON.—OR, A "BONUS" FOR A WASHERWOMAN.

### HAYES *versus* BONUS.

The damages were laid at £500. The plaintiff in this case is a bookseller's servant, and the defendant a rich retired army clothier, 80 years of age. Witnesses were called, to whom no credit was given. One wo-

Digitized by Google

man swore (without a blush) she had been in the same room, and seen the act of adultery committed. The adultress's *aunt* also swore to having had ocular demonstration of similar disgusting acts; but, unfortunately for the plaintiff, his sister was called, who, poor innocent thing, swore that her brother lived happily with his wife before the alleged *faux pas*, except now and then she reproached him with *neglecting business, and of having lost his nose!* This completely altered the case: the learned Judge seemed to think, that, at *eighty*, all attempts at adultery was vanity and vexation of spirit. The Jury thought it a vile attempt at extortion, and gave a verdict for the defendant. Men often mar their own interests by putting their noses in where there is no occasion; but here it appears, that if the crime was committed with the plaintiff's connivance, it certainly was not done *under his nose!* The jury, however, were good noses, and smelt out the transaction. This is another case springing from the bad example set by the higher orders; and all we can do, is to advise a poor man never to go into court in a crim. con. case, unless he has a bold face, and a nose to produce in support of his action.

## LONDON HELLS EXPOSED,

### *In the History of the Hon. F. Haphazard, and Harriet Syren.*

"They died in the blaze of their fame."—BURNS.

It has long been a complaint, that whilst the "Vice Society," and the "informers," are sticking their noses into every public-house, and preventing the peaceful inmates from enlivening a pot of sour porter by a friendly game of dominos, the *Hells*, supported by nobility, under the very walls of the royal palace, are protected, and kept open even on the Sabbath day—no one daring to interfere with them! Though they are "the very steps that go down to death," they lead

Digitized by Google

to swindling, forgery—and, finally, suicide or the gallows. This is no fable: the tale I am about to unfold is founded on facts, and should be an awful warning to all who are inclined to yield to the temptations laid out in these *Hells*, for the destruction of youth's fortune, his body, and his soul. To shew with what unblushing effrontery the fiends engaged in this lucrative speculation proceed, a house has been recently opened, nearly facing the King's Palace in Pall Mall: the rules and regulations are made as public as those of the military club. No canes, hats, or great coats, can be admitted into the *Sanctum Sanctorums*; and, to secure decorum, a clergyman is master of the ceremonies.—Priestesses and Virgins of the Sun—rooms blazing in all the splendour of eastern grandeur—luxuries worthy of the banquet of a Persian Satrap—are there to be found. All that can inflame the passions, and excite desires of various kinds, are studiously attended to, although all appears negligent and careless.

We shall have occasion to attend the short-life hero of this tale to many such *illuminated Hells*, so leave our description to *drop in* as we *go on*, reserving our comments, animadversions, and advice, till we draw to a conclusion of this "strange eventful history." One thing we are compelled to premise, to prove how little justice or zeal for morality or religion has to do with those who hire informers to hunt down gambling stews. Not a quarter of a mile from this Babel of iniquity, where thousands are lost on a game at *Rouge et Noir*, an honest tavern-keeper was *pulled up* to Bow-street, for permitting two neighbouring master tradesmen to play a game at dominos for a glass of grog, in his parlour, and fined *forty shillings*. Is this just?—is this bearable?—it is: for, as Paddy says, "you must grin and bear it!" Truly does Mr. Pope write, that

> "Poor rogues, in chains, but dangle to the wind,
> "Whilst rich one's live the terror of mankind."

The Hon. Frederick Haphazard was the eldest son of my Lord Bagatelle. He drew his first breath in

Digitized by Google

the vicinity of several *Hells*, and thus, as it were, sucked in the spirit of gaming with his mother's milk: (I beg pardon for supposing that her ladyship could so far demean herself as to suckle her own child.) The nurse's milk, and the air of Albemarle-street, rendered Master Freddy, by the time he was weaned, as pretty a sickly sprig of nobility as ever the cow-pox saved from a premature grave. After being rolled through the Mall in St. James's Park, from Spring Garden Gate to Buckingham House, in a hand curricle, drawn by an ass, (a footman in livery) for the term of five years, he was consigned to the attic of his father's mansion, under the care of a Swiss governess, to teach him A. B. C. and, if she could, the rudiments of the English language. Here, burthened with toys, and crammed with sweat-meats, his constitution grew worse, and when brought down one day after a public dinner, to be exhibited to the company, my Lord *Diplomania* remarked, that the child looked puny, and required fresh air. To this, Lady Bagatelle replied, that his attic was well aired, having two fires in it, winter and summer, and that the leads on the house-top (where he was promenaded once a day) were swept by the country gales from Windsor, Harrow, and Tattersall's exercising ground, which had nothing to obstruct a free circulation, except the St. George's and Lock Hospitals. To be sure, (added her ladyship) the smoke gives him a sallow complexion, but *mahogany* faces are all in fashion, since the Duke of Wellington, and his generals, have introduced bronze busts from Spain.

Sir William Whipcord, a baronet, a bastard, and a black-leg, who had been recently white-washed in St. George's Fields, recommended a preparatory boarding school, near Newmarket, kept by an old groom of his father's; and it was decided that young Freddy should be sent thither. In a few days, his noble father dashed down with him in his curricle, not from love for his offspring, but the races were begun, and he had thus a chance of killing two birds with one stone.

Digitized by Google

The *house of preparation* looked upon the race course, and here, at the age of nine years, was Freddy placed, to commence his education under a horse's companion, and a superannuated housekeeper. He had a poney to ride on, and Lord Bagatelle left particular directions that he was to be kept *close* to his studies, but have *unbounded* liberty to do as he pleased.

Mr. *Jonas Rubdown*, who had been dubbed a doctor at Aberdeen, cared very little about the morals or education of his pupils; he had a sporting connection, and some of the first families] on the turf left *their* sons under his care. Moreover he had a set of splendid stables, which he let out to prepare broken down racers for the hammer in London; and *Mrs. Rubdown* had, at a short distance from her school, an establishment, where "Ladies whose circumstances require a temporary retirement meet with every attention due to the delicacy of their situation." To both these places, Master Freddy had ingress and egress, at all hours of the day, and before he had been four years upon duty, he was a proficient in midwifery; an adept as a horse doctor, and a bungler at his grammar and his writing desk.

When turned fourteen years of age, his parents came to *Dr. Rubdown's* with an intention of removing him to Eton college. They were highly delighted with his ruddy appearance and stout figure, and as a match was on, betwixt two favourite horses, Master Freddy rode to the course with his father; Lord Bagatelle made some bets, when Freddy stopped him, and whispered him to "go it on the other side, I'm down to it, take my word." I will, (said his Lordship) as it is the first time you ever gave it me. At the conclusion of the race, his Lordship had *bagged* three thousand pounds; and after this notable stroke, both my lord and lady agreed, that it would ruin so *keen a genius* to bury him in college—in fine, Alma Mater was pitched to the Devil, and Master Freddy carried home to prepare to follow Alma Mater in quick time.

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

# Eccentricities.

## A RUN THROUGH LONDON;
### *And a Hit at Imposition and Corruption!!*

"Fie on't, 'tis a rank unweeded garden."—SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT various scenes salute the eyes,
And strike the "groundlings" with surprise
Within this strange fantastic town,
Of ancient, and of vast renown.
The RAMBLER, in the public streets,
Admires at every thing he meets:
Here, *Dandies*, squeez'd in women's stays,
With mincing gait, create amaze;
Who only want a tail behind
To prove them of the *monkey kind!*
There, Bond-street *Griffins* gape and stare,
With covering like a *Russian bear;*
And intellects would disgrace an *ass*,
Look *wisely* through a quizzing glass:
Now squint before—and now behind—
To see if JOHN DOE's in the wind,
For John they three streets off can tell,
By instinct—or, perhaps, by smell!
*Ladies* you'll find, of every class,
In shape, just like an hour glass,
With shadowy plumes on high o'erspread,
Like those on a *death-hunter's* head!
What wonders upon wonders rise
Before the astonish'd RAMBLER's eyes—
From Hyde Park Corner to Cheapside
Men roll, as buoyant on the tide;
Saint Paul's Church-Yard you scarce can pass
For men and women wedged "*en masse;*"
The gilded cross, and shining ball,
Attracts the stare of "one and all,"



Digitized by Google

Sheds lustre on the pile of stones
Erected o'er Sir Christopher's bones.
Next, Ludgate Hill elicits curses,
Impassable for carts and horses;
O'er excavations, yawning wide,
The houses totter on each side,
Just like the gulph at ancient Rome,
Wherein was Quintus Curtius thrown.
Such patriot deeds are out of date,
None breaks his neck to save the State;
For neither WILSON, HUME, or WOOD,
Would harm themselves for England's good!
What quacks! what nostrums! and what shows!
The town now with deceit o'erflows.
Great Doctors *Cooper*, *Daniels*, *Eady*,
To kill, or cure, are always ready!
Chalk'd on the wall is each one's creed,
So large, that "he who runs may read;"
And he, who every quack surpasses,
Impostor first, behold *Bonassus*—
Every *dead wall* his name can shew,
From Brentford, thro' the town, to Bow;
A *Bison*, or a *Yankey Bull*,
Brought o'er the Londoners to gull;
With hair burnt off, and close-cropt ears,
An *outre* monster he appears;
An hundred animals combin'd,
PUFF says you in his form may find;
But PUFF tells lies—say what he will,
*Bonassus* is a *Bison* still;
Which down our throats they fain would cram,
With tales of *slang* from Birmingham:
But woe is me!—what is surprising,
The Exchange can boast another *Bison*,
Alias *Bonassus*, who has ears,
And in his natural state appears.

Digitized by Google

Thus Cross has given his foe a griper,
And John Bull no more "pays the piper!"
Not all the maniacs out of Bedlam,
Or Sheriff Parkins fam'd for meddling,
Made such a noise the town to gull,
As this infernal *Yankey* bull.
*French Giants*, nine feet high on cork,
Keep fools and children aye at work.
Belzoni's tombstones made of wax,
At Bullock's many a crowd attracts,
Who wants to view 'em now should go,
When summer comes they'll melt like snow.
The Reindeer train'd to drag a chaise,
An auction room each day displays,
In short the town's in this condition—
Whate'er you see is *imposition*,
And from the *cabinet* to the *stye*
For money, every soul will *lie*;
Well may Down Derry, as he chides,
Declare "the country makes new strides,"
"And takes more prosperous dimensions"
Than suits our vulgar comprehensions.
Remove distress by retrospection,
"And principles of resurrection;"
Perhaps he means to save hard stones,
And pave the streets with human bones.
*Corruption* from the Treasury's pile,
May muse on this and safely smile,
Lend money on the parish rates
Is opening fresh hell's hundred gates;
Each parish has a debt to curse
And this will only make things worse.
The time is up—they cannot pay,
One half the borrowers run away,
The other part in rags remain
To be lock'd up, or tax'd again,



Digitized by Google

Nought can avert the driving storm,
But this, a Radical Reform.
Taxes reduced—retrenchments made,
And sinecures no longer paid,
Nor borough-mongering be a trade:
When will this be—God only knows,
On every side corruption flows,
And *Imposition* lies and stares,
Nor for a nation's sufferings cares.
When shall we hope for better times—
When SOUTHEY can write *truth* in rhymes;
When LONDONDERRY knows his grammer,
And Stupid VAN has ceas'd to *stammer*;
When *placemen* can with cash dispense,
And silly WOOD find common sense;
When BISHOPS preach without a see,
And with the Catholics agree;
When *Cobbett* turns an honest man,
A thing, the *Butcher* never can—
Till these things happen—farewell rhymes;
And every hope of better times.

## FROM T. FIGGINS CHESHIRE, REQUESTING ADVICE IN THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

### *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—I became a subscriber to your Magazine merely from noticing the title, which I thought foreboded something humourous and instructive, I have not been deceived, and whilst you continue to go on in the pleasing manner you have commenced, you shall never want the support of me and my friends.

Having paid you this just tribute of approbation, I will commence my business without preface.

I am a young man about twenty-five years of age. I was brought up under the eye of my parents in a northern part of the kingdom, and received my education at a country school, from whence I removed to London, and served a regular apprenticeship to Matt Figgins, the Grocer, in London Wall. Under his roof, I had no

Digitized by Google

opportunity of seeing any thing of the world. Our whole family consisted of old Matt, his maiden sister. (the wrong side of sixty) myself, and a charity girl, who acted as a servant, in conjunction with myself, and an overgrown watch-dog. During the week-days, I had closely to attend the shop, my master never stirring from a small back room, where he read religious tracts, and at the same time viewed all my actions through a small square of glass in the wainscot.

This practice he continued during the whole of my apprenticeship, though he nightly expressed his conviction of my great integrity. As to "belly-timber," the Sunday's joints served us till Thursday, and eggs and bacon, or bread and cheese, eked out the remaining days of the week. On Sundays, we regularly attended the Ebenezer chapel; and had a pint of porter betwixt *three*, in the evening: our usual hour of retiring was nine o'clock;—we all slept below—my master in a tent-bed in the back room—and in the same room, the old lady and charity-girl snored in an old soldier's crib—and I, in a "shakedown," behind the counter.

From these arrangements you will perceive that I had no opportunity of forming any female acquaintance, though I always had a *penchant* for the fair sex, and have felt vastly inclined to say something gallant to the pretty girls that used to come into our shop for an ounce of mixed tea, or half a pound of the *best* cheap Lisbon sugar, but the eye of my Argus was so continually upon me, I dared not even "speak with mine eyes." Seven years of my life passed in this monotonous manner, when God called from this world, Miss Biddy Figgins, and old growler, the watch-dog. At the expiration of my time, Mr. Matt Figgins, (by the bye he was my half uncle) not being able to do without me, offered me 12*s.* per week to remain. As I had hopes of being remembered at his demise, I acquiesced, and after two years additional suffering in purgatory, he left the world in peace, and left me all his property. When his accounts came to be settled, he was far from rich, (the Ebenezer saints had taken care of that) and at this moment I am in possession of £5000 sterling, exclusive of the house, which I have let at a fair rent, and received a trifle for goodwill. I live now in a more genteel part of the town, having apartments in Clare-Street. I generally pass my mornings in reading, and my evenings at the Olympic Coffee-house, where a numerous and humourous set of fellows meet to "while away the time:" as to



Digitized by Google

female society, I am not blessed with it; the daughter of a neighbour, where I often took a cup of tea, made a breach in my heart, and I had a serious inclination of making proposals. When her father committed suicide, I condoled with her upon the occasion, she slightly remarked, "that he always threatened to do so, and was glad he could bother them no more!" This brutish speech made me an exile from the house, and I fixed my attention on a pretty bar-maid, not far from Newcastle-street—but one day observing a gentleman give her a sovereign for a shilling, I told her of the mistake—"Poh!" said she, "I should be a fiat to return it, 'tis my maxim to *do* every body I can!" "Then, by Heavens, you shall never *do* me," I muttered, as I left; and now, Sir, as you are a Rambler, and a man of the world, your advice in the choice of a wife would very much oblige me.

I shall not point out what kind of a wife would suit me—you may gather, from this letter, my disposition: I am tolerably good looking—never out of temper—no drinker or smoker—and of an active disposition—indeed, I would enter into any business to please my spouse, (except that of a grocer and cheesemonger, *Matt Figgins* gave me a sickener of that.) Your compliance will oblige your well-wisher and friend,

THOMAS FIGGINS CHESHIRE.

*Clare Street, Clare Market.*

---

## LETTER FROM A GRASS WIDOW; OR, A MARRIED WOMAN SEPARATED FROM HER HUSBAND.

### *To the Editor of the Rambler.*

My Good Sir.—Having been a bit of a Rambler myself, to whom can I so properly apply for advice as one who is perpetually on the move to do good to his fellow creatures. From a constant indulgence in all my wishes from being a child, I acquired a froward disposition; and, from a maiden aunt, cunning to disguise it when my interests were in question. Thus I got married to a very amiable man, who was quite ignorant of my real temper for full six months after marriage: then, indeed, I broke out, and annoyed him daily. He carries on a large paper-hanging manufactory, and was often compelled to be absent on business. I affected to be jealous of him, at which he smiled; I fell sick—he

Digitized by Google

let me recover, and never asked me once how I did. I then flirted with two or three young men; and, God forgive me! half committed myself, in order to make him jealous: he bore all with patience, and so put me out of all patience. I wanted attention, more than any tradesman's wife has a right to expect from a man continually engaged in providing for his family, and, to gain this, I fear I have lost the affections of a worthy and generous man.

My beauty was much praised, and my vanity flattered; in truth, every one told me I was an angel, except my husband; he dryly remarked, that my temper was scarcely mild enough for a *fallen* angel. These cool observations irritated me, and, in process of time, I took the liberty of throwing at his head sundry utensils, such as cups and basins, and now and then a wine glass. All this did not do; so one evening I called a coach, put in my trunks, and drove off to my mother's: he made no movement towards preventing me, nor has he ever made any enquiry after me. I have had occasion to send to him for money several times, and have written long letters on the occasion. To these, he never deigned to send any reply, except enclosing a bank note, or notes, with the number marked in the cover.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have had time to reflect upon my folly, and sincerely repent of my perverseness; and if you can only put me in the way how to be reconciled to him, and not humble my pride too much, I shall be deeply indebted to your kindness; and, at the same time, tell me what line of conduct I should pursue to *retain* my husband's affections, when they are once more in my power.

I am, Sir, with true respect,

Your afflicted, constant reader,

REBECCA REPENTANCE.

---

We insert this, and the letter preceding, from motives of philanthrophy. In neither case are we capable of giving advice. We are not looking out for a wife, nor are we acquainted with the cases of *Grass Widows*, but we have no doubt that some of our intelligent Correspondents will reply to them both, and we promise to give the answer a conspicuous place in our next number.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

## *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

"I hate the man who can travel from DAN to BERSHEBA, and exclaim it is all barren."—STERNE.

SIR,—In my early days I travelled much from necessity, and at a more advanced period, I continue to do so from choice, whim, or curiosity. I have not, like the traveller in the Spectator, gone to Egypt, merely to ascertain the size of the great pyramid, and returned without further enquiry. I like, to use a homely saying, to "have an eye upon every thing." It amuses me, and frequently instructs. My rambles are not confined to the three kingdoms; I occasionally thread the mazes of society abroad; my absence cannot injure my country, as my little property is not taxable; and merely suffices to support me, with the assistance of an oak stick, through the world as an humble pedestrian.

From the fortunate circumstances of being poor, and seeming poor, I have been rejected by all political societies, for which God's holy name be praised; I have thus escaped the notice of spies and gaolers. I have perambulated France without the misfortune of being mistaken for a "Milord Anglois," (a term synonimous with fool;) I have trod the Exchange of Rotterdam, and not been suspected of coming from London a swindling stock-jobber. In Italy I was never taken for a man of gallantry, (though under Wilkes's number;) and in America, notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of my frize coat and oak stick, I was never pointed out as a public robber, shunning the arm of the English law, which, in the United States, is impotent alike to punish or protect.

My reason for troubling you is as follows:—Rambling near the Lake of Geneva, an adventure occurred to me worth noticing. I am a very early riser, and sallied out one morning in last December, from my lodgings on a small hill, not half a mile from where John Kemble enjoys the "*Otium cum dignatate,*" beneath a temperate sky, and surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts that are requisite to make the evening of a good man's life an earnest of what he may expect hereafter.

The brilliant morning sun had just glanced upon the waters of the Lake, as if to illumine the path of a small boat, in which were

Digitized by Google

two ladies, who landed about five hundred yards below me. I suspected by their dress that they were English, and was soon convinced by their language, as they passed within a few yards of where I had taken my stand. The one was a tall and elegantly formed figure; her complexion was pale, and a langour in her countenance that denoted "a mind ill at ease." The other was an attendant, evidently, from her carrying the apparel used in bathing.

My curiosity prompted me to watch them at a distance, and under the brow of the mountain they entered a thicket of myrtles, whither I followed, and perceived them cross a small garden, and go into a plain but very neat cottage of two stories; the only domestic I saw was a British mastiff, who reposed at the door, and denoted his satisfaction at the approach of his mistress by wagging his tail.

I felt that I was trespassing where I had no right, and hastily retreated, and on my return, met the boat-woman with some fish and fruits. I addressed her in English, which she did not comprehend, but told me in French, that she was going to her home, and advised me to go to mine. I took her advice though rudely given.

I was now upon the *fidget*; every morning I saw from my eminence the female trio go to fish and bathe, and return; and in the evening I generally noticed them climbing the hills, or ranging the vallies, attended by the mastiff. I purposely avoided crossing or interfering with their walks. I never was, and am now, thank God, too old either for a fiery lover, or romantic enthusiast, but I was strangely perplexed to imagine what could induce a lovely and young Englishwoman, apparently not thirty years of age, to bury herself in the shades of Mont Buerie, on the Lake of Geneva.

I understood from the surrounding peasants, that they had occupied the white cottage nearly two years; their only attendant being the old woman; and the garden was cultivated occasionally by one of the cottagers, who also went twice a week to market for their little supplies; they were not supposed to be affluent, but far from being in want of pecuniary assistance.

I had not any introduction to Mr. Kemble, and he also being a recluse, could possibly have given me little information; but this I learnt, that Mr. Gibbon, the historian, lived two summers in the same cottage, and anglicised it as it now appears.

Digitized by Google

Chance directed me to a person who gave me all the information I longed for, and that on the day preceeding my departure for Italy. This was no other than the "Village Cure," to whom I had occasion to apply for a medicine, as he practised physic gratuitously. I discovered him to be a native of Ireland, and an intelligent man, judge of my surprise when I found the fair recluse to be the C—— of R——, whom the gallant world must recollect eloped a few years ago with a dashing Baronet, against whom £20,000 damages were given.

The singularly passionate letters which were read—the allusion to the garters which were wont "to twine around the fair frail one's thighs"—and above all, the bed-chamber scene, where the mock-sailor introduced his pistols, must be fresh in every one's memory.

It was with pain I learnt that the seducer soon became sick of love—and after twelve months passed together at Paris and Rome, he abandoned the woman whom he had deprived of her innocence, leaving her the legacy of a broken heart, and the stings of self-disapprobation.

It is impossible to speak calmly on a subject so degrading to manhood: if her faults were many—'twas he that caused them. If her passions were strong—'twas he who fanned them into a flame. If her weakness was deplorable—she was only weak towards him; and he who caused the crime should not have inflicted punishment.

I am told, the gay seducer is rambling with another "*Chere Amie*," and whether he allows the lady the small pittance she exists upon, I am not informed. This lady's fate ought to be a lesson to all her sex: degraded and abandoned in the morning of her days, she has not even a pure conscience to look to for consolation. We may hence infer, that one false step over the pale of virtue can never be retrieved, and that no compact of the heart is lasting which is stamped upon the broad page of infamy, and impressed with the seal of vice and immorality.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

THE RAMBLER OF GENEVA.

Digitized by Google

# Literature.

*Cain, a Mystery.*—By Lord Byron.

This extraordinary production of his lordship's restless and ever-changing muse, has been some time before the public. It appears now in a small and cheap edition, published by Benbow, of Castle-street, Leicester-square, an Injunction to prevent its publication having been refused by the Lord Chancellor.

The enormous high price of books has long prevented the humble in place and purse from acquiring information, and we are not sorry to see the "gates of knowledge" opened, so that all ranks may enter therein for a mere trifle; and, we trust, that cheap editions of dear and valuable works will rapidly proceed from the press, in spite of three's and animadversions.

Cain is, in truth, a "mystery:" it has been compared to Milton's Paradise Lost, but to which it bears very small resemblance. Lord Byron has been taxed with blasphemy; with more justice, Milton should have been taxed with the crime—he puts words into the mouth of the Almighty—wields the thunder of heaven—and annihilates millions of fallen creatures, without giving them a moment for repentance. Byron puts words into the mouth of the Devil, in some instances, directed against *Omnipotence*, that they may afford a nobler, and a more commanding field for refutation: now, we hold it allowable to make as free with the Devil as ever we please—but we are not convinced, by all Milton's sublimity, that a real believer would have done as he has done, and placed himself in the situation of his Creator.

When Dante first sent forth his "Paradiso," and "Purgatorio," he ran great risk of torture from the Inquisition; yet, afterwards, he was nearly deified. Such will be the case with Lord Byron and his Cain; it will do him immortal honour, and establish his name as one of the ablest and best advocates that ever wielded a pen in defence of revealed religion. We have no room for extracts: in truth, as a dramatic poem, leading to an issue, any extract would but injure the work. We recommend it to the perusal of all who have read the Bible, and look for immortality beyond the grave.

It is not unworthy of remark, that Milton first intended to have given Paradise Lost as a dramatic essay, and actually commenced a play with Satan's celebrated address to the sun.

Digitized by Google

## A BROAD HINT FOR TOMMY MOORE.

" Intellectual fruits assigned,
" Taught them how truth and right conspire
" To harmonize the mind."
*Pindar's Nemean Ode: 10th Antist.*

The life of a literary man, it has been observed, may be gathered from his writings. This observation applies only to those who, compelled by poverty, seclude themselves, and are never seen by any but their publishers.

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
" Res, angusta domi,"

and is not at all applicable to those who have that proper confidence in their own genius, which enables them to burst from lettered obscurity, and behold kindred genius with a placid eye, nor envy the fame of the present or the past. Such is not Mr. Tommy Moore, of Paris, the poetical exile. Were we to judge of him from his writings, a more amiable poet never tuned the lyre. Moore is, however, a disappointed politician, and a neglected poet: his last work did not induce the booksellers to order another, and he vents his spleen even upon the ancients, whom he has failed to imitate. His Anacreon is, indeed, an elegant book, but probably, like the Æneid of Dryden, is from a French translation. He has published a specimen of Pindaric odes: ah! such a specimen! varying a little the words of Robert Burns—

" Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no farther,
" 'Twas laurell'd Pindar roaring murther!"

He has written several essays, in his own way, to prove he is a superior genius to Pindar. Now, however eccentric the earliest poems of Pindar may have been, particularly his Dithyrambics, to whatever extent he may have expatiated in the regions of fancy, and borne down before him, like a torrent, every barrier that opposed his course, still this frenzy lasted not long; judgment, ripening with years, restrained these vagaries of mind, and lowered imagination's lofty flights to the standard of good sense and right reason. The toil of correction, which, in his youthful days he was reluctant to bestow, was at length, and at a later period, patiently endured; anomalies were reduced to rule, and his

Digitized by Google

luxuriance was pruned. Throughout his odes, moral sentences are interspersed, which sparkle like gems, and communicate their brightness to passages that need it. Aphorisms are the most pleasing and ready mode of conveying instruction: they comprise much within a narrow compass; important truths may be conveyed in words, that may be easily repeated, and long remembered. Pindar's historical sketches are closely connected with the subject, and skilfully wrought into the texture of the poem. They are not, as Mr. Tommy says, "patches standing out of it,"* nor are they digressions from it. But the labour of Pindar was more particularly employed, as the success of his works materially depended on the systematic arrangement of his metres, and their judicious adaptation to the dance and song.

This circumstance alone seems, if the expression may be used, to embalm the memory of this venerable bard, and entitle him to that immortality a thousand such puny whipsters as Tommy Moore cannot deprive him of.

To trace the march of Pindar's genius by the expansion of its emanations, is here impossible; and, fortunately, the easy reference to its works render it unnecessary, few of the ancient poets are better known, or whose talents are more justly appreciated: and if Mr. Moore, in place of dealing out invective, which only recoils upon his own head, would (after studying Wakefield's Lexicon) endeavour to catch a few traits of his moral excellence, and embody them in his next poem, he will fare better when he comes before the tribunal of public opinion, and not be the worse for it if ever his name descends to posterity.

HAFIZ.

*Finsbury-square, Feb. 15th, 1822.*

* Tommy Moore's animadversions on Pindar are of a piece with Dr. Johnson's criticisms on Gray's Odes. The Doctor had tried to write better, but failed, and wrote worse: he then abused what was inimitable, just as the fox curses the grapes in the fables of Æsop. Tommy had better leave Pindar alone, and endeavour to settle his Bermudian difficulties: he may then return home, where he will find enough to vent his spleen upon, without raking up the ashes of ancient Greece, to throw into the eyes of his honest criticisers.



Digitized by Google

## SCOTCH FABLES, IRISH LIES, AND ENGLISH ANIMADVERSIONS.

### *On the reputed Discovery of the Manuscripts of Ossian, in Ireland.*

"Macpherson write bombast, and call it a stile."—GOLDSMITH.

Scotland and Ireland have long disputed their right to the birth-place of Ossian. At the time when Macpherson published his manuscripts, all the literature of Ireland rose in battle array, and assailed him with "curses not loud but deep," asserting, that they *then* had the original manuscripts in their possession. Fac similies of them in the "vulgar Irish" were given to the world: but, as in the case of Macpherson, no *original manuscripts* were produced—or could be produced. The poems were so far inferior to those of the Scotch schoolmaster, that you must now look for them in the trunk-maker's shop. The authenticity of the poems attributed to Ossian will always remain unsettled. Dr. Johnson pronounced his fiat against their being "ancient," but his brutish hostility to Scotland deprives his opinion of value in the estimation of unprejudiced men.

Dr. Blair, that truly learned, great, and good man, wrote a dessertation in their favour, which, for perspecuity, elegance, and conviction, has never been surpassed. The subject, after having slept for some time, is revived by our Hibernian *literati*. It is said, that a Mr. Campbell, "a celebrated antiquarian traveller," (I give the words from the Irish papers) "has declared his conviction, that the neighbourhood of Connor had been the scene of Ossian's muse, and probably his birth-place." Until now, I have been a stranger to this "celebrated antiquarian," who has, by a sort of Irish retrogade inspiration, discovered, from the scenery of a country in 1820, that a poet must have drawn his descriptions from it in the year 1465, when, possibly, it was one vast forest, never penetrated but by the beasts of the field, and birds of prey!

Mr. Campbell set the Paddies digging amongst old walls—and, *apropos*, they soon find a large oak chest, (this establishes the antiquity of oak, as truly as Don Quixote's dream in the cave of Montesinos proved the antiquity of card playing) in this chest

Digitized by Google

was an Irish Bible—it would not have been worth a farthing wanting the Bible—and Ossian's Poems, in fine manuscript, written by one Terence O'Neil, a friar, who lived in the the year 1465. How very fortunate that this holy man should be an ancestor of the present Lord O'Neil, to whom the estate belongs on which these treasures were discovered. Ah! Mr. Campbell, "plot and counterplot well laid, by all that's marvellous!"

There was a Gaelic Society once in Dublin, whereof Theophilus O'Flanagan, B.A. M.R. I.A. was secretary—he loudly exclaimed, and largely wrote, to prove, that the manuscripts of Ossian were in the Society's possession.

Now, if the Irish maintain that the original manuscripts of Ossian have been recovered in this chest, what becomes of those *originals* they possessed nine years ago? Why, they must admit that they have asserted a falsehood, and are not entitled to credit in any future statements. I have no doubt on my mind but the present "relics" are forgeries.

The Irish are equally national with the Scotch; and as they pretend to be descended from the Greek Milesius, I wonder Mr. Campbell does not make the birth-place of Homer in Munster!—Whether Ossian ever lived or sung, is doubtful; but Scotland has the best claim to his nativity. If any of the Irish Campbells would give us a faithful translation of the Poems of Carolin, the lovers of poetry would be grateful: and none can dispute but that "The Harp of Carolin" was genuine Irish—and, as music sounds sweetest when heard at a distance, so the tones of Carolin's harp, vibrating down the stream of time for ages, sounds like the soothing strains said to be breathed by the spirits of another world into the ear of the good man, when he awaits in hope of his summons to immortality.

I am a friend to the Irish, but much more a friend to truth, and beg leave to record, in the columns of the "Rambler," my opinion, that this is another of the numerous attempts to impose upon men's credulity, by pretending to withdraw the veil of mystery, and lay open the long-lost fascinating treasures of a distant age.

SIMON SHARP.

*Cut-Deep Hall,*
*Home-Thrust Hill, North Wales.*



Digitized by Google

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

On Saturday evening, the 9th January, we were present at the first representation of ADELINE, a new serious Melo-drama, translated and adapted from the French. The house was very badly attended, and from the generality of the applause given, we should suppose the parties present were the friends of the translator, or, at least, persons sent in by orders for that purpose. The story is as follows:—

ADELINE, (Miss Copeland) daughter and sole support of an old SOLDIER, (Mr. Cooper) has received instructions in drawing and in love from a young man, passing under the name of FABIAN, (Mr. Penley) who has induced her to marry him without her father's knowledge, and then confided her to the close custody of a certain BARON, (Mr. Thompson) who had acted the part of a parson in the marriage, which was a sham one. ADELINE, thus betrayed, is left a prey to doubt and despair. The GARDENER (Mr. Knight) feels for her situation, and resolves to assist her in escaping, but the gates are locked, and he cannot obtain a key. The Gardener climbs over the wall to carry a letter to her father; the Baron, in the mean time, (having persuaded FABIAN, whose real name is COUNT WILLEN, to depart for his own residence, in order to quiet the suspicions of his Countess, for he is a married man,) feeling himself secure, began to lay violent hands on ADELINE; at this critical moment, the Gardener is seen coming back over the garden wall, and a loud knocking is heard at the gate. The Baron unlocks it, when the father of ADELINE rushes in. The Baron laughs at the opposition of a blind man, and a little Gardener, and attempts to drag ADELINE away. The Gardener, however, has the presence of mind to draw the sword from the scabbard of the blind Soldier, and with that keeps the Baron at arm's length, while the father and daughter make their escape.

The second act discovers the father and daughter in their own cottage. The old man is naturally anxious to have his daughter's strange absence accounted for, but she being doubtful of FABIAN's good faith, defers the explanation until the evening. The old man retires for repose, and FABIAN arrives; during the interview ADELINE discovers her ruin; and the COUNTESS OF WILLEN comes

Digitized by Google

in.—FABIAN not being able to escape, conceals himself. The Countess hears the artless tale of ADELINE; a satisfactory *eclaircisement* takes place, and she promises to protect both the father and daughter at her own residence. The old Soldier having overheard this discourse, comes from his chamber while ADELINE is seeing the Countess to her carriage, and runs against FABIAN; he demands satisfaction—takes two pistols from a drawer, and giving one to FABIAN retires a few paces and fires. FABIAN throws his pistol on the ground, the old man's shot was ineffectual, nor was it likely that a *blind* man should take a good *aim*, ADELINE flies into the room to stay her father's arm, and FABIAN walks off.

In the third act we find the father and daughter at the residence of the Countess; the Baron is also there, and a Prince, the father of FABIAN, is expected; in consequence of which, a fete is prepared. The Baron lays a plan to get the Old Soldier and his daughter out of the way: the Prince overhears it, and defeats it. ADELINE ultimately rushes to a bridge, and taking a farewell look at her seducer, jumps headlong into the stream; she is rescued, and borne to her father by the servants—she expires in his arms, and the woe-stricken veteran dies, clasping his child. FABIAN (COUNT WILLEN) endeavours to destroy himself, but is disarmed, and the curtain drops while the rest are expressing their feelings at the horror of the scene.

The burthen of the piece rested on Miss Copeland, who acquitted herself with considerable ability. Knight had one of those simple honest-hearted characters in which he shines so much; and Mr. Cooper was very respectable in the old Soldier. All the actors exerted themselves, but the piece, though pretty, is barren of incident, and deficient in interest. It may, perhaps, continue to be played some times as an afterpiece, but cannot, become a favourite.

On the Thursday following, a little comic sketch, in one act, entitled "Love in humble Life," was performed for the first time. It is a pleasing trifle, borrowed from the French, and was rendered completely successful by the exertions of the actors. Cooper, as RONCESLAUS, a blunt honest and warm hearted soldier, was very effective. Knight was happy as KARNITS, a rustic; and Miss Booth as CHRISTINE, the mistress of a small inn.



Digitized by Google

## COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday the 14th January, a new Opera was produced at this house, entitled, "Montrose; or, the Children of the Mist," founded on the Novel of the Legend of Montrose, and dramatised with much accuracy, as far as regards the plot, incident and characters.

| | |
|---|---|
| Earl of Montrose, | Mr. Connor. |
| Earl of Monteith, | Mr. Duruset. |
| Angus Macaulay, | Mr. Comer. |
| Allan Macaulay, | Mr. Abbott. |
| Evan Dhu, | Mr. Hunt. |
| Donald, | Mr. Taylor. |
| Capt. Dalgetty, | Mr. Liston. |
| Marquis of Argyle, | Mr. Chapman. |
| Sir Duncan Campbell, | Mr. Egerton. |
| Colin, | Mr. King. |
| Ranald of the Mist, | Mr. Yates. |
| Erorcht, | Mrs. Faucit. |
| Annot Lyle, | Miss. Stephens. |

The play commences in that part of the Novel in which the Highland chieftains attached to the royal cause, assemble at the house of Angus Macaulay, and there accept, as a leader, the Earl of Montrose, who, in disguise, has accompanied Monteith and Captain Dalgetty, for the purpose of ascertaining the disposition of the clans; while thus assembled Sir Duncan Campbell, a deputy for the Marquis of Argyle, the leader of the opposite party, arrives, and demands an explanation of this gathering of the highland forces. Dalgetty is dispatched by Montrose with a reply to Argyle, who seizes the messenger, and commits him to a dungeon, in which is confined Ranald of the Mist: they are here visited by Argyle, in disguise, who, in endeavouring to gain Dalgetty over to his party, incautiously exposes his own rank.—Dalgetty avails himself of this knowledge, and after securing the means of escape for himself and fellow prisoner, they bind the Marquis, and fly. Ranald conducts his companion to his retreat and clan, where they are pursued by a party of Campbells, who are ultimately defeated. Dalgetty, with his friend, reaches Montrose, who is introduced to the latter: an engagement takes place between the two forces, in which Argyle's are defeated. In the engagement, Ranald stabs Sir Duncan Campbell, whose castle he had some years previously destroyed, and with it all its in-

Digitized by Google

mates, save a babe, afterwards taken by Allan Macaulay, who revenged a feud upon the children, but by the interposition of Monteith, saved the infant. She is bred in her preserver's house, as Annot Lyle, but Ranald, in his dying moments, declares her the daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell, and she is ultimately married to Monteith, whose life, Allan Macaulay in jealousy has attempted.

The first act was particularly tedious, dull and stupid, but is in some degree necessary for the developement of the characters. It improved in interest as it proceeded, and, with the aid of fine music, beautiful scenery, the acting of Liston and Yates, and the singing of Miss Stephens, was, in the end, successful. The abode of the Children of the Mist, first of all discovered completely enveloped; then with the mist gradually disappearing, and leaving to view a romantic spot, brilliantly illuminated by the moon, had a very striking effect, and was loudly greeted by the audience. Burns's song of "Green grow the Rushes O," was introduced with success; and some old Scotch airs were sung by Miss Stephens, and loudly encored. Both Abbott and Connor exerted themselves considerably. Liston seemed very imperfect in his part, but he afforded a fund of amusement; and Yates's representation of Ranald, was particularly impressive. Two or three combats are introduced in the last act; and at one period there were about 20 horses on the stage, the effect of which seemed to give great satisfaction to the very numerous class who admire such striking and terrific exhibitions. The house was crowded, and the piece given out amidst thunders of applause.

## OLYMPIC.

This house has re-opened with several new performers; Mr. Ward, from the Haymarket, now plays BRICE SNAELSFOOT and Mr. Payne, from the same place, MORDAUNT MERTOUN, in the "Pirate." Mrs. Waring, takes the part of NORNA, and Mr. Vale, that of TRIPTOLEMUS YELLOWLEY.

Mr. Power's SAM SPUNGE, in the laughable Burletta of "Where shall I Dine," is an excellent performance, and we sincerely wish that this theatre may prove more successful, under his management, than it has hitherto done.

"Life in London, or the Larks of Tom, Jerry and Logic," has been revived with increased effect; and a new version of the pranks of Don Giovanni is in preparation.

Nothing new has appeared at the Coburg, Adelphi, or Royalty.

Digitized by Google

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

## BERWICK STREET.

TUESDAY, 29th JANUARY. ALFONZO, KING OF CASTILE.—APPRENTICE.

ALFONZO and ORSINO endeavoured to be decent, but they could not, it was not in their nature, they were truly despicable; and CÆSARIO's representative gave an entire new reading of the part, and instead of making it what the author intended, was more like a drunken bailiff, or Bow-street thief-catcher. The women, as usual, were wretchedly miserable. The APPRENTICE, was performed in the same style throughout. DICK squeaked like an unfortunate hog, when a sharp knife is applied to the end of his tail. We should recommend him to pay BARTELMY FAIR a visit next September, for there his merits would be properly appreciated.

## MINOR.

MONDAY, 4th FEBRUARY. CONQUEST OF TARANTO.—TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

ABEN HAMET was decent in many parts, particularly the narrative at the conclusion of the first act, but has rather a disagreeable knack of dropping his voice at the conclusion of his sentences, as if he feared to lose the use of his tongue by exerting it. RINALDO was well sustained by a youth of promise, and (though he hoHoo'd too much) was deservedly applauded. VALENCIO was tolerably performed by a young gentleman, who, though no very great shakes, is in a state of evident improvement. The part of GONZALES was read with some judgment, and a few passable imitations of Kean. ISIDORE was cleverly filled by a lad whose calves had gone to grass, and who did not know how to pronounce his own name. As for MELEK, his walk resembled the trot of an old broken down horse, and his appearance that of the Hottentot Venus in inexpressibles. AMBROSIO looked like a drunken old Jew; and ORCAN and CEBAREDDIN like two idiots. ORIANA was miserable. The audience were quite at a loss, at the conclusion, to know what it had been all about, the last act being completely botched. In the afterpiece, FRANK POPPLETON was remarkably well played; and NICHOLAS TWILL, BOB RAFTER, and the FRENCHMAN, pretty respectable;

Digitized by Google

but FREDERIC POPPLETON was wretched. PINCROFT vulgar; and the most of the others nearly as bad, but still it passed off altogether much better than we expected. There were a great number of private players among the audience, particularly in the pit and gallery.

SATURDAY, 9th FEBRUARY. MACBETH.—WHO'S WHO!

On this evening, a company of bakers, most of them very raw and inexperienced lads, attempted to perform this difficult drama. The horror of the original was entirely done away, by the superior talents of these younkers, who had the ability to make a very good comedy out of Shakespear's bloody tragedy. As we would rather laugh than cry, we felt ourselves truly grateful for the transformation. Mr. Simpson was respectable in Macbeth, and Mr. Pratt sometimes decent in Macduff; we always give credit to those who study their parts, and really exert themselves, however short they may fall, even of mediocrity; because the bulk of of these stage-struck heroes, after inviting their friends to see them, neither learn their parts, nor make any effort to appear what human animals ought to appear in such situations. Though we can by no means commend Miss Phillips for undertaking so arduous a part as Lady Macbeth; we will give her the praise of having taken some pains, and used more exertion than young ladies in general, who, whether to please themselves, or their male friends, venture on the Thespian boards. The murderers were such ill-looking men, that Banquo would not come forward to be killed by them, and the curtain was obliged to be dropped. We did not stop to see the afterpiece.

## FRANCIS STREET, NEWINGTON.

MONDAY, 4th FEBRUARY. WHO WANTS A GUINEA.—RAISING THE WIND.

The performances were in every respect so discreditable, that we shall not take the trouble of visiting them again.

## RAWSTORNE STREET.

TUESDAY, 5th FEBRUARY. HEIR AT LAW.—FALLS OF CLYDE.

The entertainments this evening were in a style much better than usual, and the audience pretty respectable. The only cha-

Digitized by Google

racter which needs peculiar notice is Malcolm, the Chief of the Gypsies, in the afterpiece, who gave several excellent imitations of the howl of a hungry wolf. The scenery at this theatre is managed very well.

## ANOTHER PRIVATE THEATRICAL CONSPIRACY.

### *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

Sir,—Having been noticed in your critique on Pizarro, at the Minor Theatre, on the 4th of October last, perhaps more favourably than some of my fellow performers, suspicion has attached to me as being either connected with, or the author of the Private Theatrical part of your Magazine.

There are very strong threats held out, should the party be discovered from whom you obtain that kind of information, that summary vengeance—not justice—will be inflicted on him by the Gentlemen who have entered into a league for that purpose.

The last and most daring scheme to punish the offender, should he unfortunately happen to be a private performer, and if he is in service like themselves, is this:—they intend to inclose the publication, with copious, and, no doubt, liberal remarks on the private character of the marked individual, to his employer, stating that he squanders away his money at playhouses, and neglects his business.

In consequence of the suspicion I have before alluded to, falling on me, and, I believe, some others; the latter part of the scheme of these honest Gentlemen may be attempted to be carried into effect. Now, Sir, I shall feel obliged by your stating this: Should any step of this description be taken by any of the beforementioned parties, or should they in a disgraceful and underhand way, say any thing to my discredit, or insinuate that I have a hand in furnishing you with what they are pleased to term abusive articles, I shall immediately forward to you, an alphabetical list of nearly 200 private performers, with their real, as well as assumed, names,—their occupations and addresses, as well as those of their employers, for insertion.

Relying on you for justice, I remain, yours, &c.

*13th February*, 1822. STEWART.

Digitized by Google

## List of Odd Fellows' Lodges.

*Continued from page* 48.

MONDAY EVENING.—Three Colts, London Wall.
TUESDAY.—Coach and Horses, 81, High Holborn.
THURSDAY.—Shears, Wood-street, Cheapside.
FRIDAY.—Crown and Cans, St. John's-street, Smithfield.
SATURDAY.—Queen's Head and French Horn, Duke-street, West Smithfield.

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

LADY HOWE.—(MUSING.)

Yes, I long for the lips
Of that dear Mr. Phipps,
The great occulist, to whom I must bow;
To my utter surprise,
He has charmed BOTH my eyes,
Would to Heavens he had not known HOWE!

But now 'tis too late,
He has settled my fate,
Of all others, 'tis him I adore;
So by him I'll be kist,
For I cannot resist,
He shall *couch* me, and then I'll *see more*.

HONEY-MOON COMPLIMENTS.

"I act the wife right well," said Sue,
"And arn't you, hubby, glad you've caught me,"
"Why, yes, you can your duty do,"
Said hub, "but d—n the dog that taught you!"

Sir Samuel Hood, who died commander-in-chief on the East India station, was a very brave seaman—and nothing more. One day going into battle, his first lieutenant presumed to advise him as to the manner of conducting his ship. "Sir," said Hood, in a great passion, "keep your opinions to yourself 'till I am killed, and then, if I want your advice, I'll ask for it."

Digitized by Google

OLD BAGS AND OLD BLUBBER.—At a late squeeze into a fashionable party, an illustrious civilian, who is generally called, in allusion to his wealth, "Old Bags," was *boring* his way forward, when a general stop took place, and the *weighty* man of *law* placed his nether end upon the broad bosom of the Marchioness of *Cunning-game*, who had squatted on a form, in order to avoid an upset: "Dam'me, exclaimed Lord F———, see where Bags has seated himself." "No wonder," replied a *Phillippic* wit, "his ideas are always in court, and he has only mistaken a bale of *Welch flannel* for a *woolsack*."

---

A MAID'S SOLILOQUY IN HER BED-CHAMBER.—It must be so—Nature, all bounteous nature, has made nought in vain—All, all has its use, from the lofty elephant to the minutest reptile; Providence has assigned each its lot, and they all spread and multiply—it is a debt we owe ourselves, a debt we owe posterity.—Avaunt, ye monkish whims of celibacy, reason knows them not. These breasts do not heave but to create desires—these eyes were formed to languish, fondly languish; and sure these lips intreat a thousand kisses. Now I view my form in that glass without disguise, dismantled of all drapery, I see a variety of solicitations for bliss—and I feel still more numerous desires, that strongly, unconquerably, plead for gratification. Man, thou first and greatest being on this earth, who governeth worlds, and givest laws to all creation, to thee I humbly submit; yield these charms to please and be pleased—Take me, dear man, to your arms, and ravish, if thou wilt, each childish coyness, each female fear; in my heart thou wilt find a strong; a sure protector. Let prudes and formal old maids preach up discretion, till their wrinkles are as numerous as their caprices: I envy them not—let them chew the cud of age and ugliness, preach up virtues necessity compels them to adopt, and lead apes in hell for their felicity—Nature shall be my guide—seventeen summers have now almost rolled away, and bespeak me woman, ripe for love, and strongly prone to all that is amourous—the very thought thrills through my veins, and works me up to frenzy—Come then, my dear Strephon, hasten to my arms, and let us die to live again in raptures—He comes, he comes, the hero comes;

I hear his well known feet,
Sure the lovely charmer's near.

Digitized by Google

## A WINNING APPEARANCE.

"In our fantastic climes the fair,
With cleanly powder, dry their hair:
And round their lovely breast and head,
Fresh flowers their mingl'd odours shed;
Your nicer Hottentots think meet,
With guts and tripe to deck their feet.

"Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the Gentry drest;
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scar'd with ten-thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.

"Westward far the Indian fair,
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear.

"We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth quite white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet
Except their *snags* are black as jet.
King Chilu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, Iv'ry teeth."

A famous French author and philosopher, has said, that if a toad was appealed to on the subject of beauty, the answer would be in favor of toads. Without entering into a discussion on this point, it must be admitted, that there is but one thing on which mankind accord less, than on that of beauty, and this is on the most *attractive manner* of decorating the charms, with which, they conceived, nature has endowed them. Every human being seems to have a different opinion on this matter, generalized only by national prejudice: a perfect illustration of this, occurred some time since, in what is vulgarly called, *Cobbler's Chancery*, alias, the court of conscience. The plaintiff, a *Frizzeur*, called upon the defendant, "an elderly gentleman," to shew cause, why he refused to pay for a *jasey*, or wig, manufactured and delivered to



Digitized by Google

him, "according to order." While the plaintiff was stating his case, the *rubies* on the defendant's NASAL ORGAN seemed to ILLUMINATE the other parts of his countenance; his whole visage, soon appeared in a GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, and "gentlemen," was loudly vociferated.

The commissioners anticipating his eloquence, desired him to be COOL, and to state his objections as CONCISELY as possible. The defendant then said, that the SCALP in question, was not the colour of his natural hair, being of a complete CARROTY HUE, and his OWN HAIR being DARK BROWN. The plaintiff, by way of rejoinder, produced the written order of the defendant, in which he was directed to make a handsome SCALP, of a WINNING APPEARANCE, but there was not a word about COLOUR OR QUALITY. The defendant, on hearing this read, admitted that it was his order—but observed, that the plaintiff had been in the constant habit of shaving him for three years, and consequently could not be ignorant of the colour of his hair. In making a RED SCALP, therefore, he could have no other object in view, than that of making him ridiculous and disgusting to all his FRIENDS and ACQUAINTANCE. The commissioners said, they were certainly of opinion, that it was rather an extraordinary stretch of fancy in any man to suppose that CARROTY LOCKS were either WINNING or agreeable; nevertheless, as there had been no specific agreement for colour, the plaintiff was at liberty to consult his own taste, and if that taste were bad, the misfortune must fall on the customer, who had neglected to be more explicit in his directions: they called upon the plaintiff to state the reasons by which he was actuated, in the singular choice he had made. The plaintiff, apparently an honest Caledonian, candidly answered, that he took no blame to himself whatever, for although he had, formerly, been in the SERVICE of the FAMOUS BARBER ROSS-A, he confessed that the plaintiff's order was RATHER above his comprehension: he was directed by this written order to manufacture a scalp of A WINNING APPEARANCE; NOW as he had never experienced the winning effects of any ornament of that sort, he determined to apply to his wife, who like himself had come from Inverness, and who, he conceived, would be better able to say, what was agreeable to the FAIR SEX, than he was—(for he supposed the defendant had the ladies in view) and she, without hesitation, gave the preference to "A GOLDEN HAIR'D LADDIE." By this choice he

Digitized by Google

was guided, and if he had erred, he had only to lament the defendant's instructions were not more express. The commissioners declared this explanation extremely satisfactory, and that however ill CARROTY LOCKS became the defendant, he was bound to pay for the RED SCALP, and they accordingly awarded the plaintiff his demand in full, and costs; these were immediately paid, but the old Gentleman declared, that the plaintiff should never TAKE HIM BY THE NOSE again!!!

---

DRINK AND GO.—Arthur Haslewood, rambling one night in the streets of Norwich, picked up a woman, took her to a tavern and called for a pint of wine; when the wine and the candle were brought, he saw she had but one eye, and was otherwise very ugly: so he bawled out "come, drink, and go"—this afterwards became a bye-word in Norwich.

When Haslewood was old, he married a young wife; and died soon after. The following Epitaph was written on him.

EPITAPH ON A. HASLEWOOD, A GOLDSMITH, AT NORWICH.

Here, honest toping Arthur lies,
As wise as good, as good as wise;
For fifty years he loved a w——,
Nay, some will tell you, till threescore:
But when upon the verge of life,
Nothing would serve him, but a wife:
A wife he got, with charms, so, so,
Who tipt him off with "drink and go."

---

THE NOBLE CHOICE—Chacun a son gout.—In a recent case of divorce, amongst other witnesses brought forward to prove that HIS GRACE had had CRIMINAL CONNEXION with them, were a snuff-besmeared washerwoman, about sixty; a negress cook wench, and a dustman's rib!!!

---

SEDITION.—It is really astonishing that the numerous hawk-eyed hordes of blasphemy and sedition hunters, who carry on their avocations in London, should have overlooked All-hallow's "Church, Watling-street, on which a notice appears to this effect—"Any person sticking bills against this Church, will be prosecuted "according to Law, OR ANY OTHER NUISANCE."



Digitized by Google

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS COACHMAN IN THE SHADES OF THE DAMNED.—A nobleman of an ancient house, of very high rank and great fortune died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately to the infernal region. He had not been long there before he met his coachman, Robert, who, like his master, was gnashing his teeth among the damned.—Robert, surprised to behold his master amidst the swindlers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the CANAILLE of hell, started, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that I see my late master among Lucifer's, horde of vagabonds, rogues, cheats, and pilferers! I am really much astonished to find your Lordship in this place! your lordship, whose generosity was so great, whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and within your gates, and whose exquisite taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, and on your estates, to form plantations, build pavilions, temples, and obelisks, and construct cascades, fountains, and lakes of water, that seemed to rival the most elaborate works of nature! "Pray, my Lord, if I may be so bold, what crime brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?" "Ah! Robert," (replied his lordship with his usual condescension) "I was sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and plundered widows and the fatherless, solely to support my own follies and extravagance, and to enrich and purchase titles, honours, and estates, for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But, Robert, pray tell me what brought you here; you appeared to me an honest, sober, careful and diligent servant," "Alas!" replied Robert, "I was sent hither for begetting that son, of whom your lordship so justly complains."

---

THE AMOUROUS ABBE.—An eminent goldsmith was possessed of one of the prettiest women in all Paris, or perhaps in all France. As the tradesman's misfortune would have it, the lovely partner of his bed had all the vices, and not a spark of the virtues, of her sex. Among a countless number of paramours, a certain Abbe, nearly related to one of the ministers of state, held the first rank. As she was less reserved with this clerical Adonis, the husband had the impertinence to remonstrate, and at last was mad enough to chide and upbraid. This was too much for female frailty to bear; she complained to her lover of her spouse's ungentleman-like behaviour. The plot was laid to remove the nuisance, and punish the unfashionable wretch for his saucy ante-

Digitized by Google

diluvian notions. It was at a time when *lettres de cachet* were the bank notes with which the great men paid their debts; the son obtained them against his father, and *vice versa*, without further trouble than soliciting the favour of Comte St. Florentin's mistress, who set her price according to the degree of injustice on which the complaint was grounded.

Our Abbe, related to the great man himself, applied to him for one of those kind of *habeas corpus*, by which a parent may be removed from his house and family, to such a place as the minister, or purchaser of the letter thinks fit. Provided with the proper weapons, he puts them into the hands of one of those executioners of ministerial commands, called *Exempt*. Contrary to the Abbe's expectations, and indeed to all probability, the person he employed to adjust matters between the husband and wife, was a disgrace to his corps: he could feel for a friend, and had honesty enough to inform the goldsmith underhand, desiring him to be out of the way on such a particular day. About eleven o'clock the next night, he watched the door, and seeing the Abbe enter, just gave him time enough to undress and go to bed; when, knocking hard at the street door, he ordered it to be opened in the king's name. He told his errand to the servant, and bid him shew him up to his master's bedchamber. In vain did the former give him the most positive assurances of the master being from home; the *Exempt* was peremptory, and would take no denial.

He soon reached the apartment, where the Abbe was complimenting the wife in the most affectionate manner on her happy deliverance, when the door flew open, and a voice was heard asking the lady where was her husband? Upon receiving the same answer as he had before from the servant, the *Exempt* told her that it was natural and praiseworthy in a wife to screen her husband on such an emergency; but, Madam, added he, the King's commands must be obeyed? You have a man in your bed, and surely you would not suffer any one but your husband to lie with you; I have too good an opinion of you to think otherwise. But come, Sir, get up, and dress yourself, or else I must take you in *statu quo*.

There was no possibility of resisting a command which the *Exempt* could have enforced by the assistance of three or four stout attendants, who waited in an antechamber. The Abbe got up, was hurried into a coach, gagged, and carried to the place of con-



Digitized by Google

finement which he had designed for the goldsmith. As this place was several hundred miles distant from Paris, it was some time before the affair transpired: the minister was then no more; his relation was set at large, but the family did not think it prudent to make any noise about an adventure which could reflect no credit on their kinsman or profession.

---

A CURIOUS EXTRACT FROM A PIECE WRITTEN BY GASPAR SCIOPPIUS.—When I had an inclination, in my youth, to read the ancient writers, especially the poets, and yet heard learned men say that their obscene verses ought carefully to be avoided on account of their dangerous consequences at that time of life, I considered with myself how to read them with safety, and determined in this manner. I voluntarily laid myself under vows of the strictest temperance: for as Terrence says, "*Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*" Love freezes without good eating and drinking. "Love," says Euripides, "thrives with plenty, and with hunger dies." Tertullian tells us, that a temperate lustful man would be deemed a monster. The bubblings of lust are the effects of a vigorous body; but this vigour is raised and kept up by very high living: I therefore changed my wine for water, because I was unwilling, as Plato says, to add fire to fire. I likewise banished all flesh-meat from my table, not only for its heaviness, but that it might not beget in me too great an itching in love affairs; the eating of flesh is the nursing of lust. Nay, I went farther, I banished even eggs and fish, having too often found by experience that they were not without their stimulating qualities, &c. &c.

---

A LESSON FOR MARRIED WOMEN.—Lord Halifax, in his excellent treatise of advice to a daughter, calls very fine dancing "excelling in a fault." Whether the opinion of this wise man (who lived in the last century) was right, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that in the present day, so far from looking on this accomplishment of dancing in the light of the above honourable author, it is universally made the most important article in the whole present system of female education. I once saw a letter from a vain fashionable woman, (who was the mother of three girls) which run thus: "As to Caroline, my eldest, I am happy to say every moment of her day is employed with her dancing or her singing-master; she begins to discover a pretty taste for dress, and knows how to manage her fine hair to the best advantage, with very little help of false, or of a frizzeur. I never

Digitized by Google

saw such a skin—such lovely red and white!—You would be delighted with her industry. I assure you, she has herself invented (which I tried myself) a wash for the neck, greatly superior to Warran's milk of roses, and also an excellent paste for the hands. She makes the very prettiest card purses you ever saw. As to the two youngest, whom you enquire after, I have not seen them a long time; but I have changed their boarding-school: for that stupid woman where they were, Mrs. Strictland, taught them nothing in the world, but reading English, and plainwork: I have, therefore, removed the poor things from such a scene of dullness, to Mrs. Delamot's famous French school; and one great motive for doing so was, that there is the very best dancing-master in England. I am sorry, however, to tell you, that Charlotte continues still fat and short, and I greatly fear that she will be a very clumsy woman. As to Louisa, your god-daughter, I grieve to say, that her features grow like those of her father; her skin is lamentable; still as brown as a Creolian. I am quite unhappy too about her shape!" Alas! little reason had this vain ridiculous mother to rejoice in the accomplishments of her Caroline; as the miserable girl (educated only to allure) at the age of eighteen became the prey of a vile libertine, with whom (being a married man) she eloped to France, and died soon after, equally wretched and infamous.

As to dress, an elegant simplicity is to be preferred to a load of finery and tawdry ornaments. Many women little imagine how much dress is expressive of their characters; vanity, levity, sluttishness, often appear through it. An old Spanish proverb says, "Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is;" but I think we may with greater propriety say, Tell me how such a one dresses, and I will tell you what sort of man he is. It would be a more certain way to discover the secret bias of each person; it is a kind of index to the mind. Upon the stage you see the most exact and strictest attention is paid to what they call dressing their characters. The fop has his solitaire, the Quaker her pinched cap and little black hood, the courtezan is decked with every tawdry ornament to allure. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always most easy, and the least studied. Women ought to accustom themselves to an habitual neatness. The finest woman in the world shews her beauty most by endeavouring to conceal it.

Digitized by Google

It is impossible a woman can too much study the taste of her husband; and she must likewise endeavour to excel in those amusements which he most approves. The sex should consider this great point. Be it books, music, &c. remember there is no little accomplishment, however trifling, but it becomes important when it conduces to the amusement of a husband. Never did the charming Mrs. P——— appear in so amiable a light, as when having entertained her company with one of the finest Italian songs ever composed, she declared that she had taken no small pains in the acquisition of it, "because," said she with a smile, "it is my husband's favourite." He gave her a look of inexpressible tenderness. Of all the movements of a generous soul, those secret emanations of kindness are the greatest and most affecting, which the obliger does not put on the score of gratitude. Married persons do not in general consider enough these little delicate attentions. As the most exquisite performance in music derives its greatest beauty from those inexpressibly delicate touches of harmony, and secret combinations of taste, joined with execution, which are only to be felt, but not described; so does this obliging elegance of behaviour polish every other quality, and diffuse an ineffable grace over every look and action; it is, in short, the perfection of taste in life and manners; it is virtue, and every excellence it its most graceful form.

It is imagined (I know not why) that when a woman is married, she is to banish every agreeable accomplishment, and that nothing but the most sad and melancholy duties are to take place. I have always observed (nay it is proverbial) that, for instance, music and singing, after marriage, are soon neglected and laid aside; even where the lady has particularly excelled in those charming accomplishments. But I would ask, is this politic? Can we be astonished that when a man sees nothing but a kind of melancholy solemnity reign in his home, that he should seek diversions abroad? or that the generality of men should not be inclined to embrace a state which they think so disagreeable? How often do we hear a young married woman, when asked to sing or play, exclaim, "Sing! no—my singing days are now over: I am now married; a wife has something else to do than to mind such trifles!" By the way, this is no great compliment to the husband: in fact, he sees that the everlasting excuse of the management of family affairs is merely a pretence for no longer endeavouring to render herself amiable.

Digitized by Google

EPITAPH IN A NORTHERN CHURCH-YARD.—The stone is very handsome—a man is represented on his back, in a recumbent posture, and a woman represented kneeling at his feet. The inscription is: "Lady Keeling, *obit* 7th January, 1666; Sir John Keeling, *obit* 10th March, 1666." Below, on a black marble slab, placed there (it says) by their affectionate nephew, are the following lines:

"Here lies Sir John Keeling,
"By his side, his wife a-kneeling;
"When both were alive, and had their feeling,
"She was lying, and he was kneeling."

---

LORD NELSON.—When this great man commanded the British fleet, then laying at anchor in Palermo Roads, island of Sicily, in the year 1799, a seaman applied to him for redress in, what he he thought, a serious case. "Please your lordship, Mr. ——— has ravished my wife, against her will." "That's a bad job," said the admiral, "but, if I recollect right, she has been ravished twenty times within these four years, and so she must be used to it." "I hope your lordship will punish him?" said the supplicant. "There is no article of war which will authorise me in doing so, but I will tell you one thing, if he *ravishes you*, I'll hang him up at the yard-arm immediately."

---

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### COKE IN THE COMMONS;

*Or, a Norfolk Dumpling for those who can swallow it.*

That COKE's a fiery thing, we know,
But seldom kindles into flame;
It sheds around a charming glow,
Invigorates and nerves the frame.

The compact 'twixt *Coke* and *Coal*
Is very close—is very clever—
Intemperate flames will sometimes roll,
While Freedom lights the pile for ever.

Digitized by Google

Thus COKE, of Norfolk, often still,
Can blaze out when his nature pleases,
And give the Ministers their fill
Of foul *Corruption's* tainted breezes.

"Corrupt's the House!" said honest COKE;
"Things never were at such a pass"—
"We're all *blown up*, beyond a joke,"
Cried DERBY, "if he lights his *Gas!*"

Then "Order!—Order!—previous Question!"
Is cried, while statesmen's gowns are rumpling,
"Bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion,
"We find the *Cook's* d—d Norfolk dumpling!"

## A MOVING IMPROMPTU,

### *Attributed to Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.*

Says HUME, from pure love,
For papers I'll move,
'Till for papers there's no more occasion:
If the House I can't move,
Outside I will prove
I have power to MOVE the whole nation!

A WORD TO THE

## AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS;

### *Or, Derry and Van's projected Tax upon Harrows.*

"I could a tale unfold,
"Whose lightest words would *harrow* up thy soul."—*Shakspeare.*

"What is that thing," said L—nd—ry,
"Whose iron teeth tears up the ground,
"'Tis us'd by rustics, blithe and merry,
"And known to all the Farmers round?"

"'Tis call'd a *harrow*," says old Van,
"Why, yes," said Pat, and scratch'd his poll,
"I've felt it;—for, on Shakspeare's plan,
"I swear it 'Harrows up the soul.'"

Digitized by Google

Cried Pat, "To please the country boors,
"Can we not tax it—it will bring
"A balance of some thousand scores
"For thee, and me, and G——e the K—g."

"A *harrow's* the conscience—or the soul"—
Said Van, "so haste, and tax away;
"We have no conscience to controul,
"So, dam'me, shall have nought to pay."

## LINES

### *On the Solitary Confinement arbitrarily inflicted upon* HENRY HUNT.

"There are lawless houses under the law!"—ROMILLY.

BRIDLE was not content, it seems,
With *bitting* all the prisoner's jaws—
His daily thoughts, his nightly dreams,
Were how to act beyond the laws.

HUNT took the scent, and curbed his rein,
And pitched him from a despot's throne;
The helpless prisoner burst his chain,
And misery ceased in vain to groan.

So far, so good—HUNT acted cunning
As any fox in hunting season:
A popular chace no more he's running—
Some say he has run out of reason!

Ilchester sportsmen slily beat
HUNT, like a fox, into his hole;
Him, face to face, they dar'd not meet,
His spirit they could not controul.

Imprisonment won't make him pliant,
Though E—D—N whimper and be civil,
He'll rise refresh'd, just like a giant,
And drive the bloodhounds to the Devil!

A. B.

Digitized by Google

## TO ELIZA.

Love is a little blooming boy,
His brow with rosy chaplet crown'd;
Oh! it would be his greatest joy
To see *thee* with his fetters bound.

For beauty is his constant theme,
In search of which he roves all day—
It forms each night his raptur'd dream,
Which flies at morn, unwish'd, away.

Eliza! should'st *thou* meet the boy,
Enraptur'd he would gaze on *thee,*
And smile his brightest smile of joy,
And thou no longer would'st be free.

Entangl'd in his "chain of flow'rs,"
A beauteous captive thou would'st prove;
And then would lead the laughing hours
Within the rosy bow'r of love.

ROMEO.

---

## STANZAS.

Afar my roving heart has flown,
On wings of love the wand'rer's gone:
Has fled to live in Emma's smile,
On yonder little blooming isle.

'Tis there the blooming boy has bound
My heart with silken chains around;
And I must seek the fairy isle
Where lives my heart in Emma's smile.

*Rose Cottage, Feb.* 14, 1822. ROMEO.

---

SUDBURY, Printer, No. 9, Castle-street, Leicester-square.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*"Mr C. is turned Seventy and his little sufferer Seventeen. Oh the disparity!"*

*Page 144.*

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

## MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.

Vol. 1.] APRIL 1, 1822. [No. 4.


"*Perdutto e tutto it tempo*
"*Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
"*All time is lost*
"*That is not spent in love.*"

## Eccentricities.

### MARRIAGE OF OLD COKE, THE FOX-HUNTER;

*And a Sketch of Family Biography.*

"Now David being old, he got no heat; and they gave unto "him Abishag the Shunamite, for wife, and she lay in his bosom— "but David knew her not."—KINGS.

The death of old Coutts has not left the annals of gallantry long without an eccentric and liquorish lover. There was not so great a disparity betwixt the *banker* and his ripe *Mellon*, as betwixt the *fox-hunter* and his *fancy-piece*. Coutts was eighty-seven, we believe his "choice fruit and bill of the play" is near, if not wholly, fifty. Now Mr. Coke is turned *seventy*, and his *little sufferer, seventeen*. Oh! the disparity!—but as Mr. Coke has scriptural authority (*vide motto*) for the plunge he has made, or attempted to make, we are content to think that he has done right; and if the lady, who must have formed a good judgment by this



Digitized by Google

time, thinks so too, no one has a right to guess that a man of seventy is capable of doing wrong to a *virgin of seventeen.* At Mr. Coke's serene age, his temperature must be many degrees below "blood-heat," in sober sadness: the hey-day of the blood must be over with him, when it is only beginning to boil in the veins of his buxom little bride.

Mr. Coke has long been celebrated on the *turf*, and in the *field*, as a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of blood upon *four legs*, but as for *two-legged sporting articles*, he can know little about them.

Norfolk is not less renowned for its dumplings than for men of the chace, who are "at all in the ring:" they have assisted in many a hard run, and are always on the wing to help an *old cove*, bereft of vigour, at a *steeple chace*, where *riding over and through* must be done to win—and *knocking under* is sure to be attended with public disgrace, and expulsion from the field.

Report says, and we merely give it as report, that Mr. Coke married from family motives, to disinherit the heir-at-law to his immense property, whom he conceives to be unworthy of it. We heartily wish him success in his arduous task; but, like two greyhounds, unequally matched, it is entering on a "forlorn hope" to anticipate the events of a run where *May* is pitted against *January*.

We remember a witty clergyman, (now a Dignitary) who was called out of his bed on a winter's morning to marry a couple: when he entered the church, he found a couple above three-score; quite indignant, he exclaimed, "And is it you that want to be married, you old fools?"—"Marry, yes," they both stammered out, "better do that than do worse!"—"I'll be d——d if I marry you," said the Doctor, "go home and do your worst, and I'll take upon me to say God will pardon you for all you attempt!"

We shall make no application of this witticism, as we might apply it wrongfully. We intend never to comment on matrimony, till we have had *nine months* study to establish our judgment. Not so

Digitized by Google

with some people—we give the following notices from that *moral* and *religious* work, "The Bible Bull," whose editors appear to place themselves on a level with the King, and think they *can do no wrong*, in spite of their being fined and imprisoned for *not* doing *right*.

"Mr. Coke, at seventy-four, and his beautiful bride, Lord Albemarle's daughter, at eighteen, are spending their honey-moon at Paddington; enquiries being made at the house the morning following the bridal night, the reply was—"That Mr. Coke was as well as could be *expected*, and Lady Ann was the same as the *day before!*"

Mr. Coke has, we believe, several grand-children, one of whom is married to Lord Anson, and is the mother of the present M. P. for North Yarmouth. Lord Anson is well known in the gay world, and it is whispered that Mr. Anson, heir-at-law to Holkham, is unable to pursue his "vocation" of pleasure upon the sum of five thousand per annum, but

> "Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
> "And in the loaden vineyard dies of thirst."

Mr. Coke has been eulogized for refusing a Peerage, so has Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne. The latter is a greater man in Wales as he now is, than if he had an Earldom.*

Mr. Coke would willingly have been a Peer of his *own creation*, but declined to be one of the Minister's making. For this purpose, he treated for the purchase of Arundel Castle, which conveys the title of Earl of Arundel to its possessor: but Ministers foiled him in his views, and he remains *plain old Mr. Coke*, with a young *Lady, by title*, to warm and cherish him under disappointment.

---

* It may not be amiss to mention an anecdote of him when the *Prince of Wales* remarked that he was a "greater man than his Prince:"—"No," replied Sir Watkyn, "your Royal Highness is Prince *of* Wales—I am only a Prince *in* Wales."



Digitized by Google

It would not astonish any one acquainted with the uxoriousness of old age, to see a future earl in the family at Holkham. When we find a man at *three score and ten* change his situation, and make a desperate rush into the arms of *youth and beauty*, it would not be surprising to find him change his politics to please her—for if he cannot please her in one thing needful, he must in another.

The world are aware, from Mr. Coke's thundering speech at the opening of the present Session of Parliament, that he is not impaired in the strength of his lungs, nor in his passion of the brain, for which the Speaker called him to *order*. Heartily do we wish that his fair spouse may not have to call him to *order* about the *weakness* of passion of the heart, till many years have passed after the birth of a son, whom we are sure he will pride in as Jacob did in Joseph—the "child of his age" whom he tenderly loved.

We have given a plate in this number, which will be found chaste and appropriate: it is meant in good part—to record a singular event, and one as unexpected as that winter should repose in the lap of summer, and roses bloom on the stem of an icicle.

That David loved a young Shunamite is a royal truth, and who dare disbelieve it?—indeed, Mr. Coke has a *royal* example of modern date, hereafter to be recorded in other books than Bibles, that *Dandies of Sixty*, after years spent in the society of ancient matrons, turn to youth for a little warmth to put them in mind of a passion that tingled through their veins forty years ago.

But our veteran *Benedick* has the best apology in the beauty and accomplishments of his virtuous and lovely bride.

In *La Fontaine's Tales*, entitled "*The Old Man's Calendar*, are the following lines, freely translated:—

ON AN UNEQUAL MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Oft have I seen, in wedlock, with surprise,
*That* most forget from which true bliss would rise;

Digitized by Google

When marriage for a daughter is design'd,
The parents solely riches seem to mind;
All other boons are left to heaven above,
And *seventeen* must *seventy* learn to love,
And *wintry cold* with *summer's warmth* to move:
How curst her lot, to honour and obey
One whose soft passions long have pass'd away;
'Tis purgatory on earth—a lighted fire
Fann'd into flame, next moment to expire.

PHILO-GUNIAKOS.

*Hot and Cold Baths, near Norfolk Street.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF LOVE ON SOCIETY AND MANNERS, IN EUROPE.

"Man is not form'd to be alone."—STERNE.

The influence of the tender passion is universally acknowledged—even by those who affect to be superior to the amiable weakness of loving another better than themselves. The infant turns to his mother's bosom for nourishment—he has the habit, given by instinct, of playing with his little head over her bosom, the fountain of his existence, before he can express, by a smile, his love and gratitude. As he advances from infancy to childhood, he becomes affectionately attached to the mother; and, when arrived at mature years, is it a wonder that he becomes attached to the same sex as that which gave him birth?

I am not too old to be unsusceptible of the tender passion, nor too young to indulge in it indiscreetly. According to the morals and manners of the present day, *love* is in most men's bosoms confined to sensual desires. To speak plainly, *love* and *lust* are now synonymous terms. The love that induces people of tender years to elope and live together, is only a sexual desire: that once being gratified, they seek variety, heedless of consequences and character.



Digitized by Google

But there is a love, not wholly unconnected with sensuality, (for I boldly assert that, without a connexion betwixt the sexes, there can be no real love.) The disciples of Plato are very rare, probably extinct, save in the confines of a Grand Seignor's harem.

A man must esteem before he can love. Who, that has a family crowding round his knees, in playful innocence, and blessing him in whispering accents of unstudied affection—who, in such a case, but must turn to the mother that bore them with gratitude and love, pure as the balmy breath of an infant's sigh.

Self-love is a fixed principle, and originates often in a mean and lowly mind—a heart formed, not of natural materials, but of pounds, shillings, and pence! Those who inherit this disposition, "oh! my soul, come not thou into their secret!"

Depraved women are very few in comparison to those who are the grace and ornament of society. At the present day, in England, the cloth is no sooner removed, than the second glass of wine is a signal for the ladies to retire. Toasts are then given offensive to delicacy, and those who have just retired, reflected upon in that loose language for which intemperance is not even a justification.

Amongst the middling classes, they have not arrived at that pitch of refinement which excludes rational women from the table.

The benign influence of women, in softening the manners of men, is allowed by all. *Madame De Maintenon* made a naturally haughty monarch a just and mild king. *Madame De Stael Holstein*, whose talents we all admire, created a revolution wherever she resided. Her conversation instructed the *literati*—she had wit without egotism—science without arrogance—beauty without vanity—and truth without embellishment.

On the Continent of Europe, women have a more powerful influence than elsewhere. In Germany, they associate with the men at all times, and at all hours; the wife is not the mere automaton partner of her hus-

Digitized by Google

band's bed and board; she is always at his side, and partakes in all his cares and pleasures; she hawks, hunts, and shoots with him, and is his companion to the hour of repose. Such was not the case when the "Sorrows of Werter" were fabricated, and *rank* excluded *merit* from the *boudoir* and drawing room.

The French revolution did much for the ladies—aye, and also for the men. It humanized them—it placed the female sex in their proper rank. *Josephine Buonaparte* was a woman, who, take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again. She was the cause of her husband's elevation—moulded his disposition—and, finally, by a sacrifice, (it should be recorded in letters of gold, for the honour of her sex) gave up the man she loved to the arms of another, and even pressed the connexion, in order to perpetuate the dynasty of *Napoleon*,

The *Emperor Alexander* was a daily attendant upon *Josephine* whilst he remained in Paris, and declared, that at her "*conversationes*" he received more knowledge than he did from his confidential advisers.

In Holland, the influence of woman is more conspicuous: the husband remains at home, smokes and drinks, while she repairs to the mart, negociates his bill, buys or sells his stock, keeps his books, and instead of the husband leading his wife to court, she takes him under her arm, and ushers him to the palace as her protegee. Charles Fox, when asked why he married Mrs. Fox, answered, "she said she would leave me if I did not, and I was too old to throw off old habits."

In Switzerland, the women rule with mild but powerful sway. Society is free and unbiassed; and in no country does more happiness exist than in that where woman reigns predominant.

In Italy, the women are voluptuous, intriguing, and insincere. The inattention of the men, springing from causes not to be mentioned here, is proverbial, and from their indolence, the ladies have a power that regulates, not only society in all its pleasures, but even governments in all its ramifications. It was a saying of the great and immortal *Nelson*—"Curse your green-

Digitized by Google

coated politicians, they are all smoke, and no fire; give me a *petticoat envoy*, who is all fire, and no smoke!"

If there is such a thing as society in Turkey, the women have established it.

Russia is no more than a half-civilized kingdom, yet there female power has, is, and will reign predominant. *Elizabeth* rose by beauty, genius, and intrigue. She introduced dissipation and prostitution. Catharine trod closely in her steps, and

> "Left a name at which the world turn'd pale,
> "To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

In Portugal, the

> "Ladies do whate'er they will,
> "And no one thinks they can do ill."

Society in Lisbon is bearable, but it is the society of licentiousness, and an evening's party is the prelude to intrigue, and probably assassination.

In Spain, women are considered as domestic utensils, to be used and thrown by at pleasure: but still they have a powerful weight in the region of domestic felicity—and the *Marchioness De Catalon* has her parties more numerously attended than the *Cortes* on a money-voting day.

Taking society and manners in the aggregate, it certainly is regulated by the influence of the female sex; and in no country more than great Britain. Much as I deplore the existing modes in high and courtly life of excluding females from the festive board, I turn with admiration to those places of real happiness, where pleasure is enlivened by woman's smile, and every glass which goes to the lip is blessed with a nod of approbation from lovely woman.

Far may it be from me to flatter or cajole the ladies, by assuming for them an influence many may conceive they do not possess: I have been accustomed all my life to consider woman as a gift from heaven, for which we cannot be too thankful. The love that I bore my mother has been transferred to the whole sex with

Digitized by Google

more impassioned ardour, and the ferver of affection which I bear towards them will never cease to burn till the Angel of Death crushes every feeling of the heart beneath the pressure of everlasting rest.

In the pages of this work will be found many traits of female infamy: we are compelled to record them; and we are inclined, from moral motives, to animadvert upon them. When we have an opportunity of eulogizing the sex, it never escapes us; happy are we to say, that in the long-living annals of infamy, there are more men "damned to fame" than there are women.

A harem-scarem rattle-brained fellow, now nearly forgotten, expresses our sentiments so forcibly in one stanza of a song, that it is here given without comment, and as a conclusion—

"To you no soul shall bear deceit,
"No stranger offer wrong;
"For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
"And lovers in the young."

## AN ESSAY UPON BOWING, AND SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE WITH PRINCES AND KINGS.

### *The Humble Bow.*

The humble bow precedes the entrance of a person who is not yet in office, but who is endeavouring to secure a place. He approaches with that respectful reverence, which almost exceeds what is due to man. He fails not to compliment his Majesty on his magnanimity—his prudence in managing affairs—his general goodness and condescension—in short, on those angelic qualities which endear alike to every rank and degree. The sovereign is delighted with this surfeit of praise, which he never deserved, and is readily persuaded to exalt a being, whom he doubts not he shall bind over to his service. By these measures, Ministers are easily to be had; and it is no wonder that kings

Digitized by Google

are led by courtiers, when the road to favour is over the hill of flattery.

*The Low Bow.*

The low bow is frequently used after the person has attained to an elevated height. As it is not merely necessary that he should attain, but that he should preserve his situation, he must obsequiously acquiesce in all the projects of his royal master; he must not only fall into his views, but anticipate his wishes. When he has any proposition to make to his good master, he enters his presence with a profound obeisance. "May it please your mightiness, (he begins) your ever faithful creature presumes to intrude and implore you to lend a gracious ear!" The monarch, then, with condescension, raises him from the ground, and bids him proceed. When he has delivered his humble opinion, it is received with courteous affability, and the former retires, highly gratified with his success.

*The Forward Salute.*

This salute is given when the minister is fully established in favour. It is then no longer necessary for the address of a supple courtier. The secretary is almost on a parellel with the monarch, and each acts in coincidence with the other. But I would advise all who are anxious for repute, and lasting applause, to be cautious how he practices this *forward* salute: to obtain a thorough knowledge of other branches of *politesse* ere he presumes to undertake that. Any one desirous of a situation at court, by carefully following these rules, may find all their expectations realized: the smallest deviation from them may incapacitate a man from an office of public importance. As the *hat, neck-cloth,* and *hair-curling* systems are established, it is to be hoped that the *Rambler's* bowing system will be soon in general use; and I can assure those who breathe the air of St. James's, that as interest is their grand consideration, so flattery and cringing servility are the only true means of securing royal approbation.

SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT.

*Scotland Yard, Brimstone Court.*

Digitized by Google

## LOVE IN JAPAN; OR, BEAUTY UNADORNED.

"Let observation, with extensive view,
"Survey mankind from China to Peru."—Dr. Johnson.

I have followed the great moralist's advice, but to little advantage; for in every kingdom and country where fate has thrown me, I have found human nature the same, love, lust, hatred, and malice, being the prevailing passions. The Japanese Archipelago is not much known to Europeans. Captain Golownin, the Russian discoverer, has given us some faint idea of the morals, manners, and constitution of the principal island: but he had only a bird's-eye view of the nation, always being in prison, except when he attempted to escape, and then he was concealed in thickets and brakes, far from the haunts of men. I have had some opportunities of seeing the Japanese islands, which few Europeans can boast of. In the year 1819, I belonged to a small Russian bark, of one hundred and ten tons burthen; we mounted six small cannon, and had on board a crew of thirty-six men; my station was that of pilot, or sailing master; the owner and captain was a merchant, and had no knowledge of the sea, but he had of traffic, and was one of the most persevering men I ever knew. The vessel (I have no reason now for concealing her name) was the *Kutusoff;* we had no licence, and sailed from Tolslog, in Siberia, with a cargo of wines, spirits, tobacco, opium, leather, and trinkets of every description, for which we expected to get furs and skins in exchange.

We were chased by a Russian frigate, and she fired several shots into her, but night closing, we escaped, and by the dawn of another day found ourselves alongside of a British brig of war, who boarded us by her boat. She had been from England two years, and Captain Leontowich exchanged presents with the commander, and presented the crew with a fat bullock and three sheep.

Our course had been completely deranged by the Russian frigate's chase, and a heavy gale of wind

Digitized by Google

drove us so far to the westward, that we had no hope of bearing up for Japan before the lapse of a month, when the mild season and variable winds would commence.

Our original intention was to hover off the coast and bays near Thringula, one of the back settlements of Japan, thickly inhabited, and ruled by a Bonze, who was nearly independent of the Emperor, paying him a very small tribute. With him, our captain had an understanding, by what means acquired I do not pretend to know. But true it is we failed to reach his province, and were at sea with all our marketable goods, in a perishing state.

Fortunately, a small ladrone, or piratical boat, ran to us for succour, and we took on board the crew, leaving the boat to sink or swim, for she was not worth preservation. The chief of these robbers advised us to go to the island of Gilhi, where they assured us we should meet with good reception, and an excellent market for our commodities. We did as they advised—and, after seven day's sail, we came to the island, which appeared as a forest rising from the sea. Our pilots knew the navigation very well, and conducted us into an extensive harbour, watered by three rivers, in the mouths of which rode numerous vessels, all of different shape and rigging. Several Chinese Tanks were taking in corn and oil; the town of Gilhi stood on the side of a declevity, and was neatly built of red clay, in the form of bricks; over these was spread a white-wash that resisted the rain and sun. The streets were not paved; in every one there was a spring for general use.

Shops or warehouses were arranged an either side, but had no outward shew. Taverns were in plenty, where a sort of cream cheese and wine could be had for a mere trifle.

When we anchored, on officer, clad in blue satin and gold lace, came on board in a canoe. He examined the captain's papers very slightly—said that he had never but *twice* before heard of Russia—that we might trade—and that Captain Leontowich must go on shore, and carry a present to the Khan.



Digitized by Google

A small gold watch ensured this man's friendship: he was harbour-master, and a person who possessed considerable influence. The Khan received our Captain, sitting in state, smoking his cheroot, and drinking his wine. On either side of him sat four females, nearly in a state of nature, who administered to his wants—that is, snuff for his nose, and perfume for his skirts. Captain Leontowich presented him with a *case of opium*, twelve bottles of noyau, and eight diamond rings. He was much pleased; and, as a return for such courtesy, directed the Captain to select which of his supporters he liked best. This was not disagreeable to one who had been buffetting the ocean for five months, and had never seen a petticoat but the petticoat-trowsers of a Russian tar. The Captain made his choice, and departed with her underneath his arm. He was surprised, when he went on board, to find that his piratical friends had furnished every one with a wife; and the vessel was stocked with fruit and vegetables, even to inconvenience.

I had, every day, opportunities of rambling on shore. I visited the four principal towns, and many of the villages. They were all alike: there was not, upon the whole island, two hundred miles in circumference, a single place of public worship. Possibly there might be four hundred thousand inhabitants; and many little islands scattered round, poured their population into Gilhi on every Saturday, which was a market day, held upon the strand, for the extent of near three miles.

Those who are unacquainted with religion and morality, probably do not incur the Divine displeasure for not practising what they have never been taught. Marriage is a civil contract with us—in Gilhi, it is no contract at all. The men and women have connection at pleasure, and in most cases the *ladies* are the suitors to the *gentlemen*. This may appear revolting to an Englishman, but it is true, and when you have been accustomed to it, spares you much foolish trouble, in begging and praying of a woman to grant what she



Digitized by Google

has made up her mind to give almost without application.

In Gilhi females are mostly uncovered from the neck to the middle of the waist, then a small purple sash is bound loosely round the loins, and hangs over a satin petticoat, which covers the knees, and is edged with yellow lace. On the legs are ribbons, running crossways, of various colours, and red slippers, trimmed with silver and gold bullion, and fastened by an ivory clasp at the ancle, completes the costume. The hair is bound across the forehead, and fastened behind by a piece of ribbon: no combs or ornaments are used of any kind.

When these ladies associated with us, they always made an agreement to be true to you for a *week*, or a *month*, and no longer; for the time, they were always faithful—but the day that it expired they would do as any person wished them.

It is strange, that jealousy has no harbour in the men's bosoms. They appear to think their ribs meant for the general use of the community; and, as Pope says of the enlightened Cicero, who had no scruples about his Terentia—

> "If a friend or two should chance to need her,
> "He'll recommend her for a special breeder."

I have known, in Gilhi, a man to have four companions, with whom he slept every night, and they never disagreed with each other, or with their protector.

In matters of trade, these islanders were faithful to a fault, and upon the sale of our whole cargo, to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds, the merchant was not defrauded of a penny.

We sailed from Gilhi with regret. We left the land of beauty and love, where religion is unknown, as reluctantly as our first parents left Paradise.

I, sir, am but a plain seaman; I do not write for the press—but the pleasure I have received from perusing your Magazine, makes me anxious to contribute towards its originality, as far as lays in my power.

Digitized by Google

I may be a small judge of love, as I took to it naturally: it seems it can exist without *forms* to bind, or ceremonies to overawe. I beg pardon for this long essay, but you will recollect that from Japan to England is a long voyage.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. E. DAY.

*No. 6, Love-lane, Rotherhithe.*

---

## LONDON HELLS EXPOSED,

### *In the History of the Hon. F. Haphazard, and Harriet Syren.*

"They died in the blaze of their fame."—BURNS.

The name of *Master* was now discarded, and the Honourable Frederick Haphazard Bagatelle was retained in its place—(for brevity sake we shall omit the last title.) He was very soon introduced at court, which operated as a free admission into every club in Saint James's, whether the *gold rollers*, in the *Clock Walk*, Saint James's-street—or the *Silver Sausages*, in Jermyn and Bury-streets.

Fortune, or rather *mis*-fortune, brought him acquainted with Sir G. W———, one of the most knowing *whisters* that ever *cuffed a card*, or *dropped a shuffle*. From this man he was taught all the art of filching, shying, nailing, toeing, blinking, scratching, nail-biting, whisker-pulling, and all the arcana of *hellish diplomacy*. It is true that it cost him a few cool hundreds, which he lost out of politeness to his instructor, and which he pocketed as a mark of friendship, and not for its value.

At eighteen years of age, he had the happiness to find his beloved mother run off to the Continent, with a jointure of three thousand per annum, and a French General, to regulate its disposal. Lord Bagatelle, at-



Digitized by Google

tacked by a fit of the gout, would needs try the air of the Royal Palace, at Brighton. The season was cold—threw the fit into his stomach—*stiffening Dick* throttled him—and Frederick saw his father decently interred in a country church-yard, where the *surplice fees* were small, and an undertaker was unnecessary.

As all mortgages expired with the old Lord's death, the son found himself possessed of a clear estate of ten thousand per annum. From this he had to pay twelve thousand pounds, debts of honour, contracted before he arrived at age, with Jews and Cavendish-street money-brokers. According to his father's will, he stepped at once into six thousand a-year; and he had profited so well by instructions received from his *hellish* acquaintances, that he refused to pay one shilling until he had "risen twenty-one." The *coves* could get nothing in a court of law, and had to wait patiently the end of a very bad beginning.

I shall continue to call this victim of dissipation Frederick, for by that name he is best known. He never took his seat in any house but a *bad*-house, and never made a speech which did not require *Grose's Slang Dictionary* to elucidate it.

The house in Albemarle-street was only known by a hatchment—his stud filled a neighbouring mews—and his place of daily resort was *George's Coffee House*, where he prepared for the nightly campaign.

For some months he was very moderate, the theatres had the *shew* of his person, which was of the *Corinthian* order; and at Oldfield's he sported three or four fifties in silver, and then *reined* up for a future time.

The ladies did not escape his attention, and he for some time sang the old song—

"Variety is charming,
"A constancy is not for me,
"In life and love I will be free,
"So pray young girls take warning!"

The Devil, or some other black gentleman who presides over *Hell*, threw in his way Miss Harriet Syren,

Digitized by Google

the discarded *chere amie* of an *illustrious* personage—she was really an earthly divinity—

> "Grace was in all her steps,
> "Heaven in her eye,
> "In every feature wantonness and love."

She was the *ignis fatuus* that seduced young men to Jenkins's Elysium, and once attached to the fortunes of Frederick Haphazard, she never quitted him till his last *stake* was thrown, and he had not any thing to speculate upon in this world, and still less to hope for in another.

He consequently took this young Syren into keeping—furnished a house for her in Titchfield-street—and set her out on the *Hyde Park drive* in a neat barouche, drawn by blood-bays. He seldom drove her, though she was driving him to the Devil at a devil of a rate. Upon his cream-coloured charger he pranced by her side—and, in fact, appeared to keep her as the centinels are kept on horseback at the Horse Guards, more for *empty shew* than *real use*.

Frederick was partial to theatrical amusements, and so was the Syren to every thing that was expensive. *Drury* was the favourite resort, and every night of Kean's performance they *keenly* attended; on other nights, Frederick's box sparkled with the *paste-made-up* ladies of the Syren profession, to whom she gave orders for admission. With the *swells* of the town, this ensured him *eclat*—with the real high exquisites of *ton*, it made him appear ridiculous. Frederick seldom attended to the performance; to lounge in the saloon, or dangle behind the scenes, was his favourite play; and when the hour of retirement arrived, his carriage was seen, from *twelve* to *three*, standing opposite the box-door, with a link-boy watching the horses, whilst jarvey and the footman were getting drunk at the O. P. and P. S. in Russel-court.

The master also found play with the *black-legs* who frequent the oyster and billiard-rooms, facing the theatre, where the Syren had a numerous acquaintance.



Digitized by Google

it was their usual way to have a *five guinea supper*, to partake of which the Syren provided half a dozen *country cousins*, male and female, for she had more *male relations* than the Widow Brady. After supper, they generally had a *bishop* apiece in good *Port* wine, made at Islington from *British* materials, and two or three *archdeacons*, made into punch from *real French Cogniac*, distilled in Wardour-street, Soho, from *sugar* and *barley*.

Cards dice, hazard, &c. occupied the time until daylight gave notice of *time to repose*, and Frederick always reeled out with his *head full*, and his *pockets empty*. For certain, he was accounted a six-bottle man, it required more than that to *fill his head*, for as it was quite unfurnished with brains, the space was much larger than in those whose *pericraniums*, are burthened with that necessary requisite.

*(To be continued.)*

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### EX-SHERIFF PARKINS ON A CHARGE OF FORNICATION.

"From fornication, and all other deadly sins, good Lord deliver us."

"*British Luminary, March 24th*, 1822.

"QUEEN'S SQUARE.—I. W. Parkins, Esq. attended at this office, in consequence of a charge brought against him by Hannah White, of being the father of a child with which she is now *enciente*. Mr. Parkins solemnly disavowed the charge, but as it was made on *oath*, he was bound in a penalty of £40, and two sureties of £20 each, to appear at the next Sessions.

Mr. Markland jocularly remarked, he might congratulate the country on the prospect of a young Sheriff, who, in due time, would perhaps manifest as much *public spirit* as his father. Mr. Parkins took this pleasantry in good part, and answered with equal humour,

Digitized by Google

Bastardy is no longer considered an action to disgrace a gentleman, as they are called, who can afford to *disavow* the parental tie, and throw the mother and child upon the parish. Perhaps the present case is not one of guilt, and it is impossible to treat it with *seriousness;* the moral, the amiable, the *venerable* (for he is no chicken in years) Ex-Sheriff Parkins, is charged with holding an *illicit commerce* with a *White* woman. In India, where the worthy Ex-Sheriff made his fortune, he knew only *browns* and *blacks*, and it is natural that, in England, he should wish to have a taste of the *White;* and though his conduct amongst the *mobility* proves him to be a man of *valour*, Hannah has managed to place a *White* feather in his hat, which we wish the Sessions may remove.

We have read somewhere, probably in Lucan, an expression of the immortal Cæsar—"*I came, saw, and conquered!*"—we give it in English, as we do not expect Ex-Sheriffs to read Latin. We should laugh to find that the *Cæsar of the city* had verified these expressions, and proved that he is deserving of "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*"—("I will be Cæsar, or be nothing,") being applied to him. We hear that Hannah is a striking figure, full as *broad* as she is *long*, and if she has no intelligence in her face, "she has that within which surpasseth shew." We can only say, in the words of the clerk of the court, to both parties, the *worthy Ex* and *lovely Hannah*,—"*God send you a good deliverance!*"

---

## CRIM. CON. AT BOTANY BAY.

A *Mr. Holt*, a lineal descendant of the great *rebel Irish General Holt*, who settled and died in New Holland, brought an action against *Major Muskerry* for repeated acts of adultery with his wife; the damages were laid at four thousand dollars, paper currency.—The husband is now about thirty-six years of age—the lady of the same age—they had lived happily for eight years, and the lady bore her husband five children. The farm *Mr. Holt* occupies is situate about

Digitized by Google

sixty miles from the fashionable city of Paramatta, on the verge of an extensive forest, where *Major Muskerry* resided with his clan: in truth, the real name of the *Major* was *Spanking Jack*, he is an Indian native chief, and has the rank and pay (about fifty pounds per annum) given him for the services he has done in the colony. *Mrs. Holt* is a cousin of the *Major's*, and a *fine brown beauty*—she brought her husband a portion of some *hundred skins*, and all her charms: the latter were rifled by the *Major*; the former turned to account at the proper market, where *Mr. Holt* so constantly attended, that his home and his wife were made a *harvest* of by the *Major* and his tribe. Much curious evidence was entered into; the lady swam across a river to sleep with her lover under a hut of plantain leaves, and carried on her head and shoulders wine and tobacco; at one time she remained fourteen days in the *Major's* hut, which, be it remembered, had a fire-place, a chimney, and a window; here she got so smoke-dried, that on her return, *Totelaheo*, her maid, had to scrub her with a brush and soap and water, before *Mr. Holt* could recognize his darling spouse. It being proved in evidence that *Mr. Holt* had offered to compromise with the *Major* for four hundred gallons of peach brandy, and as many pounds of maple sugar, he was thrown out of court, and had all expences to pay. The lady, who attended in court, gave her arm to the *Major*, and left her husband to his forlorn fate.

We recommend this fashionable frailty to the consideration of our readers, who will see the blessed effects of *civilization* introduced among savages, who never knew what *incontinence* meant till they became acquainted with Christians.

---

P. S.—It is necessary to caution the public, that the above is extracted from a paper with which William Cobbett is connected, and therefore is more likely to be false than true. No man, in his senses, would pledge himself for the correctness of any thing connected with one who is *broiling on a gridiron* for his tergiversation.

Digitized by Google

## CRIM. CON.

### DENT *versus* MASON.

The plaintiff, an attorney, in Stafford, brought an action against his clerk, for crim. con. The lady being forty, and the lad twenty years of age, he got nothing by his action. As a set-off for this prosecution, the clerk, in a newspaper, taxed his old master with deeds of crim. con. with his sister-in-law.—Damages £30. It is our duty to notice these things, but we conceive neither the plaintiff, defendant, or the *old woman*, had any business in a court of justice; for, if retaliation is justice, they ought to have been well satisfied out of doors.

---

## RAPE.

We mentioned, last month, a rape, the particulars of which did not transpire in time for insertion. Mr. William Miller (nephew of Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty) was the young man charged with the offence. The examination took place before Mr. Birnie, at Bow-street. The prosecutrix, Elizabeth Sharman, was about twenty, and resided with her father and mother, at 22, Charles-street, Queen's Elms, Chelsea. The defendant and his brother lodged in the house. On the 3d of February, about ten o'clock, she was going up to bed, and met Mr. Miller coming down stairs; he said to her, "I want to speak to you;" she went with him into his front room on the first floor; he shut the door, and said, "stop a minute," he took the light from her hand and put it on the table, she said nothing, he took hold of her arms, and pulled her into the bedroom—*she lost her senses, and could not call out*—he threw her on the bed, and accomplished his purpose with great violence. She did not call out, she lost all her senses, but she knew he effected his purpose. Her father and mother were below stairs, and Mr. Miller's brother in bed in the room above. She was about five minutes in the room; she would not swear she was not

Digitized by Google

there thirty-five minutes; she saw Mr. Miller before he went out next morning, and did not upbraid him.

Dr. Hyde gave evidence, that he was called in to attend her ten days after the affair was said to have taken place, she was since confined to her bed with an inflammation in the groin but he could not say whether the connection spoken of had taken place. Mr. Miller did not deny his having been connected with her, and offered to prove, by eighteen or twenty creditable persons, that the prosecutrix was a *loose fish*, and that she had had similar intercourse with other gentlemen, twice, thrice, nay, fifty times.

A Mr. Kerk, who was examined as to the general light character of the house, upon being asked the question, said, as he was upon his oath, he must acknowledge that he had had connection with her.—Charge dismissed.

---

## DURHAM ASSIZES.—*March* 2.

### RAPE.

Henry Anderson, of Painshaw, in this county, pitman, aged 33, was arrainged for committing a rape on the person of Sarah Armstrong. He pleaded "Not Guilty."

The prosecutrix was a young woman of very interesting appearance, and gave her testimony as follows:—I was living as a servant, with Mr. Naisbitt, of Sunderland, in January last. On the 13th of January I was going to see my mother, who lives at Philadelphia, which is six miles from Sunderland, and set out about half-past one in the afternoon. I took the waggon-road at first, but quitted it soon after on account of it being very windy, and took to the turnpike-road, which was more sheltered. As soon as I got upon that road, I overtook Henry Anderson. I had not known him before. He walked with me from that time for near three miles, and asked me where I was going, and to whose house. When I told him the name, he said he knew my two brothers, and that he

Digitized by Google

belonged to New Painshaw. I then saw Hasting-hill, and found I was on the wrong road, and told him so, I told him the hill would lead me to the waggon-way, which I had left. He told me he would go with me, as he knew the road. I said I knew the road, but he said he would go with me, and he followed me. He entered a field with me, and at the corner of the second, he took hold of me by the waist, and threw me down. I struggled with him and made all the resistance in my power. I called out as loud as I could. The prosecutrix appeared much agitated, and twice essayed to speak, but could not. His Lordship said—"Do not hurry yourself, but try to recollect the words" Her agitation increased, and his Lordship ordered a glass of water to be brought to her. After she had taken some of it, she said, I called out for the Lord to assist me. She here appeared to be fainting, and she was taken down from the witness box and out of court. She returned in about five minutes, and detailed the particulars of the rape with great minuteness. She said she made as much resistance as laid in her power, and from her testimony it appeared that the prisoner had completed his wicked purpose, and that whilst he was committing the rape, he held his hand over her mouth, which caused it to bleed. When the prisoner left her, he wished to take the dirt off her gown, but she told him to be gone, and that she would prosecute him if she could find who he was. He said nothing, but ran away. She was very weak and sick, when she got up. Her bonnet and cap were torn, but none of the rest of her clothes. She then went to the nearest house, and acquainted the inmates with the usuage she had received, describing the dress and appearance of the prisoner. The prosecutrix related the circumstances to several other persons soon after. The prisoner, from her description, was apprehended the following day. [She was here asked if the prisoner was that man. She appeared to be much agitated, and endeavoured to take the cork from a smelling-bottle which she held in her hand, but ineffectually. She tot-

Digitized by Google

tered down from the witness-box, and was again taken out of court.] On her return, she said she was quite sure the prisoner was the man. The several persons to whom she had communicated the treatment she had received confirmed the statement of the prosecutrix as relating to themselves.

The prisoner was then asked if he had any thing to say in his defence, or any witnesses to call; he said no; "but I am as clear of the girl as the child unborn."

After the Judge had summed up, the Jury retired, and in about ten minutes they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

---

## BIGAMY.

This crime is not without precedent; the Princess Olive founds her claim to royal blood and fortune on the bigamy of her reputed father, the old Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Henry Saunders, a very young man, and a very *great eater*, had a great affection for the *female sex* who could contribute to his *appetite*; he married a young girl, named Bridget Grayson, at St. John's, Westminster, on the 19th of October, and five weeks before had married Mary King, in another parish: can this be called killing two birds with one stone?—it is possible this Mr. Saunders acted in a determination to fulfil the Scripture, and to do his best to increase and multiply the human species—at the same time not forgetting his *carnal* appetites, which were only preludes to satisfying his *carnivorous* one. He is an unfeeling *brute*, and with two disappointed wives on his hands, cannot fail, if not otherwise disposed of, to be one of the chief amongst horned cattle.

---

[We have to apologize to our readers for the omission of the third chapter of the "Life, Adventures, Amours, and Intrigues, of Gregory Griffin," in the present number, for want of room, but we will take care to insert it in the next.]

Digitized by Google

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

The theatrical part of our Magazine went to press too soon last month to enable us to notice the new opera, which was produced at this house, on Saturday, the 23d of February. It was entitled "The Veteran; or, the Farmer's Sons," and is written by Mr. Knight, the actor. We shall not, as it is so long since, give the plot, which is by no means interesting, though the piece was more successful than any thing (the "Coronation" excepted) produced at Drury Lane this season. We attribute its success to the experience of Mr. Knight, in being so well acquainted with stage trickery. It abounded in plagiarisms, common-place sentiment, and most contemptible clap-traps. The flattery addressed to national feeling, and the disgusting *ultra* loyalty it contained, deserved to be hissed and scouted as fulsome time-serving quackery, instead of being applauded as it was—*by the galleries*. Neither Munden nor Fizwilliam had sufficient scope for their talents in the characters of General Van and Serjeant Rory O'Wack. Harley, as Captain George, was also very confined, but he sung a burlesque song, regarding the House of Commons, which pleased the whole house, and was loudly encored. A Miss Forde, whom we remember to have seen at the English Opera House last year, made her first appearance on these boards in the part of Rosa Van, one of the old General's daughters, with wonderful success: she is greatly improved since we last saw her, and is susceptible of still greater improvements in her lower tones. Her voice is remarkable for strength, and her echo song was an excellent specimen of the power she has of making sudden transitions from the higher to the lower notes. The piece was little more than a vehicle for the music, which was certainly very fair, and joined with the talents of Madame Vestris and Miss Povey, decided its success.

On Saturday, the 9th of March, the "Beggar's Opera" was performed here, for the purpose of introducing Miss Forde as Polly. She is not a mere singer, but really acts well for a girl of her age. She did not appear quite so much at home in the songs attached to this part as she did in the "Veteran." Madame Vestris played Macheath, and, for a woman, we know no one who could play it better: but we do not relish a *female* highway-



Digitized by Google

man. Miss Copeland succeeded beyond expectation in Lucy. Munden's Peachem was good, but Gattie's Lockit, so, so.—Knight played Filch, but was not quite the thing: Fitzwilliam could have done it better.

"The Duenna" has also been performed here during the last month, in which Miss Forde took a part, but as we were not present, we cannot speak as to her success.

On Monday, the 18th ult, Mr. Kean attempted the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in the "Man of the World." It is a part altogether out of his line, and though it is not likely that he would attempt any thing in which he would sink to mediocrity, yet we cannot calculate that he will ever arrive at perfection in this character. The necessity of affecting the Scotch accent, with which he does not appear to be familiar, seems to keep him in trammels, and to cramp his energy. In the passionate parts, Mr. Kean appeared to considerable advantage; and in some of those passages remarkable for servility, he was equally happy. Not so in all the comic parts, which frequently required the genuine northern dialect to give them full effect. Macklin and Cooke, it is said, are the only men who have been great in this part; but though Kean may fall short of his predecessors, he is probably the only man who can perform it in a manner worth going to see. Mr. Kean was received throughout with the greatest applause, and the political satire of the piece produced much mirth. Cooper's Egerton was very respectable, and Miss S. Booth completely successful as Lady Rodolpha.

## COVENT GARDEN.

A change has taken place in the management of this theatre. Mr. Harris has retired, and the superintendance is in future to be vested in Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Willet, of Doctor's Commons, and Captain Forbes, of the Royal Navy, both son's-in-law to Mr. White, one of the former patentees.

Mr. C. Kemble is said to be supported by a powerful body of friends, who undertake to discharge the pecuniary claims on the theatre, and set the concern entirely free, to carry on its operations with the greater spirit.

The opera of "Montrose" has had so successful a run, that we have no novelty to notice at this theatre.

On Wednesday, the 20th of March, Mr. C. Kemble made his first appearance this season, as Charles Surface, in the "School

Digitized by Google

for Scandal." He performed with considerable effect, and met with great applause. The whole comic force of the house was brought forth, and a brilliant and crowded audience testified their perfect approbation.

---

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, the 11th of March, Mr. Mathews commenced his new budget of entertainment, for the season. The house was then, as it has continued to be ever since, well filled—and we were highly delighted with the performance. The narrator begins with an account of his own life, which he continues from nothing up to the present time. It is interlarded with jokes, most of them good, but some of a very ancient date, to which we could refer to the pages of that prince of jokers, Joe Miller. There are some characters which are much better given or invented; that of AP LLYWELYN AP LLOYD, Esq. is original and happy. He is a Cambro-Briton who runs about in search of mineral waters, to cure himself of corpulency. He is constantly asking his friends whether they think he is not "grown thinner," and although he finds a negative in their looks, it does not affect his invincible good temper. Mr. Mathews gives a portrait of Cooke, which is very disagreeable, and therefore very like the original. His imitation is correct—but the whimsical, wandering patentee, old Tate Wilkinson, is the *ne plus ultra* of mimicry. This veteran has long been in our mind's eye, from his own amusing relations, but it was reserved for Mr. Mathews to present him bodily to our view. He tells the story of his introduction to him, when he found him employed in brushing a pair of silver buckles, the property of "the late immortal Mr. Garrick, deceased." His absence of mind, and eccentric habits, made a most amusing caricature, which Mathews hits off triumphantly. He gives also an imitation of Wilkinson's imitation of Garrick's Richard the Third. We cannot, of course, pronounce upon the accuracy of this mimicry, three deep—but it is very striking. The most original feature is the last part of the entertainment, which is called "Stories:" in this is represented the servants and the lodgers in a lodging-house at Brighton, who live in different stories, of which an idea is given by the scenery. They consist of NAT, servant of all-work—Sir SHIVERUM SCREWNERVE, guardian to AMELROSA; (second floor) MONSIEUR ZEPHYR, a French hatter



Digitized by Google

master; (first floor) GEORGE AUGUSTUS FIPLEY, "a line of beauty," in love. AP LLYWELYN AP LLOYD, ESQ. "not thin enough," MR. MARK MAGNUM, *non compos* lodger, (next door) and AMELROSA, in love with FIPLEY. The deceptions are excellent, and the rapidity with which he changes his dresses almost inconceivable. The audience are kept in continual expectation, and unceasing amusement. There is nothing of sameness or tediousness in this part of the entertainment, and it forms an admirable finish to the evening's laughter. We forgot to mention an immortal foolery which he puts into the mouth of the servant:—having some macaroni to carry to the Frenchman, he pronounces it, after much fingering and tasting, "tobacco-pipes made easy!"

---

## THE ITALIAN OPERA.

"Il Barone di Dolsheim" is a stupid opera, and appears to be taken from "Frederick the Great; or, the Heart of a Soldier." Cartoni is effective in the KING; and Curioni and Placci, in the BARON and his FRIEND, sing as well as usual. Ambrogetti throws a great deal of humour into the character of BRANDT. The management are surprisingly liberal in the scenery of this piece—we counted no less than eight new ones.

"La Gazza Ladra" has been produced, with several alterations in the *Dramatis Personæ*. Cartoni and Curioni now play the characters formerly allotted to De Ville and Terri: the change is for the better—but PIPPO, which was so charmingly represented by the lively Vestris, is filled by a Signora Caradori, who is decidedly inferior to her predecessor.

"Il Turco in Italia."—Cartoni has also appeared in SELIM, and sings much better than De Ville, who performed it last season. This opera is very tedious, and would be a complete bore, were it not for Madame Ronzi de Begnis and her husband, who play excellently, and with much spirit.

"Les Pages du Duc de Vendome" is a very pretty Ballet, and shews off all the dancers to great advantage. The PAGES are excellently performed by twelve young ladies, most of whom are remarkably well set on their pins. A Bolero is very gracefully danced by Madsls. Roland and Maria Mercandotti, the latter of whom takes particular pains to captivate the spectators, by displaying the symmetry of her form. The Grand Pas de Deux between Albert and Madame Anatole is one of the finest specimens

Digitized by Google

of the art we have ever seen: they have both arrived at the highest pitch of excellence. Barre is a good dancer, though too diminutive in stature. De Varrennes, Hullin, and the other female dancers exert themselves greatly. We are sorry to be obliged to lament the loss of our favourite Melanie, who is not engaged this season.

## SURREY THEATRE.

"Castle of Limburg," or "Matrimony," under a new title. In this piece, Mrs. Glover's CLARA is excellent; and Watkins Burroughs plays DELAVAL very respectably.

"Fate of Calas." This interesting drama has been revived.—Chapman and Mrs. Glover take Huntley's and Miss Taylor's characters, of EDWARD and MADAME CALAS, and sustain them with much ability. A gentleman, whose name we are at present ignorant of, has made a successful *debut* in AMBROISE.

Wyatt's Benefit. "The Heart of Mid Lothian," "Bombastes Furioso," and "The Miller and his Men," were the entertainments furnished by this elegant youth for his benefit. In the interlude, a jack-ass combat was to have been introduced, but the long-eared gentry did not appear to like the fun, and declined shewing themselves, until sticks, &c. were applied to their backs, and they were beaten dreadfully: at last, they were carried on by main strength, but soon retreated, to the great amusement of the audience, which, we are glad to say, was very numerous.

It is reported, that Mr. Watkins Burroughs is in treaty for the management of this theatre.

## ROYAL COBURG THEATRE.

"Adelaide; or, the Fatal Seduction." This melo drama differs very little from the one at Drury Lane theatre, under the title of "Adeline." Huntley and Miss Taylor play the father and daughter with some effect; and Rowbotham, in the seducer, is, as usual, respectable. The warm-hearted gardener is performed creditably by H. Beverly.

"Harlequin and the Sagacious Ape." A compiled pantomime, under this title, has been produced here with nothing to recommend it but the activity of the performers. Paulo and Blanchard, in the CLOWN and PANTALOON, are excellent. The latter introduces his celebrated dying scene with great effect.

Il Diavolo Antonio is re-engaged, and performs his wonderful



Digitized by Google

feats in front of the looking glass, which is broke at last, and is exposed to the half-price gentry every night.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

"Heart of Mid Lothian." This piece has been brought out here, though not with much success. H. Kemble was the DUKE OF ARGYLE, and Gomersal GEORDIE ROBERTSON.

"Zangarotti, the Demon of the Appennines." This delectable piece is of the real Goodman's Fields cast:—trap-doors, hair-breadth escapes, shooting, fighting, and blowing-up!! H. Kemble, in ZANGAROTTI, and Gomersal, in GAUDENTIO, his lieutenant, perform creditably. The explosion is well contrived.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"Life in London." This piece has been altered, and much improved in the arrangement, though not in the performance. Tayleure, Oxberry, Baker, Hammond, and George Smith, are now absent from these boards, and their parts of SNAGS. JERRY, TOM NICK'EM, and PADDY BYRNE, are filled by Messrs. Lancaster, Coveney, Lewis, Smollett, and Ward. Coveney and Lewis get through JERRY and TOM in a respectable manner; Lancaster's BEADLE is far too vulgar, and destitute of humour; and Mr. Ward should drop his frequent introduction of "blood and turf!" such expressions are improper—even from a watchman.

"All at Coventry." In this laughable burletta, Power and Elliott, as a spouting lawyer's clerk, and a love-sick barber's clerk, afford a fund of amusement. Payne introduces "Love has eyes," in good style, and Vale performs LIVELY, a bang-up of the new school, with much spirit.

"Giovanni at Botany." We must postpone our remarks on this for want of room.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

There has been so many private plays during the last month, that we find it impossible to notice the whole of them without swelling a department of our work which can only be interesting to a few, to too great an extent. We shall, however, give them all a turn; and we are greatly obliged to the gentlemen, whoever

Digitized by Google

they may be, who have been kind enough to forward us tickets for the Minor, Wilson, and Berwick-street, and Rawstorne-place theatres.

We return our thanks to some gentlemen who have sent us communications; but, if they reflect a little, they must be aware that we cannot make use of their articles, unless we have an opportunity of ascertaining the correctness of their remarks. However severe our own strictures may be upon parties of whom we are entirely ignorant, we should be sorry to make our Magazine a vehicle for personal pique and private spleen. We have received numerous articles of abuse from private performers; our only answer is, that we are sorry they waste their time and the postage to so little purpose. However, it is sometimes amusing to us to see how they expose their ignorance.

## WILSON STREET.

THURSDAY, 7th MARCH. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

We visited, for the first time, this neat and commodious little theatre. The audience was the most respectable and best behaved we have seen in such a place, with the exception of one ignorant jack-ass, who, because he had a spite against an individual performer, thought he had a right to disturb the harmony of the whole company: the impudent fellow was soon bundled out, and every thing went on agreeably. Of all the tasks we have ever taken upon ourselves, that of visiting the private theatres is the most disagreeable; but this evening it was somewhat an exception to our general experience, for the performance, taken altogether, was far superior to any thing we yet have seen at a private theatre. Several of the young men appeared to possess talent, and a knowledge of the characters they sustained, but they were most of them scandalously imperfect in their parts, and would have been well whipped if they were at school. The part of LAUNCELOT GOBO was very fairly performed, and that of SHYLOCK by no means to be despised. The principal attraction, however, was the young lady who played PORTIA; she is, indeed, a *rara avis* on the boards of a private theatre, and if we are not greatly mistaken, will one day cut no mean figure in public. She appears to have talent, education, and judgment suited to the arduous task she has undertaken. She acquitted herself in the trial scene with very considerable ability for so young a lady, and if her voice strengthens with her years, she may perhaps be-

Digitized by Google

come a first-rate actress. We hope some friend will be kind enough to send us a ticket whenever this lady performs. The parts of NERISSA and JESSICA were respectably filled by two young ladies, who appeared to us to be sisters.

## RAWSTORNE PLACE.

WEDNESDAY, 20th FEB. JOHN BULL.—REVIEW.

The performers at this house are improving, in consequence of the severe and well-merited castigation they have received at our hands. This evening they were much better than usual, and some of the characters in the play and farce were performed in a respectable manner. LOONY MACTWALTER looked like a workhouse knife-grinder, and CALEB QUOTEM would have been pretty good, if he had dropped gagging and jumping about like an old cow stung by the flies.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.—POOR GENTLEMAN.—ROCHESTER.

LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON and OLLAPOD resembled a brace of old quacks, or jack-puddings. SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE twisted his mouth about, and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to make himself uglier than he really was; and FREDERICK had too much the look and manners of a criminal about to make his exit. CORPORAL FOSS and SIR CHARLES CROPLAND were not so badly sustained. The last act was, as usual, butchered, and that cruelly. In "Rochester," MUDDLE would have been very good *if* the person representing it had not endeavoured to make the character more vulgar and beastly than it is, in order to introduce his low wit, and make it more in his line. ROCHESTER was respectable, AMEN SQUEAK grunted like a hog, and EASY was remarkably despicable. DUNSTABLE and LADY LOVELAUGH were creditably performed.

## FRANCIS STREET, NEWINGTON.

MONDAY, 4th MARCH. HEIR AT LAW.—BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Having occasion to visit Kennington this evening, on our way home, we strolled into this delightful place, though rather against our inclination. The characters in both pieces were generally very ill-sustained, but two most particularly so, DOCTOR PANGLOSS and BOMBASTES. We are surprised at the temerity of the fellows here, who, though repeatedly visited by SNOW the con-

Digitized by Google

stable, keep fretting away their hours on the boards until warrants are obtained from Union Hall, and they are put in *limbo* to atone for their offences.

## BERWICK STREET.

FRIDAY, 8th MARCH. PIZARRO.—MONSIEUR TONSON.

This evening we had a grand trial of skill between PIZARRO ALONZO, and ROLLA. Each endeavoured to outdo the others in rendering himself more contemptible and more ridiculous, and they succeeded, we must admit, in exposing their stupidity and ignorance. PIZARRO was something like a shirtless Bond-street lounger, ROLLA a puppet-shew-man, and ALONZO growled like a baited bear. All the others were well worthy of the trio, and as bad as could be wished. The afterpiece set the house in an uproar.

## THE MINOR PRIVATE COMPANY.

(No. 1.)

[*We intend, from time to time, to give a notice of the different private performers, and commence with some of the Minor Private Company.*]

BURNS is middling in some things; he will never arrive at any thing but respectability—even *if* he does at that.

CRESSWELL, of *musical* celebrity, added to a plentiful stock of conceit and impudence, has a most enchanting lisp! His performances are all of the same kind—execrable.

COLLINS's action is forced, and his delivery like a school-boy's; he is, moreover, rather bombastic, but may improve in time, and be qualified for second-rate characters.

COOK never played any thing well in his life, and never will; he is not suited for the stage in any particular. We have heard that he has a great passion for fencing, and in practising a combat with his fist, passing through Covent Garden market, last summer, he had the misfortune to upset an old barrow-woman, and break a great quantity of crockery-ware at a china-shop.

## *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—As a proprietor of *three* minor theatres, and *two* "preparatory barns" for *green-horns* to study in, I have to say, that you have done me much injury in my vocation, by your critiques on the performances: several of my *best hands* have left me, and

Digitized by Google

gone over the water to adorn the *national theatre* for the correction of taste, in Botany Bay: others, whose masters have inspected their *tills*, were to me, TILL then, very useful, are now off the stage, and exhibiting as East India recruits!! My females are now, not on the boards, but treading the *flags*, and my audience are but a "shadow and a name." I hope you do not mean to ruin me—accept of *one hundred and fifteen* free admissions for the three theatres, and pray give me a *lift*, or I must *go down*, like Lucifer, "never to hope again."

Your obedient, unhappy servant,
TIMOTHY BUSKIN.

*Hopkins Street, Soho.*

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

A fashionable countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, roses or tulips?—he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the roses in the world."

A lady, who is a strong advocate for the rights of women, being lately engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, asserted, that an army of women would be in every respect competent to take the field against an army of men, adding, "Suppose I were the commander of 10,000 women, each of whom had a military education, and you of 10,000 men, how would you get an advantage that you might not have, in an equal degree, over men?"—"Madam," replied he, "I would keep from a general engagement—I would make propositions of peace—and, during the treaty, the male and female officers and soldiers must frequently meet to settle the conditions; and, at the end of eight or nine months, when all of you ought to be in the field, you would be in the *straw*."

A GREAT DUKE IN A PASSION.—The Duke of W———ton has no more wit than is sufficient to carry him through the *Hells* of St. James's, where he always plays the losing game; yet often he can hit upon a good thing. "Your Grace speaks without *reason*, and in a passion," said a little tidy Spanish wench, in reply to a "Ah! my dear, *reason* has nothing to do in this case, is desirable when we are entering into *immediate*

Digitized by Google

LADY DACRE AND THE BISHOP.—"Why do you expose your arms quite bare?" said the Bishop of W—— to Lady Dacre, "Why, my Lord, because my long sleeves are like your lawn sleeves, so much *out at elbows*, that I am ashamed to wear them."

---

ON THE DEATH OF I. DIRT, Esq. HAMPTON COURT.

That DIRT lays low is very just,
'Tis nat'ral DIRT should turn to DUST.

---

KING MURAT AND THE DUCHESS OF REGGIO.—Murat, when King of Naples, was very popular, and mixed with his subjects on every occasion where he could do so with propriety. He danced at a ball given by the *Duchesse del Reggio;* her seat was only a few miles distant from the Faro, or Straits of Messina, where, every day, and every night, the British and Sicilian gun-boats were engaged with those of Naples. The *Duchesse* remarked to his Majesty, "That he did not care much for his enemies, when on the very field of battle he devoted so much of his time to his friends." "I do so," said he, "Madam, in order that I may prevent those friends from becoming enemies, which they are very much inclined to be." The *Duchesse* took the hint, and was silent.

---

MARSHAL MACDONALD AND SIR THOMAS TROWBRIDGE.—When Sir Thomas Trowbridge commanded the British fleet blockading Naples, in the year 1799, he had occasion to send several letters to Marshal Macdonald, who commanded the French army. To these Sir Thomas received verbal replies of a very indelicate nature; at last he wrote an official dispatch, and entrusted it to a lieutenant, named Duvall; a flag of truce was hung out from the admiral's ship, and answered by the head-quarters of the French general. When Mr. Duvall was ushered into the presence of Macdonald, he presented the dispatch—"Oh!" said the Marshal, tearing open the seal, "from Trowbridge, the greatest black-guard in the British navy." "Yes, Marshal," replied Duvall, "and it should have been addressed to the greatest villain in the French army, it would then readily have found you without my being the bearer." The Marshal was struck with astonishment at the boldness of the retort—beckoned Duvall to follow him—and concluded a negociation equally honourable to England, France, and Naples.

Digitized by Google

THE RETORT.—A British and Danish seaman were drinking together in a tavern at Lisbon, when the Dane remarked, that the imprisonment of George the Third's sister was very just, for she "vas von dem whoore!" "That is the worse for you," said the British tar, puffing his smoke with uncommon strength from his segar, "for, in that case, your present King must be a damned good-for-nothing bastard!"

## THE GENEROUS LANDLORD.

Sir Squeezewell was crossing his park t'other day,
When his tenant, Giles Jowler, he met on the way;
"Well, Giles," said the knight, (still on avarice bent)
"Do you know I've determined on RAISING your rent?"
"Thank ye, sir," replied Giles, "for I'm short of the pelf,
"And declare, by my soul, I can't RAISE IT MYSELF!"

CARDINAL RUFFO AND LORD NELSON.—Cardinal Ruffo threw aside his hat, and assumed the helmet of war; he led the Calabrian army, and by the co-operation of the British, finally placed Ferdinand on the throne of Naples. I saw him at the storming of Castal de Carmenio, near the city of Naples, on horseback, and bare-headed, with a silver crucifix in his hand, and undismayed amidst showers of bullets, animating the soldiers to storm the place. Yet with this hero Lord Nelson could never agree; history records, that Ruffo intended treachery, but was foiled by Nelson; true, the British fleet, continually laying in the Road of Naples, was an eye-sore to Cardinal Ruffo—he sent various false accounts to induce the British admiral to put to sea, but they all failed. Nelson at last consented to an interview with the clerical general, on board the Foudrayant, which did no good for either parties. In a familiar conversation on deck, Ruffo observed, "You have been idle of late, my lord, and are always lying in the port." "The reason," said Nelson, "is, that you are always *lying* on shore, when you leave off that, I'll leave my station, but not before."

READY WIT.—The celebrated good and learned Doctor Beattie one morning in a bookseller's shop at Aberdeen, observed a bill wherson "majesty" was printed in large capitals; placing his fingers upon the M and the Y, he dryly remarked, "what is majesty divested of its externals—A-JEST.

Digitized by Google

# Literature.

## *Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas.*

This elegant and facinating Romance, was first published in the year 1787. It was written by LOUVET, de Couvray, a member of the Jacobin club, and one of the founders of the French Revolution. We understand that a *mutilated* translation was published, about twenty years since, which is now entirely out of print, and very rarely to be met with. As the original is so universally read and admired, and an English edition being much called for, a new and faithful translation has been made, and will be immediately printed in two neat pocket volumes, without any curtailment. Being confident that it is a work which will suite the taste of all our readers, we are happy in being able to give them a specimen of it, before publication. The part which we shall select, is where young Faublas, when sixteen, is induced by his friend the Count Rosambert, to put on female attire, and go to a ball with him, in order to mortify a mistress of the Count's. The youth and appearance of Faublas, suiting well for this metamorphosis it was presently put in execution, and leave obtained from his father, for him to continue at the ball all night:—

* * * * * I am going, said the Count to me, to present you to a young lady that I esteem very much; it is full two months since I have sworn an eternal attachment to her, and more than six weeks that I have proved it to her. This language was quite enigmatical to me, but already I began to blush at my ignorance, and I put on a knowing smile, to make Rosambert think that I understood him. As I am going to torment her, continued he, assume an air as if you loved me very much, you see what effect it will make on her! Above all, let me caution you against telling her that you are not a girl. We shall be sure to mortify her.

As soon as we appeared in the assembly, all the eyes were fixed on me; I was vexed to feel that I blushed, and could not keep my countenance. Sometimes I thought that a part of my dress must be out of order, or that my borrowed character had betrayed me; but presently, from the general attention of


Digitized by Google

the men, and the universal discontent of the women, I judged that I was well disguised. One lady threw at me a disdainful look; another examined me with a pouting air; they agitated their fans, they whispered among themselves, and smiled maliciously. I saw that I received such a welcome with which they honour, in a numerous circle, a rival who is too pretty, when she appears for the first time.

A very handsome woman entered; it was the mistress of Rosambert. He presented to her his relation, who came, said he, from a convent. The lady (who was called the Marchioness B***) welcomed me in the most obliging manner; I took a seat by her, and the young folks formed a semicircle round us. The Count, much pleased to excite the jealousy of his mistress, affected to give me a marked preference.—The Marchioness, apparently piqued at his coquetry, and fully resolved to punish him, in concealing from him her resentment, redoubled her politeness towards me: Mademoiselle, have you a taste for the convent? said she to me—I should like it well, madam, if I found there many persons like yourself. The Marchioness testified by a smile, how much this compliment flattered her; she put several other questions to me, and appeared delighted with my answers. She loaded me with the little caresses which the women lavish on each other; told Rosambert, that he was happy in having such a relation, and finally gave me a tender kiss, which I returned very politely. This was neither what Rosambert wished, nor what he had promised himself. Hurt at the vivacity of the Marchioness, and still more at the readiness with which I received her caresses, he whispered into her ear, and discovered to her the secret of my disguise. A very likely tale! cried the Marchioness, after having regarded me for a few moments: the Count protested he had told her the truth.—She looked at me again: what folly! it cannot be. The Count renewed his protestations. What an idea! replied the Marchioness, and dropping her voice; do you know what he says? He insists that you are a young man disguised. I answered timidly, in a low voice, that he said the truth. The Marchioness darted a tender look at me, gently squeezed my

Digitized by Google

hand, and pretending to have misunderstood me: I know it well, said she, sufficiently loud; it has not the shadow of probability. Then addressing the Count; but sir, to what end are all these jokes? What! replied he, to this, with astonishment, does mademoiselle pretend—How, if she pretends! look at her! a child so amiable! so pretty!—What! said the Count again—Oh! sir, do pray drop this nonsense, continued the Marchioness, in a manner peculiarly piquante; you either take me for a fool, or you are mad yourself.

I began seriously to think she had not understood me; I said in a low tone? I beg your pardon, madam, I have, perhaps, badly explained myself; I am not what I appear to be: the Count has told you the truth. I do not believe you, any more than him, replied she, speaking still lower than myself, and squeezing my hand.—I assure you, madam—Hold your tongue, you are an hypocrite; but you shall not deceive me any more than him; and she embraced me. Rosambert, who had not heard us, remained stupified. The young folks who surrounded us, seemed to wait with as much curiosity as impatience the end and explanation of a dialogue so obscure to them; but the Count restrained by the fear of offending his mistress if he covered himself with ridicule, and also flattering himself, that I should presently put an end to the mistake; bit his lips, and dared not say a word. Happily at this moment, the Marchioness saw her friend the Countess C*** enter the ball-room: I know not what she whispered into her ear, but the Countess immediately attached herself to Rosambert, nor quitted him during the evening.

In the mean while the ball had commenced, I joined in a country dance; it happened, by chance, that the Countess and Rosambert were seated behind the place which I occupied. The young lady said to him: No, no, all that is useless, I have taken possession of you for the whole evening, I do not give you up to any one. More jealous than a sultan, I shall not suffer you to speak to any one whatever; you dance not at all, or you dance with me; and if you mean all the obliging things you have said to me, I forbid you to say a word, a single word to the Marchioness, nor your young relation? My



Digitized by Google

young relation? said the Count:—If you knew—I will know nothing—only I wish you to remain here. Suppose, added she, in a softer tone, I have designs upon you; are you going to be cruel?—I heard no more of it, for the country dance finished.

The marchioness had not lost sight of me for a moment; I wished to rest myself, I found a place near her; we began, and re-began, broke off, and began twenty times, a very animated conversation, which was often interrupted by caresses, and in which I saw plainly, that I must leave her in the error which appeared to please her so much.

The Count did not cease to observe us with great inquietude, but the Marchioness would not appear to see him: my intention, said she to me, is not to pass the whole night here, and if you take my advice, you will be careful of your health. Come home and have some slight refreshment with me; it is past midnight. Monsieur, the Marquis, will not be long in coming to join me; we will go and sup, and I will afterwards conduct you to your own house, you will find the Marquis a very singular man. He has occasionally fits of tenderness for me—at other times caprices of jealousy, very ridiculous, and frequently is inclined to pay me attentions with which I could willingly dispense. When he vows fidelity to me, I neither believe it nor care for it; nevertheless I shall not be sorry to put him to the proof: he will see you, and find you charming. You will not begin then with this pretty tale of your disguise; 'tis an amusing joke, but we have worn it out; therefore, instead of repeating it before the Marquis de B***, you will do well, if you have no objection to oblige me a little, to make him some advances. I demanded of her what advances she meant. She laughed heartily at the simplicity of my question, and then regarding me with a tender look: Hear me, said she, it is clear that you are a woman: therefore, all the caresses which I have given you this evening, are only out of friendship: but if you had indeed been a young man disguised, and believing it, I had treated you in the same manner, that would have been called making advances, and very warm ones too. I promised her to make advances to the Marquis.—Very well; smile at his proposals, look at him in a significant manner, but do not

Digitized by Google

let him press your hand as I have done, nor embrace you as I have embraced you; that would be neither proper nor decent.

The Marquis arrived. He still had a young look: he was well made, but of very small stature; his appearance was gay, but the gaiety was of that sort which always causes a laugh at its expense. Here is Mademoiselle du Portail, said the Marchioness (for I had taken that name) she is a young relation of the Count, you will thank me for having introduced her to you, she is kind enough to sup with us. The Marquis found that I had *a very happy phisiognomy*, he lavished on me the most ridiculous eulogiums, and I returned them by the most extravagant compliments. I am very happy, Mademoiselle, said he, in a formal manner, which he thought very fine, that you do me the honour to sup with me; you are very pretty—very pretty, and you may depend on what I say in that respect, for I am skilled in phisiognomy. My dear child, said the Marchioness, you have given me your word, you are too polite to break it; I will disembarrass you of the Marquis as soon as he becomes tiresome: she squeezed my hand, and the Marquis saw it. Oh! that I might press one of those little hands within mine! said he. I cast at him a scornful glance: Let us go, ladies, let us go, cried he with an air of levity and triumph, and went out to call his servants.

Rosambert, who heard him, came to us notwithstanding the efforts of the Countess to restrain him: Monsieur (said he to me, in a tone of serious irony,) you no doubt find your new dress very convenient, and do not intend to undeceive the Marchioness. I replied in the same tone, but lowering my voice: my dear kinsman, would you so soon destroy your own work? He addressed himself to the Marchioness: I feel myself bound in conscience, madam, to warn you once more, that it is not Mademoiselle du Portail who will have the honour to sup with you, but the Chevalier de Faublas, my very young and very faithful friend. And I, sir, declare to you, that you have reckoned too much on my credulity and my patience. Have the goodness to drop this impertinent badinage, or determine never to see me more.—I have the courage to chuse either the one or the other, madam, but I should be sorry to interfere with



Digitized by Google

your pleasures, by my indiscretions, or balk them by my importunities.

The Marquis re-entered at the same moment; he tapped Rosambert on the shoulder, and holding him by the hand, said: What! do you not sup with us? Do you leave your relation with us! Know you that she is pretty! Know you what her phisiognomy promises!' He lowered his voice: but between us, I think the little creature is somewhat—lively. Oh! yes, very pretty, and very lively, replied the Count, with a sarcastic smile; she resembles many others; and then, as if he had predicted the approaching fate of this good husband; I wish you a good night, said he. What! think you, replied the Marquis, that I keep your relation for?—listen then, if she is desirous!—I wish you a good night, repeated the Count, and he went out laughing heartily. The Marchioness contended that Rosambert had become mad; and I considered that he was very impolite. Not at all, said the Marquis, confidently to me, he loves you to distraction: he has observed that I pay my court to you, and he is jealous.

In five minutes we were at the residence of the Marquis. Supper was served up immediately, and I was placed between the Marchioness and her gallant spouse, who never ceased saying to me, what he thought, very pretty things. Too much occupied at first in satisfying an appetite, rather masculine, which dancing had given me, I did not find time to reply to him, except by the language of the eyes. As soon as my hunger was a little abated, I applauded, without exception, all the foolish things that he had been pleased to utter, and his bad *bon mots* produced him a hundred compliments, with which he was enchanted. The Marchioness, who had all along paid me the greatest attention, and whose looks were visibly animated, possessed herself of one of my hands. Curious to see how far the power of my deceitful charms extended, I abandoned the other to the Marquis, who seized it with an inexpressible transport.

The Marchioness, plunged into the most profound reflections, seemed meditating some important project; I observed her blush, and tremble by turns, and without saying a word, she

Digitized by Google

gently pressed my right hand, which she held within her own. But my left hand was in a prison less agreeable; the Marquis squeezed it in a manner that made me cry out. Charmed with his good fortune, proud of his happiness, and astonished at the address with which he deceived his wife, even in her own presence, he began alternately to heave deep sighs, and to burst into fits of laughter, which made the ceiling ring; at length, fearing to betray himself, and wishing to stifle this laughter, which the Marchioness might notice, and also, perhaps, thinking thereby to convince me of his passion he bit my fingers.

The beautiful Marchioness waking from her reverie, said: Mademoiselle du Portail, it is late; you were to have passed the whole night at the ball, and they do not expect you at home before eight or nine o'clock in the morning; stay, therefore, with me. I offer to any one an apartment in my house, but my own room shall be at your service. I ought, added she, in an affectionate tone, to act as your mamma; and I would not that my daughter should have any other room to sleep in than my own; I will go and make up a little bed for you, near mine.—And why make up a bed, interrupted the Marquis, there is quite room enough for two in your own: when I come to you there, shall I incommode you? I sleep all the night, and so do you. Having said this, he gave me, in an amorous manner, beneath the table, so hard a blow on the knee, that it grazed the skin. I instantly replied to this gallantry in the same manner, and so vigorously, that he uttered a loud cry. The Marchioness rose with an air of alarm. It is nothing, said he, I have only hit my leg against the table. I burst with laughter, the Marchioness could no more restrain herself than me, and her dear spouse, without knowing why, began to laugh still louder than us both.

When our excessive gaiety was a little moderated, the Marchioness renewed her offers, Accept the half of the Marchioness' bed, cried the Marquis, accept it, I beg of you, you will be well there, you will be very comfortable indeed there. I am going for the present, but do pray, in the meantime accept her offer. He left us. Madam, said I to the

Digitized by Google

Marchioness, your invitation is as flattering as it is agreeable, but is it for Mademoiselle du Portail, or Monsieur de Faublas that you intend it?—What! the Count's bad jokes over again, you little rogue! and do you repeat them! Have I not told you, that I do not believe you?—But, madam—peace, peace, replied she, putting her hand on my mouth; the Marquis is coming, let him not hear such nonsense as this. What a charming girl! (said she, embracing me tenderly) how timid and how modest she is! but she is also very whimsical; come on, you little pickle, come: she held out her hand to me, and we passed into her chamber.

I hesitated about going to bed. The maids of the Marchioness, wished to lend me their assistance; I trembled and begged them to offer their services to their mistress, as I could dispense with them. Yes, said the Marchioness, attentive to all my motions, do not trouble her; 'tis the childishness of the convent; leave her to herself. I got immediately behind the curtains; but I found myself much embarrassed when I was obliged to strip myself of a dress to which I was so little familiar. I broke the strings, tore out the pins, pricked myself in one place, scratched myself in another, and the more I hurried, the less progress I made. A chambermaid passed near me at the very moment when I was pulling off the last petticoat. I trembled lest she should open the curtains; I jumped into bed, astonished at the singular adventure which brought me there, but not as yet suspecting that in sleeping together, we should have any other desire than of chatting together, before we went to sleep. The Marchioness was not long in following me; we heard the voice of her husband: these ladies might as well permit me to assist them in going to bed, What! already in bed! He wanted to embrace me; the Marchioness was greatly offended; he closed the curtains himself, and bade us good night.

A profound silence reigned for some moments. Are you asleep already, my sweet child, said the Marchioness in a gentle tone.—Oh! no, I am not asleep. She threw herself into my arms, and pressed me against her bosom. Oh, heaven! cried she, with an astonishment very naturally assumed, if it

Digitized by Google

was assumed, it is a man!! and then, quickly repulsing me: what! is it possible?—Madam, replied I, trembling, I told you so; You told me so, sir, but was it to be believed? Well, you must not remain in my house—or at least another bed must be prepared for you.—Madam, it is not me, it is the Marquis—But, sir, speak then in a lower tone—you must not remain in my house, you must go away.—Well, madam, I'm going. She then took hold of me by the arm. You are going away! where, and what to do? To awake my maids; to hazard your life in jumping out of the window! to discover, in all probability, to my servants, that I have had a man in bed with me!—Pardon me, madam, be not angry; I am going to recline in the arm chair. Yes, undoubtedly you must—but what a fine resource, (still holding me by the arm) fatigued as you must be! to remain in the cold, and to injure your health! you deserve that I should treat you with this rigour—well, rest there, but promise that you will be prudent. Provided, madam, that you will pardon me.—No, I do not pardon you! but I have still more regard for you, than you have for me. See how cold your hand is already! and out of pity she put it on her ivory bosom. Guided by nature, and by love, this happy hand descended a little; I knew not the stimulus which caused my blood to boil. No woman, said the Marchioness in a milder tone, ever experienced the embarrassment in which you place me. Ah! pardon me then, my dear mamma!—Your dear mamma, indeed! you have a great regard for your dear mamma, little libertine that you are! her arms which had at first repulsed me, gently drew me towards her: presently we were so close to each other, that our lips came in contact, and I was emboldened to print a burning kiss upon hers. Faublas, said she in a voice scarcely audible, is this what you promised me? Her hand strayed; a raging flame circulated in all my veins—Ah! madam! pardon me, I die.—Ah! my dear Faublas—my friend!—I continued motionless. The Marchioness felt for my embarrassment, which could not displease her—She kindly aided my inexperience, and I received, with as much astonishment as pleasure, a charming lesson, which I repeated more than once.

Digitized by Google

# Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

## THE SUCCESSFUL LOVER.

I saw the lass, whom dear I lov'd,
Long sighing and complaining,
When me she shunn'd and disapprov'd
Another entertaining:
Her hands and lips to him were free—
No favour she refus'd him;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
When she so kindly us'd him;
His hands her milk-white bosom prest,
A bliss worth king's desiring!
His head he lean'd upon her breast,
The snowy mount admiring:
Till pleas'd, at last, the charming fair,
When as such passion mov'd him,
She clapp'd his cheeks, and curl'd his hair,
So well she did approve him:
He kiss'd her, till at length he got
Admission to her quarters;
But what he did I tell you not,
For he pull'd off her garters!
The other thing I will not speak,
Because, I think, 'tis evil;
"Oh! pray, sir!" then she cry'd and squeak'd,
"Forbear—be not uncivil!" S. T.

## ON A MARRIAGE AT PADDINGTON.*

When the COAL is consumed, how great are the gains
To be made, as we know, from the COKE that remains:
The reverse may, however, sweet Anna console,
When her COKE shall be gone, she will still have the COAL!

* It is a curious fact, that the cottage where old Coke is spending the honey-moon, stands between a *lunatic* asylum and a boarding-school for *young ladies!*

Digitized by Google

## GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE;

### *An Impromptu on Ex-Sheriff Parkins, Hannah White, and bastard child.*

I ne'er indulge in foolish carpings
At what another man may do—
But never think of Sheriff Parkins,
Except to give the *Devil his due!*

He's pok'd his nose in places black,
On tyrant's cells thrown Mercy's light;
The table's turn'd—and, in a crack,
He's *blown up* by fair Hannah White.

The great Ex-Sheriff, whom we hold
The *rummest* that e'er held the station,
On Hannah White has charged so bold,
She charges him with *fornication*.

The honourable name of DAD
This *ex-officious* Sheriff scorns;
Though like a baited bull drove mad,
He's single, so don't fear his horns.

Coach-makers naturally love *springs*,
As goods in which they deal,
But Hannah White may do those things
To set her lover on the *wheel*.

To right about—but face to face,
As man to woman ought to do—
The Sheriff stands in proper place,
And so does his "WHITE serjeant," too.

The Sessions will set all to *right*,
For Parkin's can *man's rights* maintain;
His suit, that runs at Hannah White,
Can never run against the grain!

Digitized by Google

## THE TWO DOCTORS; OR, A TRUE REJOINDER.

"Why, Doctor HUME," said Doctor SID,
" We can't agree, good lack :"
Says HUME, " because I'm REGULAR bred
" And you are but a QUACK !" B.

## MODERN MANNERS.

What is honour?—'tis damnation.
What is truth?—the soul's salvation.

## THE CONTRAST.

Have you not in a chimney seen
A faggot, which is moist and green?
How coyly it receives the heat,
And at each end doth weep and sweat?
So fares it with a tender maid,
When first upon her back she's laid;
But, like dry wood, the experienced dame
Cracks and rejoices in the flame!

## ROYAL RELATIONSHIP; OR, QUEEN JEZEBEL.

This woman was a wretched thing,
Although the daughter of a king;
And somewhat in the prime of life,
When Ahab took her for his wife:
The mother of two kings was she,
Which in the holy writ you'll see;
And fate about odd things doth bring,
She was step-mother to a king;
Grandmother to a king beside,
Yet, for all this, she *dog's-meat* died.

## THANKS.

The compliment sent to "THE RAMBLER" is good,
The case we retain, as an hostage,
Our wish is for sound INTELLECTUAL food,
But we beg that our friends will pay postage.

SUDBURY, Printer, No. 9, Castle-street, Leicester Square.

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] MAY 1, 1822. [No. 5.


" *Perdutto e tutto it tempo*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" *All time is lost*
" *That is not spent in love.*"

## Reflections

### ON THE PRESENT STATE OF FEMALE TASTE, EDUCATION AND MANNERS.

In hearts where pride has sovereign sway,
The love of novelty will shroud;
And she, whose virtue's gone astray,
Loves all the splendour of the crowd,
Hates morals, flies to lust and evil,
And swears allegiance to the devil.

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—There is nothing more common than the depravity of men and the duplicity of women; daily, and I may say, hourly, incidents prove the justness of the assertion, and convince us that mankind, with all their superiority of intelligence, are little better than brutes in the generality of their propensities. Education and custom throw something like a veil over our conduct—but draw that veil aside, and look into the recesses devoted to the gratification of



Digitized by Google

our various passions, and you will find that in many respects we excel in grossness and vulgarity, in proportion as we excel in understanding.

Many are the women and multitudinous the men, who, were their conduct as much exposed as their faces, would not be able to face the light of the sun, which now they confront without one single sensation of shame or remorse; in vain are the lessons of morality thrown open before them, they go to church in all the order and formality of custom, make their responses most audibly—and with countenances replete with gravity; but alas! they return home forgetful of what they have heard, and will acknowledge to be founded on truth, to perpetrate the most disgusting acts; and to launch out into every species of vice and immorality! If we search for examples of virtue, of prudence, or of propriety, we must not mingle with the *great;* but retire to the haunts of the less ostentatious, to the abodes of reflection, to the chambers of the studious, and the walks of the philosopher. The means and opportunities of the rich, drive them into all kinds of dissipation; and though the coronets they exhibit, were, perhaps, the reward of virtue, we shall find that three times out of four, they are passports to every species of impropriety.

> Garters and Stars, although conferred by kings,
> Are often mean and despicable things.

Young ladies at the present time, seem to have no ambition except that of excelling in the decoration of their persons: the sounder morals of discretion are neglected for evanescent and contemptible ornaments: religion gives way, or rather is forced to yield to the allurements of vice, and the whole fabric of female dignity becomes sapped by the pollutions of false taste, and grotesque importations from foreign lands. The noblest aspirings of the female mind, seem to be a *tasteless* flourish on the harp or piano forte, an incoherent warbling of Tom Moore, indelicacy of dress, and an incessant disposition for loquacity.

To expatiate on the fashions of the day, to give an

Digitized by Google

immense scope to the narratives and insinuations of scandal, in short, to be every thing but rational, appears to be the prevailing glory of the female mind. There are exceptions it is true, but candour will admit that they form no very extensive number.

If we visit the theatre, the finest morality of the stage passes off unheeded; neither the eye nor the ear is pleased with any thing but what is voluptuous and extravagant; and applause is universally lavished on every thing that bears the cast of a *double entendre.*

"Our ladies now, without their fans, can hear
The lustful scenes of Congreve and Farquahar;
Can sit for hours and hear a Wanton boast
Of those she flattered and defrauded most,
Without, indeed, one solitary blush,
Or softly whispering from the boxes—"hush!"
Such is the present state of female taste,
Of ladies, too, who would be reckon'd chaste;
Who go to church, and say their pray'rs at night,
And strangely fancy that their hearts are right,
That all their *little faults* will be forgiven,
And be themselves admissible to Heaven."

To what source are we to trace this stream of inconsistency? Are we to ascribe this defalcation of virtue to the innate corruptions of the human heart—or are we to suppose that the educative system of the present day is founded on error, vice, and immorality? The fact is, the female mind is habituated to nothing solid, beneficial, or mentally ornamental; it is disciplined to nothing conducive of substantial wisdom or glory; but is engrossed and frittered away in the contemplation of toys, and the preparation of *non-entities.* Hence, the depravity we daily witness among the heroines of fashionable life; hence, that laxity of *decency* which even our *mothers* too frequently exhibit to their daughters; hence, the *crim. cons.* that crowd the columns of our public prints; hence, family dissentions, hatreds, and recriminations; hence, jealousies—and, in short, all the bad passions, woes, discontents, and heart-burnings, which more or less float through the mazes of modern society.



Digitized by Google

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES, ABROAD AND AT HOME, OF THE CELEBRATED MARCHIONESS OF C———.

"See and believe!"

This lady has occupied so much of public attention, that if she were not "ever charming, ever new," Slander must halt for want of support in his progress.

Her father, God rest his soul! was an eminent city banker. Who has not heard of old H——y, of whom so many stories are handed down?—[*See our Anecdotes.*]—Her noble partner received with her 100,000*l.*, and 80,000*l.* paid off all his incumbrances. It was a match of interest, and therefore Lady C— is not much to blame if she has placed armour on the forehead of a man who only took her as a *banker's cheque*, to pay away when it suited his convenience.

This lady was never handsome; she is now pretty, and never was any thing more. The portraits of Queen Anne are fac-similies of her pluffy cheeks, high forehead, and cocked-up nose. Her life was exemplary for more than seven years after her marriage, though she never saw her husband seven times in a month.

The scripture saith, that "a house, divided against itself, cannot stand:"—I am sorry to contradict sacred authority, but the House of C—— has been long divided, and yet it *stands* and *prospers*.

The Countess occupies *one half*—her better half the other—where they live as distinct, and know as much of each other's concerns as if the sea divided them.

They met in company, and were civil and polite towards each other, and what more could be expected? Lord M—g—y, now gone to the "land of the leal," had a serious attachment to this lady *previous* to her interested marriage, and his assiduities *after* were repaid by a challenge from the noble husband. It is strange that a man should expose his wife unprotected

Digitized by Google

to the world, and then conceive himself *bound in honour* to shoot the man who dares to be so feelingly *humane* as to offer her his protection: but it is the fashion, and benefits gunsmiths, surgeons, undertakers, and coroners—so let it pass.

These nobles fought near Apres, in Germany, and Lord M—g—y received a wound in the side, which brought on a decline. He wandered abroad in search of health, which he never could recover, and finally settled at Palermo; where, in exercising the duties of a General Officer, worn out with exertion, he died in his thirty-sixth year. The writer of this has often been happy in his society; he was cheerful, but sedate, and very intelligent. At the capture of Salerno, in Calabria, he was a passenger on board the sea squadron, but went on shore: he took an active part in the engagement—and, with a ship's cutlass, killed two Frenchmen, and seizing the howitzer they were using, turned it, and discharged it on the enemy. He was brave and generous—in stature, six feet high, and stout made: it was said he died *broken-hearted* for Lady C—, I am of opinion he died of a broken constitution, from the shot poured into his body by her husband.

Lady C—, in the summer of 1812, took a fancy to go abroad; she was then in the family-way, and embarked in a small pleasure yacht, for Lisbon, accompanied by her physician, Doctor F——. This gentleman officiated in more capacities than one. "Trust me," says that accurate judge of human nature, Laurence Sterne, of facetious memory, "Trust me, there are worse occupations in the world than feeling the pulse of a pretty woman." I believe him, and I have often wished to be a *physician* in London, or a *father confessor* in Paris, for no other reason than the pleasure I should enjoy in feeling the pulses, and administering to the *bodily* and spiritual health of lovely women.

At Lisbon, Lady C— took up her town residence on the Cacalde Novo. She was not noticed by any of the British families, never having been introduced to the representative of his Britannic Majesty, who refused to receive her ladyship. This gross affront she only



Digitized by Google

smiled at, and associated much with the commanders of the British ships in the Tagus. Her yacht was generally under sail every day; and she gave parties on board, and dinners, at which Dr. F— presided at the head of the table. An elegant band of music drew all the officers of the squadron round the "Lovely Mary,"—this was the name of her ladyship's brigantine,—and her presence enlivened the river, if it did not the shore. Parties were given on board every ship, which she attended; and her friend Dr. F— received an appointment under the admiral, little short of *three thousand per annum.* He still retains it, with additions; and is, in his profession, eminently skilful and meritorious.

At Lisbon, the *accouchement* of her ladyship took place; and in seven weeks after its birth, the child died. So little did Lady C—— care for its death, that on the evening which closed the day on which her child expired, she danced at a ball on board the *Lively* frigate. Even the common sailors remarked with indignation upon this conduct. Captain M. K— was then a dashing, handsome fellow: he was called the "Rose of Old England." That night, when the revelries were closed, her ladyship accepted of Captain K.'s offer to land her in his barge. For the first time in his life, the captain mistook his navigation, and in place of her ladyship stepping on to Jacob's Quay at Lisbon, she stept on the quarter-deck of his Majesty's frigate *S—b—a,* nothing loath.

The frigate sailed at day-light in the morning, and Captain M. K— had the felicity of Lady C—'s company for seven weeks that he cruised off the city of Oporto. This might be, for aught I know, or care, a Platonic cruise,—but I doubt it very much: there is, in the composition of sailors, much inflammable matter; and men and women on board a small ship are like metals in a crucible, they must amalgamate from necessity.

Lady C— quitted the *S—b—a* at Oporto, and proceeded overland to Lisbon, accompanied by Mr. Hiram Beakes, once Dutch Governor of the Island of Saba,

Digitized by Google

now, "down among the dead men;"—there let him lie. They were attacked in the passes of the Sierra Tudela by banditti, and plundered of all they possessed; their lives and their mules were left, and no more. In this desolate state they found their way to a convent, now turned into a monastery, where seventy monks nightly rose to sing anthems to God, and deceive men.

So hospitable was the reception they met with, that Lady C— sent Mr. H. Beakes to Lisbon for her own equipage; and in the *society of the monks* remained nine weeks. The Superior, a man built upon real Irish principles, (his model may be seen in the obelisk before Waithman's shop, at the foot of Fleet Street, small at *top*, but large at *bottom*,) had engaged Lady C—'s affections, and she had no notion of parting soon with good friends. Mr. Beakes, however, sent the carriages,—he did not himself return, for reasons only known to himself, and for which we do not care a penny. Lady C— now found that the air agreed with her constitution, and she took a chateau near the beautiful town of Lagos, on the sea coast, memorable for British exploits. There Hawke destroyed a French fleet—there St. Vincent the bold, found shelter after defeating the Spanish fleet with half their number of ships—and there Lady C— found a

"Sheltering port and quiet home
"After all her wanderings."

Lady C— was no Catholic; nor, do I apprehend, of any religion whatever,—but she attended mass, sang anthems, and was duly confessed by her spiritual monitor, the Superior of the Monastery of Tudela. The convent lay not more than three English miles from Lagos. The Governor of Lagos was an Irishman, who had been fifty years in the service of the king of Portugal: he was old:—

"Upon his reverend temples grew
"The blossoms of the grave."

Lady C— was in the habit of giving concerts and

Digitized by Google

balls on *Sunday mornings*; had it been in the evening, it would have been of no matter. This conduct gave offence, and the governor made a delicate remonstrance, when he was called a "*grey-headed apostate*," (he was, in early youth, a protestant, and an officer in the British army;) he was much beloved by all ranks of people, and the tale got wind. The minds of men were all on the roll, like waves on a troubled ocean, and many of his domestics threatened revenge. A threat and an execution go nearly hand in hand in Portugal. Returning late one night from the monastery, where I suppose her ladyship had been to confess the monks, a shot was fired, which slightly grazed her elbow; it was too serious a hint to be misunderstood. The yacht was ordered round from Lisbon, and her ladyship left the town of Lagos for ever. She arrived safe in England, and took up her abode, as heretofore, at her husband's; he was glad to see her, because her uncle had just died, and left her thirty thousand pounds. She generously divided the money with her spouse, and they lived again in harmony.

At Windsor, her ladyship went to a small party given by the M— of H—, there she, for the first time, saw *him*, whom every one talks of; and on the succeeding day accompanied him, in a chariot, to Hampton-Court. From this period, her husband's elevation and her own may be dated. An elegant house was taken for her husband in the vicinity of Windsor Park, and it was only a step from that to a cottage, which has been so very highly celebrated for amorous adventures.

The career of this lady has since been very brilliant, but no one can say that she has ever acted with any harshness to those whom she might have reason to regard as enemies.

She had the pleasure of attending the royal presence to Ireland, and there was not much noticed, except in one instance, when she nodded familiarly to a *certain person*, and he returned it with a smile.

*The Tale of the Violet Diamond*, said to have been presented to this lady, and then recalled—I believe to

Digitized by Google

be untrue. The giver had too many *private* diamonds, to make use of one that was *public property*; and he also has a spirit superior to such great meanness.

Latterly, however, the reptile Discord has intruded into the paths where Lady C— was wont to tread with unmingled pleasure. Her friend *Ben*, to whom she once looked as to an *oracle* and a *protector*, gave her some umbrage.—The consequence was, like children at school, the complaint was submitted to the head master; he decided in favour of the scholar. Ben was sent to the *right-about*, and lady C—'s son was appointed in his place, as *lick-plate*, *stable-groom*, *shoeing-horn*, and *earwig*.

Such is the state of lady C—, and her family, at this time. She does not occupy more than a *second* place in her *illustrious* friend's heart, nor does she appear to aspire higher—she is content. Her husband has got a superior title and situation. Her son the same, with great emoluments.

Both son and daughter are on the point of marriage with those far above them in birth and fortune. And if a parent finds herself justified in sacrificing her *reputation*, to advance the fortunes of her family, then lady C— is on the right side of the question. The writer of this, is no stranger to all that concerns lady C—, he neither animadverts, acquits, or condemns: he only states facts, and leaves the power to *comment* in the minds of his readers.

Lady C— is now in her *forty-ninth* year: wherever she resides, she is beloved; her failings are her own, for them she has alone to answer: but she never stirs abroad without being accompanied by the *benedictions* of the poor, and with their blessings we leave her.

T. FITZOSBORNE.

Digitized by Google

# The Rambler;

## *Or, the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities, of* Gregory Griffin.

*(Continued from page, 102.)*

### CHAPTER III.

In the last chapter we left young Gregory at the age of thirteen, indefatigably pursuing his studies, under an ancient Jesuit, a native of Rome, who resided in England from the period that his order was destroyed. Father Baldini, (for that was his name) took a peculiar pleasure in cultivating the mind of his pupil, but was more assiduous in teaching him the nicities of school divinity, than in rendering him an accomplished classic. He was rather ambitious of making a casuist, than a scholar, and our hero was well calculated for the old man's purpose, for he possessed more industry than genius, more subtlety than imagination; and in his temperament the phlegmatic was predominant. He soon became an adept in polemical disputation, and one day the old man was so pleased with his ingenuity in argument, that he put his hand upon Gregory's head, and said, " my dear boy, if our order should be re-established, as I have no doubt it will, you will one day be a member of the Jesuit's College, at Rome. Thus passed his time between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. So entirely devoted to mental pursuits he gave himself no relaxation but change of labour; from Greek and Latin, he went to French and Italian. From divinity and ecclesiastical history, to English poetry and architecture. From officiating as an Acolyte, to exploring with Dr. Milner the antiquities of Winchester Cathedral.

It has been said, that " Love is the daughter of Idleness," from which it might be inferred that if we were always properly employed, we should not have time to fall in love, but experience proves, that under all circumstances, love occurs as naturally when the sexes are ripe for it, as the trees shoot forth their leaves when

Digitized by Google

the sap rises, in the spring. The other Acolyte, who assisted at the altar with Gregory, was called Ned Fenton, and was the only youthful companion our hero had. Fenton invited him for a walk one Sunday evening towards Saint Cross, to meet two lasses who were apprenticed to Miss Crucifix, a respectable milliner in the High Street. It appeared that his motive in taking Gregory, was to detach the girls. His companion's flame, Lucy Jones, was a pert forward wench of sixteen, but her friend, Amelia Bland, was a modest bashful girl, about the age of Gregory. The moment they met, Fenton said abruptly, "there Griffin, give your arm to Miss Bland, and follow us." This was done without a word being spoken by the junior parties. There was a something, however, in the countenance and manner of Amelia, that made an instantaneous impression upon our novice, but he was equally modest and bashful as herself; and they followed the others at some distance without being able to speak to each other. Independent of the powerful impulse which nature has implanted in the sexes at this age, to bring them together, there is also a great infection in example. They say to themselves; such a one has a sweetheart, and why should not I? Fenton and Lucy were acknowledged lovers, and had arrived at a great degree of freedom and familiarity; they frequently looked back, and laughed at Gregory and Amelia, who were marching so sedately behind, without daring to look each other in the face. "Look, Fenton," said Lucy, "see how Amelia blushes—how sanctified and silent they are, as if they were afraid of each other. But if your friend's heart is as unengaged as Amelia's, I'll wager the new garters you bought me at Mornhill Fair, that they are caught. They are both timid—both embarrassed, but they'll come too in time; take my word for it, the little god is at work." "Never mind their impudent nonsense," said Gregory to Amelia, in a faltering voice, and pressing her arm against his side. "They are old acquaintances, and should not expect novices, as they call us, to be as flippant as themselves." Then, after a pause, he

Digitized by Google

got breath enough to continue: "But should I have the means of cultivating and of deserving your friendship, we may one day be able to chat as freely as they do." Amelia was still silent, and after another pause, he summoned up courage to proceed. "Have I not had the pleasure of seeing you before, Miss Bland?" Amelia stammered. "Yes, sir—no, sir—I don't know, sir." "What am I to understand by this?" "Why, sir, I cannot tell whether you have seen me; but I know you personally as well as I do my own brother; I have seen you every Sunday for these twelve months." "Indeed, and where?" replied Gregory. "Miss Jones and myself have sat near the altar, and could not help seeing you at mass and vespers; but I much doubt if you ever noticed me, for you never looked towards the audience." "And has Lucy known my brother Acolyte so long?" "Their eyes used to meet during the service, and for six months no other language passed between them. They met one day by accident—they shook hands like old friends, and walked together arm in arm, but without being able to open their lips." "Then that rattling dog, Fenton, appeared as stupid as myself?" "I can say this, sir, that the flippant Miss Jones, who just rallied us so cruelly, was as perplexed and tongue-tied as you found me."

The walk was now terminated, and the parties were obliged to bid each other adieu. Gregory went home to bed, and ruminated upon his new adventure. He experienced a series of sensations to which he had previously been an utter stranger; but he knew not that they were the harbingers of love. Amelia's image floated in his imagination; and he looked forward with anxiety to the next Sunday evening. It came, and they met. There was a simplicity about her that disdained affectation and hypocrisy; their sensations had been mutual; and her countenance, which was particularly pleasing and expressive, evinced the satisfaction which she felt on seeing him again. They improved in conversation, agreed to cultivate a friendship, and at parting, when gently pressing her hand between his own, he felt a soft return; like an electric shock it

Digitized by Google

vibrated throughout his frame,—the luxurious thrill intoxicated him with pleasure,—their companions were at a distance, and the evening was dark; he raised her hand to his lips, and imprinted on it a burning kiss of gratitude and devotion. There is a something peculiarly sacred to the youthful lover, who, in the purity of his heart, performs this gentle homage without an idea beyond it; and at this moment no sensual feeling regarding the fair Amelia had entered into the heart of our hero; he had never yet thought of approaching even her lips, but was inspired alone by an anxious solicitude to please, and a fear of giving offence.

The spring was advancing, and the parties contrived to double the number of their interviews, by rising very early on the Sunday mornings. They chose the most sequestered and romantic walks, and Gregory and Amelia would frequently sit upon a stile reading some favourite poet, until they forgot the duties of the day, and were obliged to hurry home, for fear of exciting suspicion. At other times, they would read until they came to passages so forcibly describing the state of their hearts, that they could read no further: they would stop almost breathless, and gaze on each other with tears in their eyes; then closing the volume, would pretend to occupy their attention with the various beauties which a May morning in the country presents to the view. On one of these occasions, while pausing and looking stedfast at each other, Gregory said, "This poet must certainly be a great master of the human heart; this must surely be the language of nature, or why should it touch us so sensibly? We have been brought together by accident, connected by sympathy, and endeared by friendship. We have used no art, and have had no object but mutual pleasure. This book, however, tells us that we love; it appeals to our hearts, or it could not draw tears from our eyes; our tears must be the result of finding our own sensations correspond with the poet's chaste and faithful delineation of pure and virtuous love! Is it not so, Amelia? Come, let me kiss those pearly drops from your eyes." He did so. "Now, if you believe me



Digitized by Google

true, let me, for the first time, salute your rosy lips; and if your heart beats in unison with mine, the kiss will be mutual, and more binding than all the declarations or avowals we could make." She first hid her face in his bosom, and endeavoured to dry up her tears. When she had gained her breath, she raised her head, and with a look of ineffable kindness, and at the same time full of the dignity of conscious innocence, said, "I cannot act the hypocrite—I am yours!" Oh, heaven! what transport was there in the chaste embrace which followed. Oh! who can describe the rapture flowing from the first kiss of a love like theirs? It is a question whether the more convulsive pleasures of the bridal night, are equal to the celestial luxury we experience in the first kiss of pure, youthful and mutual love. Our first love is like the bloom of fresh-gathered fruits, it can be tasted but once. There is a fascinating charm of novelty, which we can never again enjoy! When the day is gone for such enjoyment, we may give ourselves up to debauchery, dissipation, avarice, or ambition; but in those happy moments of youthful purity, the world contains no bribe rich enough to corrupt us; it can offer no boon superior to the one we are possessed of; and we may sincerely exclaim with the poet:—

> Hadst thou but tasted once, the thousand'th part
> Of joys which bless the lov'd and loving heart,
> Thy vows repentant and thy sigh would prove,
> Lost is the time that is not spent in love.
>
> TASSO.

## LONDON HELLS EXPOSED,

### *In the History of the Hon. F. Haphazard and Harriet Syren.*

"They died in the blaze of their fame."—BURNS.

It may readily be supposed that the fortune and dissipation of the honourable Mr Haphazard, brought around him a numerous quantity of land sharks, who

Digitized by Google

are always, in imitation of those in the ocean, prowling round a rich freighted ship, to feed upon the bodies which dissipation discharges into the sea, before the end of the voyage; victims of disease and debauchery. They buzzed about his ears like a swarm of bees, ready to sting him privately to death, and he like an idle drone never had spirit to brush them away.

Foremost among these hellish worthies, were the two Irish brothers, Mr. William and Mr. Hill D—l—y. The first had been in the British service as an officer, from which he passed into that of the king of Naples. He was a handsome man, and spoke Italian with fluency, and thus became very serviceable to the British admiral who commanded the fleet on the coast of the two Sicilies, and knew no more of Italian than he did of cowardice.

It is a well known fact, that the Q—n of Naples, was a perfect *Messalina*, and D—l—y became her paramour, openly, for she made no secret of her intrigues. The prime minister, general Acton, looked upon him as a political rival; and also a private one, nevertheless the queen's influence over her aged consort, procured him the honour of knighthood, and a chamberlain's gold key, the latter was highly necessary to carry on his secret midnight plans, and in addition to these, her majesty got him made colonel of the Calabrian regiment, the finest in the service. Colonel D—l—y had seen some hard fighting in the British navy, but he was supposed not to be very partial to exposing his handsome person. The field of Venus was to him a readier path to honour and promotion, and he arduously laboured in that pleasing duty, he had many to satisfy beside his illustrious patroness. The Countess of H—se shared his favours, and so did lady E— L. H—n who indeed did more for him than any of his mistresses. She furnished him with money in addition to her charms, which to him was the most acceptable offering which she could bestow.

He was poor, and the court of Naples had little to give away but bills payable at sight, upon the firm of Cupid and company.



Digitized by Google

To keep up his appearance, he had recourse to the gaming tables, and from the king down to his equeries he fleeced them all, till at last no one would venture to play with him for any sum of consequence. After the death of his royal mistress, he returned to England with a few hundreds in his pockets, and commenced partnership with his brother as a "duster of the hells."

He was well known from wearing a silver star, as arge as a pewter platter, and loitering about the club-houses in St. James's-street. H—ll D—l—y had for years run the rigs of the town, and depended upon the dice-box for his support, and a handsome one he derived therefrom. He drove a dashing pair of bays in a Grecian curricle, and was himself one of the most accomplished and handsome men of the day. Into the hands of these two brilliants Mr. Haphazard's fate threw him. The Syren shared her favours with both, and they all divided the plunder of her keeper.

At one sitting, in Brixton's Hell, near Berkley Square, Colonel D—l—y *fleeced the sheep* of 3000*l.* With this, he went off into the West of England, where his star captivated the eye of a virgin, who would be a lady, and he stepped into wedlock and 1,500*l.* per annum.

H—ll D—l—y one evening was proceeding, with the Syren under his arm, to our hero's dwelling; he had that day raised 6000*l.* by mortgage, and they proposed gulling him out of the whole, and proceeding to the continent to enjoy their nefarious plunder. Providence frustrated this honourable design, and, for a time, saved our hero: a gig-horse, which had run away, dashed furiously on to the pavement, and the shaft struck H—ll D—l—y on the breast and killed him immediately. In a few months after this event, Colonel D—l—y fell down in an apoplectic fit, and expired. They who had so long been the dæmons employed by Mammon in his hells upon earth, could not be at a loss for a good reception in the other world; and the suddenness of their exit would render their presence more acceptable to the black gentleman.

Digitized by Google

The judgment of heaven seems to have been levelled at these worthies, and their fate should be a warning to all that the wrath of an offended deity will sooner or later overtake those who trample on his precepts, and despise the admonitions of religion.

The Syren did not lament their loss: she had no feelings in common with her sex, and beheld the man, whom she affected to love, running headlong to perdition, and lent all her energies to hasten his destruction.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THEOLOGICAL QUACKERY.

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—Though I should consider your work one of the last to be turned into a vehicle for polemical controversy, yet you may not, perhaps, object, now and then, to a slap at other follies of the day than such as you have hitherto noticed. A more glaring instance of arrogance, conceit, and coxcombry does not exist, than is to be found in the conferences of a certain junta, calling themselves "Free-Thinking Christians."

I had been told that these people were the most rational of Christians; that they laboured to divest Christianity of all those meretricious appendages with which craft and ignorance combined had disfigured its native purity—its original simplicity. From this, I expected to find them the most humble, mild, meek, tolerant, and gentleman-like Christians in the world. Being told that they reasoned upon Christianity until they carved it down almost to a nut-shell, I expected to find them so charitable and reasonable, that they could account and make allowances for all the errors and failings of their fellow animals, and fanatics of every class. But, judge my disappointment, the other Sunday, on entering one of their *Gossiping Shops* in Holborn; instead of being the most meek and humble, I found them the most arrogant and conceited reptiles I had ever met with: theirs was the only church of God; no one could be a Christian who differed much from them; the ministers of other sects, who preached



Digitized by Google

the trinity, baptism, sacraments, and eternal broiling hereafter, were knaves and hypocrites, and their followers fools. The most ignorant, bigotted, and narrow-minded fanatical preacher in England cannot be more violent and scurrilous in denouncing those who differ from him, than this insignificant junta of *soi-disant* Rationals and Free-Thinkers.

They are a set of hucksters, who have stolen their notions from some of the most amiable and accomplished men that ever lived, such as Priestly, Price, Lindsay, Belsham, and others; but they deal them out in such a rude and brutal manner, that they render them disgusting. They lay the axe at the root of Christianity in the most ferocious manner, and after having lopped two thirds away, raise a few flimsy sophistries of their own, and damn you if you will not accept them as gospel. The word knave and hypocrite is constantly in their mouths—but, for my part, I would much sooner believe those to be sincere who professed to believe in the whole mass, (whether rubbish or not) than I would credit those who pretend to have the same faith in it when they have scarcely left it a leg to stand upon. Their Free-Thinking is the merest hoax in the world, for if your thoughts go a step beyond theirs, you cease to think *rightly*. They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; they cavil about lesser absurdities, and adopt the greater. Would you believe it, sir, that these ferocious Mohocks, after having dismembered the holy trinity of two-thirds of its dignity, pulled the angels down from Heaven, destroyed the Devil, quenched the eternal flames of hell, abolished the sacraments, and annihilated all immortal souls, had the unparralleled impudence to demand of me, as the *sine qua non* of my admission into their fraternity, that I must believe in the resurrection of Jesus, as the only proof of our recusitation hereafter.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

CRITO.

*20, New Compton-street, Soho.*

Digitized by Google

# Fashionable Gallantry.

## CRIM. CON.—SHERIFF'S COURT.—*April 20th.*

### THWAITES *v.* SMITH.

Mr. Chitty, who is very *chatty* upon these occasions, addressed the jury, and stated this case. The defendant suffered judgment to go by default, so we shall not be much in fault if we decline entering at large into the case.

The plaintiff was a coach-driver. The defendant a coach-master, who was inclined to "ride and go" in conjunction with his inferior. The lady is described as very *handsome*, according to a coach-driver's idea of female beauty, which is often much the same as the judgment he bestows on his cattle—"sound wind and limb, high fore-hand, and not hollow-backed." The plaintiff was pointed out as a husband indulgent to excess towards his wife.

Mr. Platt was employed for the defendant, but he had no good materials to work upon: he premised by saying, that he did not stand there as the advocate for adultery; he was as little inclined as any man, who valued the well-being of society, to become its apologist. He would not deny that his client had done wrong, for he had admitted it, but there was no proof of deliberate seduction, breach of friendship, or violation of hospitality. Damages were certainly due, but a small sum would meet the justice of the case.

The Sheriff very briefly summed up the evidence, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—*One Hundred Pounds* damages.

With the decision of a jury, under the direction of an able and upright judge, we do not presume to meddle, but we think, in this instance, more importance has been attached to this circumstance than it merited.

"'Tis strange there should such difference be
"'Twixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*."

Digitized by Google

## CRIM. CON. IN INDIA.

*Before the Lord Bishop of Bengal.*

Lady C. Jenkinson, it appeared, was married to Col. Trotter, and in the space of three years, she would neither trot, canter, or gallop in his company. She did not, however, remain restive, for she ran off with Sir Charles Hughes, who very politely offered to fight the injured husband, as a remedy, for the injury he had sustained. This, Mr. Trotter did not relish, and brought his action at law. The commander of the district gave the lady an excellent character, and said that he had known her intimately for three years. Verdict—Damages 5000*l.*

The distance betwixt this and India is so great, that we have no means of communication so speedy that it can serve our monthly purposes. This lady has been celebrated in London, and with all the wild varieties of her age, she has a good heart, and we shall not be doing her injustice, when we remark, that her husband is seventy-two years of age, and the lady twenty-seven.

These matches are so preposterous, that the folly of the men, and the weakness of the women, are alike, worthy of reproof. Mr Trotter, it appears, has got rid of a bad bargain, at a price he had no right to expect; he has been paid for not doing his duty most amply. We cannot class this with those crimes that are so often under our head of crim. con. it is a fault of the old man, and not a crime of the young woman.

---

## CRIM. CON.

*Lancaster,—Sheriff's Court.*

This was an undefended action, brought by Mr. Cochrane, of Old Trafford, for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from his spouse, against Mr. Jackson, tutor to

Digitized by Google

his children, with whom his precious rib had long kept up a criminal intercourse, even under his own roof, and under his nose. The lady, notwithstanding unequivocal proofs of her guilt, obstinately refused to quit the house of her husband—the sanctuary of her crime. After a short hearing, damages were given, 100*l.*

The most painful thing in this case is, that the lady was the mother of seven children. A man should well consider before he takes a *tutor* into his family. They very often neglect their *public* duty to the children, and give *private* instructions to the mother: for this they are well qualified at college; indeed, it is reckoned the most essential qualification to be obtained in those pompous seminaries.

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

*Lent Assizes,—Gloster, April 6.*

KING *v.* CHANCE.

King George the Fourth has been fighting against *chance* all his life, and it is ten chances to one but he will lose by the last throw. In this case, it is only his subjects who are concerned; and we are always hurt to have any thing to record that militates against *manly integrity* towards the fair sex. But we will do our duty; we are true Britons; but we prefer truth even before the love of country. Miss Mary Ann King, the plaintiff, is now thirty-two years of age, but was only twenty-six when she was first courted by Mr. Chance, who is now thirty-eight years old, (neither of 'em chickens.) Miss King's father lived upon a salary of 86*l.* per annum. Chance had been a lieutenant in the Gloucester militia; and, besides, enjoyed a handsome private fortune; his manners were fascinating; his *set-out* gay and striking; and he regularly paid his *devoirs* to the fancy dress-maker, for such was Miss King. When the old gentleman requested to know his intentions towards his daughter, his reply

Digitized by Google

was, "May my hand drop from my body; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I deceive you or your daughter; and no one but her shall ever call me husband!"

These expressions are strong and beautiful, inasmuch as they were taken from holy writ. As to fortune, Mr. Chance said he would *chance* that; he thought Miss King in herself a fortune. He tells her, in one of his raving epistles, that he never "saw any thing in her, by word or deed, that would raise a blush on the cheek of innocence." But mark the versatility of human nature: after five years' laborious courtship, he himself, in *propria persona*, calls upon the amiable Miss King, to ask her consent to his marriage with Miss Maria Evans, and the return of all his letters; faintings and hysterics were the consequence; from which, when the young lady recovered, she exclaimed, in bitter anguish, "Oh, father! it will be the death of me;" a false prophecy, for she has lived to bring this action. In January, Mr. Chance married Miss Evans, and put an end to all the expectations of Miss King. She was left alone. That beauty which charmed Mr. Chance had faded; grief had forestalled the ravages of time. Six long years of hope deferred had made her heart sick, and her desertion was an irretrievable injury.

Gallantry and honour justly give the military heroes peculiar fascinations in the eyes of the fair sex; and Mr. Chance had the former, but not the latter. His march was over the bosom of innocence—he pitched his tent where he could ravage and destroy; and when the war-torch of love was quite exhausted, he cast it away, and there was no Promethean heat to rekindle it. The voice of calumny is low but piercing, and would insinuate that Miss King was not forsaken without cause.

Miss King, with a broken heart, had neglected her business as a dress-maker, and in all the tattered, perishing array of celibacy, was hastening to the grave. Mr. Chance had found her in the bloom of life, and in circumstances of health and comfort—and had left her

Digitized by Google

shattered, forlorn, and hopeless. He had not, it is true, deprived her of the consciousness of virtue, for this she had herself preserved—but it was all she had left in the world. Human nature shrinks back with horror at the contemplation of so hardened a scene of wanton depravity. We pity the lady united to Mr. Chance; for it is a thousand chances to one, if he will ever make her happy. A verdict was given, in favour of Miss King, for 800*l*. This, probably, will speak more home to the feelings of Mr. Chance, than all which can be urged against him; and we sincerely hope it is not too late in the day, for Miss King, with eight hundred pounds for her portion, to have a *better chance* for a husband, than the one she has lost.

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

*Warwick Assizes,—April* 10.

BATES *v.* MORRIS.

This action was rather novel in its *denounement*. The plaintiff, a fine plump country girl, went to live with defendant, as maid-of-all-work. She continued for a length of time to do all-work satisfactorily, though not a MAID: she could, in fact, turn her hand to any THING: and by way of encouraging her industrious propensities, her uxorious master paid her court—and actually promised her marriage; in consequence of this, she added to her duties of servant of all-work, some of the pleasing duties appertaining to the office of a mistress and a wife, and in due time became

"As women wish to be, who love their lords."

Farmer Giles then beat about the haystack, and refused to fulfil his promises. She was discharged in the head and front of the business, and in return she charged him with a breach of his engagements. The defendant acknowledged the facts, and said, what no

Digitized by Google

man in his real senses would say, that "*the child she had in her womb was his.*" Vanity, vanity, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. For lo, and behold! a fellow-servant-girl swore, that a sweetheart of the plaintiff's visited her almost every night, and she had to sit up—while they were together in bed, we presume—for a juror was withdrawn, and here the case ended. It is not of any importance, but laughable enough to observe the impudence of the wench, and the vanity of the man, in owning that work solely as his own, upon the formation of which he had a journeyman to assist him.

---

## ABDUCTION IN IRELAND.

Two instances have recently taken place in Ireland, where young women have been forced from their homes, in order to compel them to marry certain persons. It does not appear, that in either case, any violence was used, except that of carrying off the persons by force; they have been restored to their families unpolluted, after having resolutely refused to marry the persons proposed for their husbands.

One of the men has been condemned to death, as he committed a robbery on the goods when he assisted to steal away the young woman; he is recommended as an object of mercy. The Irish, and not a few of the English, are unaware that abduction is a crime punishable with death. But their eyes will now be opened. The trial possesses no interest, so we shall not give it. Some years ago, the daughter of Mr. Pike, a rich banker at Cork, was forcibly carried from her home by an Irish Baronet; (his name we forget) after detaining her three weeks, she was released. The Baronet was tried, found guilty, and sent to Botany Bay, as a convict for life.

He remained there until the present king became Regent of the united kingdoms, when he received a free pardon, and is now in Ireland, a married man, and a peaceable subject. When men of such high

Digitized by Google

rank, fortune and education, are not fully aware of the consequences of such a crime—it is no cause of surprise that the lower orders, nursed in obscurity, and without knowledge of right from wrong, should do such deeds. We trust the late sentence will have due effect in opening the people's eyes, and that we shall hear of such acts no more.

The abduction in both cases, took place for the sake of the young girls' fortunes, and had nothing to do with the present disturbances.

ERIN ALBANIA.

## Eccentricities.

### A LETTER FROM THE HURON, OR PUPIL OF NATURE, IN EUROPE, TO HIS FRIEND, IN THE AMERICAN WOODS.

*(Translated from L'Ingenu of Voltaire.)*

I am now in Britain, a country which we have heard of in our forests. The women here, are lovely beyond description: it is impossible to look on them and not desire to enjoy them. Our women are engaging from the sweetness of their disposition, from their study to please, and from the native elegance of their persons, it is both natural and reasonable to love them: but these are altogether bewitching. One is intoxicated by their beauty, and enflamed by a thousand gentle arts, to which our innocents are strangers. Their dress seems modest and tempting, it seems formed for love, and their cheeks are fresher than the new-blown rose; their breasts are as white as snow that has never seen the sun; their eyes reveal their wishes as strongly as the eyes of our women; but their lips—can you believe! continually contradict them; they would be thought to have no desires, and yet are continually burning for enjoyment. Being a stranger to this deceit, the first time I was alone with one of their handsome women, I told her my wishes; but she turned from me, and answered me in a manner, so very different from our dear, honest creatures, who are always thankful for the favours of love, that my pride was alarmed: I thought she had despised me on account of my country, and was preparing to tell her, with a



Digitized by Google

haughty and enflamed countenance, that I considered the Huron; to be as good flesh and blood as the Britons, when coming up to me with a smile, she said, "you are a fool, Huron—would you have a woman to say yes, the first time you ask her:" and she left the room with an inviting look, I followed her, though not without some emotions of pain as well as displeasure; they were soon however dispelled, all was boundless delight. She received me in her bed room, with all the warmth of one of our wives, when we have been long absent in the woods, and come home loaded with game. She clasped me in her arms, pressed her lips to mine, and kissed me to suffocation, she threw herself upon the bed; I was all on fire, she was warmer if possible; one while she lay as if she had been dead, at another she practised such wantonness as would astonish the most amorous of our women. "Be not surprised, my dear Huron," said she, "that I meet your embraces with so much transport, at the age sixteen I was married to a man of sixty; not with my own consent you may be sure: I could not possibly love a man so much older than myself, but still I was pleased to think he was a man, for nature, about that age, generally tells us we are women; and therefore through the persuasion of my parents, who told me he was very rich, and could enable me to ride in my coach, I was induced to marry him. Alas! I had much better have hugged my pillow as formerly: for then I could have fancied myself in the arms of some sweet youth; but now I am troubled with the pawings of a harpy, who puts me eternally in mind of my forlorn condition, by raising desires which he cannot gratify." "You had much better, at least," said I "have been married to a Huron, and instead of riding in your coach, have carried a cradle on your shoulders." "Oh!" said she, intoxicated with pleasure, "I would rather marry a Huron, than the greatest prince in Europe." The husband was a dealer in furs, so that I had frequent opportunities of seeing my charmer without suspicion; one day, however, he caught us together in her chamber, and I was forbid the house; but she will soon find a method of seeing me, or will find another, for nature will not be defrauded. When the heart is not engaged what law can influence the conduct! Parents and priests, by such impious connections, are the authors of infidelity, even of prostitution! what wonder that she, who has lain with him she hates, should lie with him she loves! or that she who has taken a bridegroom for life, should take a lover for an hour!

Digitized by Google

## LOVE IN NORTHUMBERLAND; OR, A KNOCK-ME-DOWN ARGUMENT FOR A HUSBAND.

Just like love.—*Camoens.*

In the county of Northumberland there lives, (at what particular spot I do not chuse to remember, for reasons with which the reader has no business) a wealthy grazier, celebrated for fat oxen, extensive pastures, an immense fortune, and a daughter near six feet high.

Premiums flowed upon him, and his sideboard was covered with cups, bowls, vases, and foxes' heads set in silver and gold. He was a member of every agricultural society in Europe, although a grazier with ten thonsand acres running to waste, no man was ever a greater enemy to the agricultural interest.

His principle ambition was to see his daughter well married into a respectable family. For as to his own, his grandfather was a carrier, in the town of M——h, and his father had been whipt at a cart's tail for stealing a pair of pattens. He accumulated his wealth by niggardly, but not dishonest means, and was respected by every body, except the poor.

"When beef was eat to them he gave the bones,
When coals were pick'd, to them he gave the stones."

A young and dashing esquire, recently come of age, and proprietor of an estate worth 3,000*l.* per annum, on the banks of the Wansbeck, made proposals for Miss Grazier, (such we will call her for the present.) The old man's vanity was flattered, as Squire Rothwell's

——————— Ancient but ignoble blood,
Had crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.

In fact his ancestors had come to Britain with WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and some of his progenitors were hanged for their loyalty, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. He was now on the point of serving the office of high sheriff, was justice of the quorum, and a member of Parliament.

He was thin and delicate in his form, rather effeminate, nevertheless what he wanted in muscular vigour, his future intended could supply, for she could leap a five barred gate, either on



Digitized by Google

horseback; or on foot, by placing one hand upon it; and to show the power of her delicate arm, could knock down a bullock with a single blow.

Miss Grazier was up to the ears in love, and so thought her beau—they visited M——d C—t—l, where the old father arranged every thing for the marriage taking place.

Every thing was signed, sealed and recorded, when lo! what dire mishaps occur betwixt the cup and the lip. The evening preceding that fixed upon for the connubial ceremony, the squire and his beautiful fair walked into the garden to enjoy the sweets of a summer evening. They had not been long there, when, from what cause it is to me unknown, the company at the drawing-room window were a little astonished, for they beheld Miss Grazier level the lover at her feet, and opening the garden gate, run off towards the market town; relief was instantly offered to raise the fallen lover, and he was borne into the house, trembling in every limb, and displaying a delightful black eye. The squire decidedly refused to give any account how and why the encounter had taken place; and all was left to conjecture. Evening scattered her silvery escutcheons over the neighbouring mountains—midnight stretched her leaden sceptre over a slumbering world—morning rose in smiles—but the smiling Miss Grazier did not appear.

The father became distracted, and the old maids became censorious. When a post-chaise and four drove up to the gate, and out sprang Miss Grazier, leading by the hand no less a personage then the son of her father's steward. Dropping on her knees, she presented him to the offended parent as her husband. Horror-struck! the company retired back a few paces, but the worthy clergyman who had married the happy couple, called old Mr. Grazier on one side, and whispered something in his ear, that induced him to salute his daughter with affection, and welcome her choice with cordiality; declaring that he would give them 5000 pounds as a marriage portion. At once, the whole company saluted the bride, and all vied in paying homage to the pupil of Mendoza. Reader, art thou not envious to know what the man of God whispered in the ear of the man of the earth, so as to cause so rapid a revolution in his sentiments; I will tell the truth. Miss Grazier was full five months gone with child; and from some events connected with this whimsical tale, the heir to old Grazier's great fortune, is called "hay-rick Jack" at this day.

Digitized by Google

The squire contented himself by drily remarking, that though he had been foully knocked down, he would have been knocked up for life, if he had not been knocked down for death; and from all that I have heard, the good lady has never exercised her fistic talents upon her husband or family, since the nuptials.

This is a specimen of life in the country; and in the wilds of Northumberland refinement is not to be expected: and I question, whether a good stout hale hearty steward's son is not calculated to make a better husband for a damsel six feet high, than a puny squire, tottering about like a miss in breeches.—Your insertion of this love in Northumberland, will oblige many of your readers, and amongst them

WANSBEKENSIS.

## ANOTHER PROPHET.

The long bearded, bareheaded American prophet *Decker*, who made so much noise lately in the Borough, died a few weeks since in France, on his road to Jerusalem. One Thomas Henshaw, a disciple of Decker's has caught the prophet's mantle, but instead of proceeding to the holy land, is more laudably occupied in stemming the torrent of infidelity so rapidly spreading in London. He has already brought some hundreds of persons who had fallen into scepticism, back to the paths of Christianity, and intends to have a public baptism of the Deists and Atheists he has converted, in the Paddington canal, at the foot of Primrose Hill, in the forenoon of the first Sunday in May; after which he expects to preach to several thousand persons on the top of the hill.

## MONEY-LENDERS IN LONDON.

Infernal gold! that oft, with magic art,
Destroys each generous impulse of the heart,
And crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause.

There has been for many years, in this corrupted metropolis, a fraternity of rogues, or money-lenders, amounting nearly to six thousand persons, who contribute their mite to the general fund under the direction of a chosen "Trio," for the benevolent pur-



Digitized by Google

pose of supplying the wants, and extravagant inclinations, of those who live beyond their means.

These money-lenders are, in truth, gentlemen's servants, who, clubbing their wages, perquisites, and * * * * * into one bank, are able to double the profits of their situations. When a master, from causes—no matter what—finds himself in the *straights*, or, in the slang term, is troubled with the *shorts*, he vents his spleen in the presence of his footman, who kindly apprizes him where his wants may be supplied.

These fellows have long been a nuisance, and are the ruin of hundreds. They have offices in different parts of the town, and advertise as having "no connection with each other:" they "fly kites," or bills, not worth a farthing, one to another, and the "plucking of a pigeon" at one *den*, serves to pay the bills at another, and thus they manage to keep their heads above water.

Mr. I—, of Mortimer-street, is one of the principal actors, without any principle but what tends to his own interest, and that of the nefarious concern. He is a chief director, and certainly merits being hanged; but, as hanging is the natural death of a swindler, his *good name* ought not to be exposed on that account, he may be very honest in himself, and only a rogue "in the way of business."

Mr. I. has much to do with those improvident masters, who, by swindling their tradesmen, are liable to be cheated with impunity by their servants. Both money-lenders, and money-borrowers, are generally rogues in grain: it is "diamond cut diamond," and both alike deserve *stretching* for their iniquities. B.

## Literature.

***The Lollards, a Tale; founded on the Persecutions which marked the early part of the Fifteenth Century.*** 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1034. London, 1822.

This novel would have excited some interest, as coming from the pen of the author of "Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes," independently of its own intrinsic merit. It is an historical piece, worked up with considerable talent, and abounding with the most fascinating descriptions. As the persecutions to which it alludes were not confined to England, the scene of action is frequently

Digitized by Google

changed to other countries, and much pleasing variety is introduced. It contains many very curious and faithful illustrations of the manners and customs of our ancestors.

The great reformer, John Huss, came to England on a visit to the grave of Wickliffe, and passed into Wales with Edward, the son of Lord Cobham. He afterwards visited Mr. Whittington, (brother to the celebrated Sir Richard,) at Latterworth in Leicestershire. We shall quote the account of this visit, as a lively picture of domestic life in this country at that period.

"The day was wet and chilly; and, in consequence, a fire was lighted. It was made of wood and coals, which were supplied, from time to time, with the aid of an enormous pair of tongs, or tangs, as they were then called, and which were occasionally made to perform the office of a poker. The wood and coals were not deposited in a grate or stove, such articles not being then in use, but laid on the hearth. Whittington thought it necessary to offer something like an apology for allowing the introduction of so effeminate a piece of luxury as a chimney was thought to be, by the admirers of old English habits, at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

"'It may be, learned sir,' he began, 'that you suspect, because I admit into common use the fire-place, which some do think ridiculous refinement, that I give in to all the affected follies which mark the sparksome gallants of this inglorious age. In that, you will do me wrong. I like not their fantastic ways. I still dine at the good old-fashioned hour of ten, that I may have wherewithal to sustain my frame through the day; while others think it a most goodly and polished thing not to eat their dinner till high noon, when half their toil is over, and others put it off even an hour beyond; so that workmen, and people of the common sort, now actually dine before their masters and those of a superior condition, which no man ever could have thought he should live to see. You find not in my house a gay display of splendid pewter platters, as some have, hollowed too, they say, is now fast becoming the mode, so that off which they eat, in some sort resembles the cups from which they drink. I still adhere to the *treene*, nor think my meat retains its proper flavour but when I eat it from wood; and for my beds, yourself can testify you have not found a pillow stuffed with feathers, which some voluptuaries claim to revel on, but a true log of honest English oak, on which the head that is sound within, I know, prefers to rest.'

Digitized by Google

"'Your fare,' said Huss, 'is hospitable, is good, and is not chargeable with the phantasies which you justly condemn.'

"'But for the chimney,' Whittington returned, 'since I became advanced in years, I have been afflicted with an asthma, and ill endure the fumes of smoke, which, albeit, some say removes many complaints and maladies, is no good doctor for a cough, and therefore I indulge me in the luxury of a chimney, as you remark, by means of which I breathe so much the more at my ease, that, trust me, I should not be vastly surprised, though you may smile at the idea, if (in the course of years, I mean) they should become common in the houses of aged men afflicted as I am.'

"'I much incline to think,' replied the Bohemian, 'they would be found comforting to all who are so affected; but rich as this famed isle is said to be, its wealth must be enormously increased ere that can come to pass,—ere all who suffer from catarrhs and asthmas can find the means of indulging in such a splendid convenience.'

"The conversation was interrupted by the introduction of breakfast. A flaggon of wine was placed near John Huss, a quart of home-brewed ale by the master of the house; a bowl of milk occupied the centre of the table; and a cup, or horn, was placed for each person, to help himself to that which he preferred to drink. Brown bread was supplied, and salt fish, and part of a chine of beef, boiled, completed the morning's repast.

"'This land of England,' said the Bohemian, 'is renowned abroad for its good cheer, and most especially for its fat oxen; and truth to say, the sample now before me proves that such praise is not unwisely given.'

"'Alas!' said Whittington, with a sigh, 'England, I fear, will never be again what England has been. Time was, indeed, our lands were fitly cultivated, and English beef would cause the foreigner to marvel; but, grieved I am to say, in latter years we have degenerated.'

"'This surpriseth me. To what can you ascribe this falling off?'

"'To vanity. We grow too proud to imitate our wise progenitors. In good king Edward's reign, the peasant did not think of rearing his son, but to the industry to which he himself was bred. Thus we had ever labourers in abundance; but now our saucy clowns must make their youth more potent than themselves; and every now and then, forsooth, we find the ploughman's son.

Digitized by Google

has left his father's cot, to come back some day and make the village stare at the spruce Lorimer* and upstart Fletcher.'†

"'Was not this, enquired Huss, 'formerly the case? It seemeth but natural that a man should labour to advance his offspring; and addicted as the English are to commerce, it doth not move my wonder that enterprises like those of which you speak, should frequently be made in this land of freedom.'

"'Such licentiousness,' returned the English patriot, 'hath not always been permitted, nor hath it now the sanction of our laws. But sad is the truth which I must speak, our laws are not enforced (save those which favour the abominations of the church) with sufficient vigour. The law says, that no man or woman, of whatsoever state or condition they might be, should put their son or daughter, of whatsoever age he or she might be, to serve as an apprentice, to no craft or labour, within any city or borough within the realm, unless they have rent or land to the value of twenty shillings at least.'"

We feel great confidence in recommending this work to our readers, because we are satisfied that there can be few who will not read it with pleasure. The dialogue between Lord Cobham and his daughter after his condemnation, is particularly affecting, and contains much dramatic beauty. We are sorry it is too long for insertion in our present number.

---

The ingenious essayist, Dr. Drake, has lately published another series, entitled, "Evenings in Autumn." They will be found highly interesting to all the lovers of sentimental literature. They abound with judicious critiques on the productions both of present and former times; among which, the articles on Ossian, Milton, and Homer, are highly deserving attention; as also the Two Essays on the Poetry of Bernard Barton, the Quaker, who has just published a very pleasing poem, entitled, "Napoleon."

Lord Byron has sent over a new Tragedy, founded on a German story.

The Memoirs of this noble author, which are shortly to be published, have been read, in manuscript, by several favoured individuals. It is more a record of feelings, sentiments, and opinions, than of adventures, incidents, and facts.

---

* A bridle bit maker. † A maker of arrows.

Digitized by Google

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

On Easter Monday, after the tragedy of "George Barnwell," in which Miss Edmiston performed the part of MILWOOD with some effect, a new eastern tale of enchantment was produced, entitled "Almoran and Hamet," founded on Dr. Hawkesworth's little book of that name. It was got up in a very splendid style, and met with decided success. The chief interest consists in the efforts of ALMORAN to gain the throne, of which he has been left joint-heir with his brother HAMET, as well as to gain ALMEIDA, the betrothed bride of the latter. We had a proper quantity of wicked machinations, but virtue always triumphs in spite of the "Genius of the Magic Ring," to whom ALMORAN resorts for assistance. The necromantic palace, the interior of the harem, and the garden by moon-light, are brilliant specimens of scenic effect. The last scene, an illuminated fountain of real water, was particularly striking, and was executed in a manner worthy the design. A song by Miss Povey, and a duett between her and Harley were loudly applauded. Some attempts have lately been made to bring out a few good old comedies at this house, and the performance of them has been very respectable; but the house does not fill, either for a new piece, an old favourite, or even for Kean in a new character.

## COVENT GARDEN.

"Cherry and Fair Star; or, the Children of Cyprus." The only novelty produced at this theatre, since our last, is a melodrama, under this title, the plot of which can be stated in very few words. CHERRY and FAIR STAR, the offspring of the emperor of Cyprus and his brother, are stolen, while infants, by SANGUINBECK, a malefactor, whose life is spared by the cadi, GIAFER, upon that condition: he leaves them to perish on what he supposes an uninhabited island—and, seventeen years afterwards, is shipwrecked on the same place, where he meets with and recognises them, an old man, named HASSANBAD, having found and reared them as brother and sister. By the aid of the queen of the

Digitized by Google

fairies, a magnificent Grecian galley is provided, to convey them to Cyprus, at which port they arrive safe, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way by SANGUINBECK, who has undertaken the command of the vessel. Several attempts are made upon their lives, but they always find a protectress in the fairy queen; and after CHERRY crosses the burning forest, and gains the summit of Caucasus, the lovers meet in the emperor's palace at Cyprus, and are united. Mrs. Vining and Miss Foote, as CHERRY and FAIR STAR, look, play, and dance delightfully. Grimaldi is excellent in TOPAC, the slave of SANGUINBECK, particularly in the scene where he is deprived of his speech. Blanchard is as good as ever in the warm-hearted HASSANBAD. Farley's SANGUINBECK is too rough, and wants judgment: he appears to be very fearful of hurting himself when he falls. Miss Beaumont looked pretty as AVIARYANA, the queen of the fairies—and Miss Dennett danced very gracefully in PAPILLO, her messenger. The scenery and decorations of the piece are beyond all praise. The burning forest in particular is finely executed; and the entry of the Grecian galley into the port of Cyprus has a most magnificent effect. It has altogether become very successful, and attracts crowded houses every night.

---

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews's entertainment still continues to produce crowded houses. On the 10th of April, "The Iron Chest," and "The Boarding House," were performed here for the "benefit of a gentleman," as appeared by the bills. SIR EDWARD MORTIMER was very middling; WILFORD wretched; SAMPSON, so, so; ARMSTRONG a complete beast; and ORSON intolerable. ADAM WINTERTON reminded us of an ignorant parish clerk; FITZHARDING was respectable; and RAWBOLD might have been decent if he had known the English language. HELEN was very good; BARBARA sung prettily; and BLANCH shewed symptoms of talent as well as pretty legs: she is, however, too brazen for this part, although she might do for others. A foolish boy attempted to sing "The Wolf," and a little girl introduced a thing she called a Pas Seul, to the tune of "Scots wha hae." The afterpiece was as bad as the play. ADMIRAL CULPEPPER was too beastly for a Greenwich pensioner; PETER FIDGET was respectable; SPATTERDASH horrible; and YOUNG CONTRACT truly wretched. The

Digitized by Google

women were better: CAROLINE HEARTLY, in particular, was very well performed, and BLANCHE very fair.

## ADELPHI.

Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated French Ventriloquist, is now performing at this house, in an entertainment, ascribed to Moncrieff, called "The Adventures of a Ventriloquist; or, the Rogueries of Nicholas," in which he sustains, with great ability, the characters of ALDERMAN PILBURY, an old invalid—CAPTAIN FURLOUGH, an officer in love—NICHOLAS, an ingenious valet—MRS. PILBURY, the alderman's wife—and MISS FLIRTILLA, his daughter. Of these, the most amusing is NICHOLAS, and the least so the Captain. Various invisible characters are also introduced, and imitations of dogs, cats, turkey-cocks, pigs, sows, cocks, hens, ducks, and drakes, with great fidelity. There are also several of a more extraordinary nature, viz.—an omelet frying, a flint and steel, plaining a table, sawing one of the legs off, drawing a cork, and strumming a guitar. A whole convent of nuns are also introduced very humourously. To have an accurate conception of the performance, it must be seen; and, for our own parts, we think, if Monsieur Alexandre was better acquainted with the English language, he would be a very dangerous rival to our old friend Mathews, and many, we are sure, would think him very far superior.

## SADLER'S WELLS.

A version of "Tom and Jerry" has been brought out here with considerable success. A real Poney Race has been introduced with much effect—and we are happy to see that the house fills well.

## SURREY THEATRE.

"Tom and Jerry." Mr. Watkins Burroughs has commenced his management with a piece under this title. It has not been very successful. Bengough, Chapman, and Gomery, as the triumvirate, TOM, LOGIC, and JERRY, were merely respectable.

"Castle Spectre." A Miss Huddart, from Manchester, has appeared in ANGELA, and promises well. Bengough's OSMOND was remarkably good—Chapman's HASSAN but middling—PERCY was wretchedly performed by a Mr. Hemmings—and H. BAKER was very fair as MOTLEY.

Digitized by Google

We are sorry that WYATT is not engaged—he is much wanted. The spectators are far from being numerous.

## ROYAL COBURG THEATRE.

"Life in Paris." An amusing extravaganza, under this title, has been produced at this theatre, in a most magnificent style, for the purpose of amusing the young folks on Easter Monday. It appears to be taken from a work of that name lately published in numbers. The scenery is very fine, and the piece well got up. SIR HUMPHREY HALIBUT, knight, alderman, and fishmonger, is played by Bennett respectably. Sloman is exceedingly amusing in HUMPHREY, the alderman's stupid son; and Rowbotham plays DICK WILDFIRE, his nephew, with much propriety. Bradley is BEN BINNACLE, a sailor turned into a valet; the part is out of his line, but he gets through it with credit. Mr. Gallott, who is returned here from the Royalty, performs an Irish gentleman, named CAPTAIN O'SHUFFLETON, but his brogue is far from being good, and he is not at all suited to the part. Mrs. Weston's LADY HALIBUT smells too strong of Billingsgate; and Mr. James, who performs HAUT-DE-CHAUSSES, a French tailor, is an absolute bore; Miss Watson looks very pretty in LYDIA, and Madame Le Clercq plays FANCHETTE, a French chambermaid, with a great deal of spirit. From the beginning to the end, the piece is full of fighting: the poor *Gens d'armes* get beaten most unmercifully by the English bloods, who amuse themselves throughout by kicking up rows and breaking people's heads. It is, however, very laughable, and meets with great applause.

"The Inn-Keeper's Daughter" has been revived. T. P. Cooke's HANS KETZLER is a most excellent and faultless piece of acting; HARROP is well played by Bradley; and RICHARD meets with a very efficient representative in Mr. H. Kemble. Miss Taylor's MARY is a miserable attempt, and the very worst performance of the character that we have ever seen here, or any where else.

The house has been most splendidly embellished: the looking-glass curtain is now raised majestically through the roof of the theatre, the ceiling of which is formed of looking-glass, in squares of various sizes; and, in the front of the boxes and gallery, are national emblems of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, of burnished gold. The whole together has a most magnificent and extraordinary effect.



Digitized by Google

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

## WILSON STREET.

APRIL 18. THE MOUNTAINEERS—AMATEURS AND ACTORS.

We were much gratified by the representation of this piece, because, when compared with what we have lately been obliged to witness at other private theatres, the performance was excellent. The gentleman who played OCTAVIAN, exerted himself considerably, and gave general satisfaction. We should like him better if less addicted to imitation. The Irishman and SADI were respectable. The old Moor was personated with much energy, and his beautiful daughter represented by a young lady, whom we think, from her judgment and talent, could not do any thing bad. Much, however, as we admired her in this part, we would rather have seen her in that of FLORANTHE, because it affords more scope for fine acting than the other; and, on this occasion, it was filled in a very tame and insipid manner. AGNES was very fair, but rather imperfect in her part. The afterpiece went off much better than we could have expected, and the JEFFERY MUFFINCAP was very good.

## BERWICK STREET.

MARCH 12. RICHARD III.—MONSIEUR TONSON.

The RICHARD of this evening was deficient in figure, voice and ability; and poor RICHMOND laboured, as nearly as possible, under the same defects. The less we say of the others the better.

## MINOR.

MARCH 13. VENICE PRESERVED—ROCHESTER.

We felt so indignant at the manner in which this beautiful tragedy was mangled throughout the evening, and there was such a general dearth of talent among the male creatures who exhibited, that we have not patience to particularize. The BELVIDERA was respectable.

Digitized by Google

MARCH 21. WALLACE—BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

MONTEITH, though imperfect, was rather respectable. HELEN was undertaken at a short notice, by a young lady, who acquitted herself in a very respectable manner. "Bombastes" went off pretty well.

---

## RAWSTORNE PLACE.

APRIL 18. RICHARD III.

We are tired of seeing this poor tragedy cut up by such animals as we generally see conspiring to do violence to Shakspeare. It was, upon the whole, better performed than at Berwick Street.

APRIL 25. THE WONDER; OR A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

We have the satisfaction of acknowledging that we were pretty well entertained on this occasion; but as it came so late in the month, we cannot give the performance the notice it deserves.

---

We are also obliged to omit the notices we had prepared of ten of the Minor company, including Andrews, Adams, Bruntland, Boynes, Blanchard, Brent, Conway, Downie, Ford, and Flynn.

We return our sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have been kind enough to inclose us the tickets.

---

# Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

---

## THE AGREEABLE GHOST.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

A few years since some business carrying a gentleman to Launceston, in Cornwall, which he finished soon after dinner, and the evening being remarkably fine, he determined on a trip to Lydford, formerly a respectable market town, but now diminished to a mere village, with only a few ruinous old houses. The object of his curiosity and occasion of his journey thither,



Digitized by Google

was to view a very extraordinary cataract or water-fall, near the town, which he had often heard mentioned in terms of wonder and admiration. He set out about six o'clock, having, as he expected, a ride of only six or eight miles, but after going that distance, and inquiring for the village, he found to his mortification, he had almost as far again to travel over moors, fields, hedges, and bye-lanes. The evening turned out gloomy; the house where he sought directions could not afford him a bed, and after warm expostulations, he was forced to set forward under the guidance of a countryman, engaged under the promise of half-a-crown and his supper.

Scarce had they set out when a stormy night came on; the rain poured down, the thunder rattled, and the lightning flashed. Drenched in water, he was forced to pursue his course, for there was no retreat, though he travelled paths where he expected every moment to break his neck, or be knocked on the head (for aught he knew) by his companion; about eleven o'clock, however, they reached their journey's end.

Luckily the landlord of the inn, as it was called, took pity on them, and lent them clothes until their own were dried. They recruited their spirits, and in less than half an hour were seated at supper upon a full grown duck and a bottle of very good port. The prospect now cleared; they finished a second bottle, when the gentleman proposed retiring to bed. The countryman seemed desirious of reposing by the fireside, which was consented to; the landlord, landlady, and maid were in the room at that instant; they looked at each other alternately, and then at the gentleman.

"What, then," said he, "have you no room that I can sleep in?"

"Why, to be sure," replied the landlord, "we *have* a room, (Here the landlady frowned.)—We have a room, and there is a bed in it, but it is not fit for sleeping in."

He demanded the reason.

"Because—because — if the truth must be known—it is *haunted*."

"Haunted, with what? mice or rats," cried he.

"With worse vermin," answered the landlord.

"With badgers or otters?" (for it was near a rivulet.)

"Worse than either."

"With thieves, perhaps?"

Digitized by Google

"With worse still."

"Why, what can be worse than thieves?"

"It is haunted by *ghosts;* the ghost of some *maiden* lady."

It should be here observed, that the landlord was a brisk, healthy man, about five-and-forty years of age, his wife a withered wrinkled woman, almost double that age.—The maid a lively blooming girl the picture of health and innocence.

As he was never afraid of encountering a live *maiden*, he thought there was not much to be feared from engaging with a dead one, and therefore told the landlord he need be under no apprehension on his account, for he thought himself able to lay a ghost at any time. The maid stared at him when he said so—he did not then know for what reason; but if he had been the least of a conjuror he might have guessed. She was one of those forms which are not indebted to dress to set them off, and would have easily fired the heart of a man older than himself. Instead of being frightened by the landlord's report, he was the more eager to go to bed, and a candle was brought him.

On entering the bed-chamber, he examined the fastnings of the door, to prevent any foul play, and finding no other security but a latch, he set a chair against it; after undressing he went to bed, and a very good bed too.

He waited some time, perhaps with a little apprehension, for the coming of the ghost; but no ghost appearing, he closed his eyes and presently fell asleep. About two in the morning he was awakened by a rumbling noise at the door, and the moon shining in at the opposite window, he perceived a female form in a winding sheet; at first he shrunk under the bed clothes; but recovering from his surprise, he raised himself up, and viewed as sweet an angelic form as ever his eyes beheld; he was sensible it was too comely for a ghost, therefore as he was to be deceived he determined to deceive. He pretended a fright, and hid himself again under the bed-clothes. The spirit advanced and proceeded with a slow and solemn pace to the bed's head, then opening the curtains with a hoarse voice, bid him follow it.—He was all obedience, rose up immediately, and clasping the apparition in his arms, found he was embracing the lovely person of the maid.

She struggled, and would have cried out, but he kept his hold, and told her it would be the ruin of her master; as she had no small respect for her master, she was therefore silent, and for the remainder of the night—



Digitized by Google

How they hugg'd and kiss'd—were they much to blame?
Had you been in his place, sure you'd have done the same.

---

COMPLIMENT TO A CHANCELLOR.—When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, the following witty and elegant compliment was paid to his industry as a judge. When will old Mr. Bags, or Miss Leech, merit such an eulogium?—we believe never, if they sat upon the bench till the day of judgment—a day which, in Chancery, seems put off *sine die*:—

"When MORE some years had Chancellor been,
"No MORE suits did remain;
"The like shall never MORE be seen,
"Till MORE be there again!"

The experience of centur'es has established the truth of this prophecy.

---

A MAXIM OF THE LATE EARL NELSON.—This great man had an excellent heart, and frequently said to his young and fiery protegees:—"Let your swords be of tempered steel—your own hands tempered with discretion, and your hearts with mercy." This ought to be every sailor's motto.

---

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.—When it was first erected in Westminster Abbey, Sir Thomas Hanmer and Docter Mead were requested to select a passage from his works, as an appropriate inscription for the scroll to which he is pointing with his forefinger. A year elapsed, and the scroll remained a blank, when a wag roused them from their apathy, by inscribing on it, with his pencil, as follows. A *nameless* word at the conclusion may be guessed at.

[*Scene between Doctor Mead and Sir Thomas Hanmer.*]

To learned Mead, thus Hanmer spoke,
"Why, Mead, this empty scroll's a joke;
"Something, no doubt, it should contain,
"Extremely neat, extremely plain,
"Very nervous, very pat,
"And fit for Shakespeare to point at."

Digitized by Google

LORD BYRON'S NOSE, AND ROMAN LITERATI.—We are very apt to attach great importance to the actions of men in common life, who have made themselves eminent as warriors, scholars, or statesmen. A person, famed for curiosity, went from Rome to Venice, to see Lord Byron: when he returned, the literati all assailed him with "tell us all about my Lord—begin from the first—what was he doing when you were introduced to him?" "Doing? why—picking his nose!"

---

Madame Catalani gave a series of concerts at Exeter, and was well received. When she gave the beautiful air,—

> Angels, ever bright and fair,
> Take, oh! take me to your care!

a blind man, employed at the organ, said, "Yes, I'm sure they'll take care of you; for God will never suffer so sweet a voice to go to the devil."

---

THE BANKER AND THE SAILOR.—When Mr. Hankey was in vogue as a great banker, a sailor had, as part of his pay, a draft upon him for £50; this the sailor thought an immense sum, and calling at the house, insisted upon seeing the master in private. This was at length acceded to; and when the banker and sailor met together, the following conversation ensued:

SAILOR. Mr. Hankey, we've got a tickler for you; didn't like to expose you before the lads.

HANKEY. That was kind. Pray what's this tickler?

SAILOR. Never mind—don't be afraid—I won't hurt you: 'tis a *fifty*, by G—d!

HANKEY. Ah! that's a tickler, indeed.

SAILOR. Don't fret; give me £5 now, and the rest at so much a week, and say nothing to nobody.

---

JACK TAR IN A MUSICAL CHURCH.—A sailor sitting in a pew of a church, where he had never been before, the plate came round for donations to relieve the poor, as usual; he put in half-a-crown. After waiting some time, he observed to his neighbour, "When will the grog come? I am very dry." At last, the boys in the gallery struck up a hymn. "By G—d," says Jack, "they have

Digitized by Google

got all the grog aloft, for the singing has begun, and I'll be up to them."

---

SACRAMENTAL SIMPLICITY.—Far be it from us to jest with Scripture—but we can tell facts. A sailor who went, with a good intention no doubt, to take the sacrament, when the clergyman presented him with the consecrated wine, put it on one side, and said, in a low voice, "Sir, I paid half a crown, and wine don't agree with my stomach; so I'll take a little grog, if you have no objection."

---

# Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

---

## WE'RE ALL A NODDING;

THE CELEBRATED SONG AGAINST WHICH AN INJUNCTION WAS APPLIED FOR.

We're all a nodding, nid nodding;
Were you in our place,
You'd do the same.
We can't look up,
For we have not the face,
And therefore we only
Sleep for shame.

We're always nodding,
Nid, nid, nodding.

There are five bairns, they're all my own,
But they are not Johnny's,—
Except it is two:
One it was got when he was away;
While he snored in bed
The others were made;
But no one has with them to do.

We're always, &c.

Digitized by Google

There's granny in the hearth,
The subject of mirth,
Always is laughing,
For that is her way;
She "nods" o'er her pipe,
Gives a humorous wipe
To those she thinks are inclined to be gay.
For she loves to be nodding, &c.

There's Tom squatted down,
And little Bet so brown;
And Sue with rosy cheeks;
Among the ashes they lovingly lay,
And Tib in the corner,
Let no one scorn her,
She "nods" by night, as well as by day.
She's always nodding, &c.

The world, they say, wags,
So do I, in my rags,
Except when I'm nodding,
And then I don't know,
Nor care what I do;
Give the devil his due;
I've a right to be "nodding, when I am so, so."
We're all a nodding,
Nid, nid, nodding,
In our house at home.

---

It is an odd thing that the habit of "nodding" has become so prevalent, every one is following the example. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is "nodding" over his accounts, and cannot bring them "into order." The Marquis of Londonderry is "nodding" over the *green bag*, and looks very *blue* upon every occasion. The Earl of Liverpool is always in the habit of "nodding" over his long and dull speeches. Mr. Bragge Bathurst has been so long "nodding," that we almost forget he was ever awake.

Digitized by Google

## TO ——

Yes, there are volumes in that look,
By me more loved than all the lore
Contain'd in every learned book,
From Rome or the Ionian shore.

Applause may play around our heads,
And flattery charm awhile the ear;
But nought such glowing lustre sheds
As lovely woman's smile, my dear.

And did thine eyes but always shine
So bright, sweet maid! and shine on me,
I ne'er would worship other shrine,
Or wish, dear girl, a heaven but thee!

---

## LINES ON A RECENT MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Who dares avow that nuptial joys are fled,
Since beauteous Anna deigns old age to wed?
What though she take a dotard to her arms,
The rank of M. P. and domains have charms.
But should her spouse, lock'd in her chaste arms, prove
A sorry artist in the feats of love,
With half her lord she still will freely joke,
She'll hug the *Member*, but reject the *Coke!*

---

## ON A BEAUTIFUL APRIL MORNING.

Hail, morning of beauty! serene and unclouded,
Whose smile gives the landscape its summer costume,
Renews the rich promise the winter had shrouded,
And breathes on the flow'rets redundant perfume.

How like is thy smile to the sun-shine of hope
That suddenly breaks o'er a bosom of care,
When each feeling of rapture enjoys a full scope,
And swells through the empire redeem'd from despair.

Digitized by Google

How like is thy smile to the young bosom panting,
When love has unbuckled the girdle of sweets,
And modestly shrinking, yet sportively granting,
Affects to disrelish the pleasure it greets.

How like is thy beaming to liberty's ray,
Which gleams through the captive's cemetrian cell,
That scatters the strength of his fetters away,
And drives back the fiend of oppression to hell.

Hail, morning of beauty! o'er forest and fountain
May many a blush hail thy coming again;
Be glade to the valley, and grace to the mountain,
And hue to the wild-flower which blooms in the glen.

ORLANDO.

---

## THE YIELDING MAID.

O fie! what mean I, foolish maid,
In this remote and silent shade,
To meet with you alone!
My heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends than mine,
Oh! I shall be undone!

A savage beast I would not fear;
Or, should I meet with villains here,
I to some cave would run;
But such enchanting arts you show,
I cannot strive—I cannot go—
Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give those sweet temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous lips no more—
What! must we still thus fool on?
Ah! now I yield—ah! now I fall!
Ah! now I have no breath at all!
And now I'm quite undone!

S. T.

Digitized by Google

## EPITAPH ON GRUB-STREET JACK.

Stop traveller, and shed a tear,
The bones of *Grub-street Jack* lie here:
Although he saw with Argus' eyes,
Death took him one day by surprise.
His qualities, it is confest
By all trunk-makers, were the best;
And many a box from Paul's Church Yard
Hath knock'd his fame up loud and hard.
Full well he knew the knack to rhyme,
At hoax and flattery he was prime;
Was always "bang up to the mark,"
And knew his stops, e'en in the dark:
He lov'd, and that without controul,
A pretty girl, and flowing bowl;
These were the poet's chief delight,
And first induced his pen to write.
Now death hath clipp'd his eagle wing,
In other worlds his Muse must sing—
Or probably, as here, may groan,
And make to heaven a useless moan;
In sooth, he was right loath to go,
And quit the scenes where pleasures flow.
There's few that with their approbation
Leave earthly joys to risk damnation.
Reader, if thou art widow, wife, or maid,
Disturb not *Grub-street Jack's* poetic shade;
In silence pass, your clappers be not shaking,
And he sleeps, a woman's tongue may wake him.

J. Sudbury, Printer, 9, Castle Street Leicester Square.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*A Jew turning to a Christian!*

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] JUNE 1, 1822. [No. 6.


" *Perduto e tutto il tempo,*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"

TASSO.

" *All time is lost*
" *That is not spent in love.*"

## Remarks

## ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE NOBILITY.

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—I have lately paid a great deal of attention to our nobility, and have mixed with them at their gaming-houses, their routs, their races, and their cricket matches; and, indeed, I flattered myself, from their births and fortunes, which naturally gave them such superlative advantages of education, that I should find them as superior to the rest of mankind, as these advantages were capable of making them; but, instead of these expectations, I found some of them even below the level of the people over whom they arrogantly and impudently assume a superiority.

Indeed, nobility, at this period, is but a degenerated race of men, whom education hath only informed of



Digitized by Google

new vices, and fortune hath dissolved into every abject degree of contempt, dulness, effeminacy, and disease. Dignity of life and character is only to be achieved and obtained by virtue, sense and courage; by these virtues our ancient nobles gained their titles and their reputations, which their pusillanimous heirs possess by right of lineage, though not wise enough to read the compositions of their ancestors, nor even strong enough to bear their armour. Military titles of honour should die with the gainer of the laurel: estates should descend to the succeeding heir; but titles should be only obtained in the field, the senate, and the cabinet. We have now such a profusion of honours conferred on men without any honour at all, that in a short time, if the court proceeds, it will have no inferiors to black the shoes of the superiors: pages to princes are now such great, little, diminutive, contemptible beings, that, though they may have been menial servants to peers, they refuse to buckle the shoe of their prince, and will not remember that they were long obliged to japan their own.

> "All born alike, from virtue first began
> "The diff'rence that distinguish'd man from man:
> "He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
> "But that which made him noble, made him good."

The gift of title is with much propriety placed in the hands of kings, to encourage men in the race of glory; but how are these honours sullied, when we see them hung on some of the wretches of this time!

The dignity and honour of this kingdom is now entirely supported by the middling class of people; with them alone dwell virtue, honour, integrity, and courage: they support the nation's fame and her finances —they give regal splendour to the crown, and feed the poor. But what do the nobility? They debauch themselves and their inferiors—ruin their own honour, and the kingdom's; lavish away their paternal treasure, and then become the contemptible hirelings of the court, to maintain their profligacy—and, by degrees, ruin the reputation of the nation, and her treasury!

Digitized by Google

" ——————Nobility of blood
" Is but a glittering, a fallacious good;
" The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
" Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind."

Read of the heroes and statesmen of former days, and compare their names and virtues with the pigmy things of this hour, and then see what nobility was, and what it is. It was honour, sense, and courage: now it is idleness, insignificance, mockery, and disease. Dress is the first quality of a man of fashion; a man had better be without the virtues of the soul, than the tinsel graces of the body. It is with the women that honour and virtue originate: they are the fountains of all human virtue or frailty: by their examples we rise to honour, or sink in sin and infamy: and what do they generally recommend? but accomplishments of the most trivial sort, and set their very sons the first examples of lewdness and debauchery? Had the women of Sparta and Rome been thus, their children would not have raised those cities to eminence and glory! But when the women sunk by debauchery and vice, the nations which the female sex exalted in reputation, descended into ignominy and ruin.

" Oh! women, women, women! all the Gods
" Have not such power of doing good to men
" As you of doing harm!"

It is no longer a doubt with me, but education is more a detriment to man, than an advantage. The most virtuous minds, being fitted for the high company of society by education, have been seduced to vice. Is there one instance of a vicious-minded man, well educated in our schools, reformed by erudition and good company? By good company, I do not mean the good and virtuous; I mean the wealthy, the witty, the noble. Turn on the other side of society to the middling rank of men, and there you will find honour, truth, and gratitude, with a plain education, informed



Digitized by Google

enough to reverence their God, and to do honour to human nature. It is no matter what mode of religion man pursues; he that does as he would be done unto, acts a good part to his fellow-creatures, answers highly the intention of his creation, is an ornament to his race, and a glorious citizen of the world. But what are noblemen in the scale of honour, or of what service to a state? I mean the abandoned gamesters and profligates, who disgrace our court calendars; in them you will find a list as ignoble as that of Greece was noble. Their passions are devoted to lust, wine, and dice: their studies are the game of chance, the seduction of virtue, the pace of horses, and the ornament of their person. From this rising generation are we to form our statesmen, bishops, and soldiers. O England! to what will the degeneracy of the times, the venality of the senate, and the system of politics, reduce thee! Is it probable that any of thy present nobility will say, and be in earnest when they say

"Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
"Beyond myself, I prize my native land,
"Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood!
"And die with pleasure for my country's good!"

Vices amongst our young men of fashion are now called qualities; and he that can boast of the most wickednesses, is deemed the finest fellow. They brag of whoredoms, drunkennesses, cheats at play, a contempt of honesty, and the non-payment of their just debts, with all the effrontery of the most brutal lusts, and filthiest turpitudes, they quote those abominable passions mentioned by Virgil and Horace. Such a high spring-tide of complicated vices pour in from every quarter, that, in the infamous deluge, the virtuous must suffer; for our nobility have not enough of sweet integrity about them to save the state from a general putrefaction. Is it possible to end this essay, and not be personal? Can I call upon the following glorious names of yore, without making those blush who bear the titles? It is difficult to make great men

Digitized by Google

blush: it is an Augean labour, and better suited to S—— and J——, than to me. But will ye not, ye honoured manes of Raleigh, Blake, Russell, Sidney, Marlborough, &c. spare us your divine assistance, to purify the blood of those left the disgraces of our country!

Yours,

PROBUS.

## THE LIFE OF LADY ARABELLA H——T.

"The victim—ah! of passion's power,
"She sunk into the shade,
"A glow-worm in the darken'd hour,
"She glitter'd but to fade."

Time, that has spread his solemn wings over all the imperfections of man and woman kind, has not yet laid his iron hand upon Lady Arabella H—t. She is now past her dawning of beauty, and may be supposed on the wrong side of forty. At a very early age, she was married to Captain Ch—ll, of the royal navy, and with him she doubled the Cape of Good Hope, circumnavigated India, and settled at Calcutta. The character of her ladyship was good, and she bore the fame of British beauty far beyond the "Line."

Captain Ch—ll was forced to go to sea; and, in the hurricane months, did not wish to expose his wife to danger, so she was left on shore, and under the particular care of General B—l—w. The General is well known; his works on Indian literature will render him immortal; his prowess in the Nepaul war, will consummate his glory.

Lady Arabella continued under his roof for seven months, and then—and then—she disagreed with the General's wife. She removed to an elegant lodging, and the General joined her in a few days. Mr. W. B—l—w, under secretary, sent a challenge to the



Digitized by Google

General, which he readily accepted and they fought. The General was shot in the head, but not dangerously.

Towards the close of 1814, Commodore Ch—ll arrived; he had been promoted, and came with some extraordinary powers to Calcutta. The meeting betwixt him and his wife was very affectionate; and, for the period of seven days, they lived in harmony. The state dinner made some change in Commodore Ch—ll's sentiments; he frankly told Lady Arabella that she should not accompany him. This was a death-blow, and when the "card of honour" came, and her name was not imprinted, her rage knew no bounds. However, so it was, and so it must be. General B— had not the power which the Commodore had, and he silently crept into his hole.

It happened that Commodore Ch—ll had heard some strange stories, and he also believed them; and, without much ceremony, he at once divorced his wife and challenged her seducer.

These things are very foolish, but the law of honour is of so indescribable a nature, that "how to act correctly" is a problem never to be solved on this side of the grave.

No very great disasters followed. The General had the best of the match, and the Commodore lost his arm.

Lady Arabella removed to Benjore, where Lieutenant-Colonel H—t had an asylum; he had the command of the district; and, by some strange fatality, actually married the woman whom Commodore Ch—ll had repudiated. Well, this was a matter of no very great importance where white women are so scarce! but the demise of a rich relative threw into the hands of Mrs. H—t more than forty thousand pounds, and she determined to make ample remuneration for all her follies.

And how did she do it? Tom Sprigs was in possession of all the accomplishments due to a man *six feet high*; and upon the very day that her husband stept into a baronetcy, she stept off with his servant, and left him the following note—

Digitized by Google

"My Dear Fellow,—We have had enough of one another—
"I am sick of you—you are tired of me—I have taken your ser-
"vant, as I want him particularly.

"Truly yours,
"A—— H——T."

The *Clyde* frigate was then upon the point of sailing, and Lady Arabella soon procured a passage. The commander was a man of gallantry, and in a very short time the worthy footman was dismissed from his place.

Storms and tempests are experienced on every station—a dreadful one drove the *Clyde* into Alhamma roads, in the island of Madagascar, and there Lady Arabella forsook the *Clyde*, and sailed for England in the private ship, *Wigram*. She landed at Brighton, and was met in Marlborough Row by him whom all wish to meet. The consequence was, that her ladyship had free access to the Khramlin, is now a distinguished favourite, and very likely to continue so. She occupies apartments at No. 3, Marlborough Row, and has the honour of leaning on the royal arm in the evening promenade.

The life of this lady has been an odd one; but she is scarcely to be blamed; her husbands were so strangely indifferent, that she had a good excuse for hatred. In her present situation she may be comfortable, but as to its permanency, we have doubts; in fact, we have no doubts: she will fall as she has risen—by chance.

"A little rule, a little sway,
"A sunbeam in a winter's day,
"Is all the proud and mighty have
"Between their cradle and the grave."

The favour that hangs upon princes is not to be relied upon; and where wickedness is engrafted upon folly, what can be expected but desolation. Lady Arabella is not too old to take advice;—may she read, learn, and amend.

M. B.

*Pennington Place, Saturday Morning.*

Digitized by Google

## ON THE DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES OF GIRLS GOING TO FAIRS.

The lassie lost her maidenhead ganging to the fair.—Burns.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Sir,—There are more women lost from custom than passion. Greenwich Park, in Easter and Whitsun holidays, has been the ruin of many a young woman, who went out without the least intention of swerving from virtue's rules, or dirting her petticoats by a roll down the hill. A vicious female companion is worse than a male seducer: example leads where persuasion fails. "If," says Betty, "Nanny does so and so, she must feel comfort from it, and it cannot be wrong; she is a sensible girl, has kept her place and appearance these two years, has very good clothes, and bears an excellent character;" particularly with her master and the footman.

"She that meditates is lost."

Any man who has been conversant with that part of the sex who too fatally taste the blisses of wedlock without the ceremony, must find that their first error, most frequently, was unpremeditated, and unforeseen. Caught by surprise on a hill, or tempted by example under a hedge, they even, yet too late, found they dismissed reason for complaisance, prudence for civility and natural virtue, to make room for a natural child.

I am sensible that you, sir, as Editor of the Rambler, though willing to display the follies and vices of the age in all their glare, are so far from being desirous of increasing the number of unhappy females, that you will, upon every occasion, hold up the beacon of chastity, to prevent the innocent and unwary from dashing against the rocks of seduction and infamy.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

*April* 27, 1892. T. W.

Digitized by Google

## LONDON HELLS EXPOSED,

### *In the History of the Hon. F. Haphazard and Miss Harriet Syren.*

They died in the blaze of their fame.—BURNS.

MR. HAPHAZARD had the honour of being introduced at court, which did not do him any service. He played still deeper, and lost with so good a grace, that he had invitations to all the fashionable places in town, from Cleveland Square, to Seymour Place, New Road; and possibly was more fleeced by the demireps and dandies of fashion than by the *prigs* and *wool-combers* of the hells.

At Brighton he took a mansion near Marlborough Row, where he kept the syren, and under the auspices of the well known Major W—g—n, plunged, not into the sea for his health, but into every excess that could ruin his constitution and his purse.

He engaged to run a race with two packets to Dieppe and back for 1000*l.*; he was half drunk at the time: and the packet master was sent for. He conscientiously recommended the Royal George to our hero, and the Eclipse to the disinterested major. The morning presented, as the packet master had, with a seaman's eye, foreseen, a dead calm. The major's packet was worked by steam, that of our hero by sails, and could not move an inch. The major started and won the bet; though Mr. Haphazard thought, for once, that he had been diddled; but it was ungentlemanly to complain. At poney races on the beach he lost the races every week; and at the grunters' stakes, or hog hunts, he seldom gained any thing but losses.

These hog hunts were, at one time, accounted princely amusements, and originated in the lively fancy of an amphibious duke, famous for family miscarriages. The hogs' tails are soaped or greased, and start to run a certain distance; the competitors for wagers pursue, and he who can catch a tail, and hold a pig, is

Digitized by Google

declared the winner. Many tricks are resorted to; such as sanding the palm of the hand, rubbing it with smiths' ashes, or steel-filings, &c. Our hero was up to many of these swindling arts; but then he had now acquired such habits of intoxication, it was easy to be down upon him, and he be no wiser for his losses. In the house where he had apartments, lived a purser and his wife, a handsome, intriguing dame; with these two the Syren laid a plan for entrapping him into a *crim. con.* for their mutual benefit. It was no hard matter; he was not insensible to her charms, and had shewn her more than common attention. The train was soon laid; the conspirators were resolute and cunning; their only fear was of charging the mine too strong, as they had reasons for not finally blowing him up at this moment.

Mr. Haphazard had a great predilection for the Fives Court, and lost as much money in it as he did credit, which was a great deal. In this place he formed an acquaintance with all the *fancy*, and was such a fanciful fellow, that he took the fancy of all the knowing ones, who knew he was to be *done up*, as he was *bang down* upon any occasion. He attended the freaks of Spring and Harmer, and saw the gloves upon the hands of Crib and Belcher. He betted and rebetted, but made no money: it is true he gained experience, but he never benefited by it. As Paddy said, he gained a loss.

From the Fives Court the step was not long to Jermyn Street, where he had the knack of staking his gold against Sir Godfrey's silver, and always lost.

Mr. Haphazard never dreamt of the days that were to come; that which was passing over his head was all he thought of; and as long as his steward furnished him with cash, he cared not how it came, or how it departed.

Large as his estate was, he was under the necessity of mortgaging, and Jacobs, of Cavendish-street, had his jewels often in his possession.

Haphazard had some good traits in his character. He rescued an old lady from prison, and reinstated her

Digitized by Google

in her family cottage, at the expence of some hundred pounds. In the event, he debauched the daughter, broke the heart of the mother, and shed ruin over the whole family.

This was not his intention at first, but he was led into it by the depravity of his nature, which overpowered his honourable propensities.

To wander in the world, and without a guide, except passion, is treading a dreary path; it is struggling over a flinty road, in search of a green sod whereon to lay down your head and die. But when you find it, it is covered with briars and thorns, and prolonged existence has only rendered your death more painful.

The Syren was always on the wing; she never slumbered over her joys, but, like the sparrow, returned with renewed vigour from every flutter she made.

The Argyle Rooms were now open, and Mr. Haphazard indulged his ears with the dulcet notes of the Salmons, Bellamys, and Bellchambers. There is not much in this place to attract a man of fashion; the songs and the music are the same they were twenty years ago; and as to the dancing, it has come down to us, hop, step and jump, since the days of Queen Bess, with no grace in the action. Mr. Haphazard attended it, as it was fashionable, and he also adjourned to the "Swag," in Swallow Street, where

> From the Argyle
> They all sup in style,
> And wind up the night with a song;
> Have a squeeze,
> If you please;
> Keep your hands off my knees,
> For I can't sit at ease,
> Where there's such a highly polish'd throng.

It was in this manner he spent his money and ruined his constitution; he never thought of his life or property; they both were, to him, deeds of gift, and he did not care when they expired.

Digitized by Google

He became intimate with the first performers on the stage, and had the honour to treat Mr. Kean at the O. P. more than once. He had also the honour to expend more than fifty pounds on an actress' benefit, from which the only benefit he received was, that of being laughed at for his extravagant folly.

To the four-in-hand club he became a subscriber, and paid forfeit for non-attendance, to the amount of three hundred pounds in three weeks. This was all he wanted; a name—a name, be it bad or good, was his object. And for a name, he explored every *hell* in the metropolis. At the prime hell, in the street of St. James, he met with a right honourable friend, a groom of the stable yard; with him he lost a few cool hundreds, and formed an acquaintance which led him on to the gambler's ultimatum.

After a hard bout at *rouge et noir*, they retired, and the following conversation occurred.

*(To be continued.)*

## MEMOIRS OF MISS M. TREE, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

It is seldom that we have an opportunity of recording the life of any theatrical vocalist, while actors and actresses, of tragic or comic notoriety, flit by us by wholesale, and supply each others places on the great stages of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Singers, whether male or female, are

"———— Like angel's visits,
" Few, and far between."

and very seldom make their appearance in public; indeed, a good vocalist always was, and always will be, a rarity. There is so much requisite to constitute a fine singer, and so little to compose a fine performer, that the odds are lamentably in favour of the latter character.

Miss M. Tree, the subject of this memoir, is a very extraordinary girl, and unites in herself the generally

Digitized by Google

paradoxical qualities of admirable acting with delicious singing. She forms an exception to the commonly established opinion, that a fine musician must of necessity be an indifferent performer, for excellent as is her singing, we doubt very much whether it is superior to the powers of her acting. Her delineation of Louisin, in particular, will justify our remarks: to those who have seen it, and to those who have not, we may say in the words of the old song—

> "Let those go now, who never went before,
> "And those who've seen her once, now go the more.

Unfortunately for us, the memoirs of this young lady are very scanty. She has met with no vicissitudes in life; she has encountered no romantic adventures; has never been in love—(God forgive us if we are mistaken in our conjectures)—but has moved along in the beaten track of existence, as we or any other person may do. Her existence has been one scene of gradual improvement in her profession, but she has scarcely yet attained her full meridian splendour.

She was not, it appears, originally intended for a singer, but on the developement of her extraordinary vocal faculties, was persuaded by her friends to apply herself solely to music.

In this science she attained such proficiency, that, by the advice of her numerous admirers, she made her first congee to a British audience at Bath, in the year 1818.

Her talents speedily gained her an encouragement, and, in the summer of 1820, she removed from Bath to the boards of a metropolitan theatre.

In London, her appearance was greeted with unqualified approbation; and the sprightliness of her manner, combined with the modesty of her demeanour, confirmed the favourable impression that report had so eagerly disseminated.

So highly, indeed, were her talents estimated in the metropolis, that she was requested to contribute her vocal powers to the oratorios at Drury Lane, while her engagement was still continued at Covent Garden.



Digitized by Google

At the close of the season she visited the principal provincial theatres, and went through a routine of performances at Liverpool, Cheltenham, and Dublin, and was every where hailed with increasing enthusiasm.

Miss Tree has made herself very celebrated in the "Marriage of Figaro:" in the duet, "*How gently, when the sun descending,*" she has been rapturously encored. Her voice, though not possessing a remarkably clear and shrill tone, has a pleasing melodiousness which captivates the auditory; and, added to her finished science, conveys an effect, chaste, powerful, and agreeable.

As a singing actress, this young lady has a prospect of leaving, in a few years, every competitor at a great distance.

In the twofold capacity of vocal and comic performer, Miss M. Tree is unequalled on the stage. There is an archness in the turn of her beautiful eye, and a spirit in her mode of delivery that induces us to hope she will achieve great things in the drama.

Her knowledge of music is great, and equal to the sensibility of her execution; her lower tones are the most delicious warblings we ever felt, and breathe a rich fulness of melody that we can never hear without a corresponding emotion of enthusiasm: but we must repress our tendency to be eloquent, or we should be delivered of divers laudings on the simplicity of her singing and the beautiful modesty of her person.

Of her life, little remains to be said: it glides on in the calm current of domestic felicity, unruffled by storms, and unclouded by sorrows. That it may long continue to do so, is our most anxious wish; for Miss M. Tree merits to be happy, for she is not less amiable and pure in domestic life, than she is admirable and deserving on the public stage, where we shall leave her to enjoy the applause due to her talents, her zeal and assiduity to please.

Digitized by Google

# THE GREEN GOWN;

OR THE

## *Ludicrous Adventure in Kensington Gardens.*

'Tis natural that these things are.—BEN JONSON.

I generally pass the spring, and part of the summer months in London, and being somewhat of a studious turn, I frequently indulge myself with a promenade in that enchanting spot called Kensington Gardens, to while away time. One day as I was about to enter that terrestial Paradise, I beheld drive up to the gate a handsome carriage, from which alighted a very beautiful woman, of a sylph-like form, and most bewitchingly attired. She proceeded up one of the gravel walks, at the extremity of which, she was accosted by a young man of genteel figure and address, who eagerly seizing her hand, which he most ardently squeezed, pressed it to his lips, imprinted on it some fervent kisses, and appeared highly delighted with his good fortune. The usual salutations having been passed over, they proceeded on their way, and I continued my walk, occasionally reading, and at times reposing myself in some of the alcoves; I had unconsciously advanced so far as to be quite close to that part of the shrubbery, where there is a small grass plot nearly inclosed by a yew hedge: on casting a glance through an aperture of the hedge, I was almost struck dumb with astonishment at the glorious sight I there beheld. No, not even mighty Jupiter himself, nor the inhabitants of Olympus themselves, when from their celestial abodes, they viewed the god of war locked in the snowy arms of the chaste spouse of that renowned forger of thunder, and of cuckolded notoriety, yclep'd Vulcan, could have felt more keenly what I did when I perceived the delightful employment they were engaged in, and so intent were they upon the business, that although I came close upon them, they did not see me. The situation in which this wanton couple was



Digitized by Google

placed, may be well conceived, but it would take a more luxurious pencil than mine to paint the scene.

"I saw this damsel fair in all her charms."

His situation, I leave the reader to guess, as I instantly darted away. In my way to the garden gate, passing through one of the alleys, I again encountered the lovers, the lady conscious of having tasted forbidden pleasure, on seeing me, drew her hand across her eyes, and the gentleman escorted her out of the gargen, and handed her into her carriage, when she instantly drove off (having no doubt made another appointment) apparently well pleased with the pleasurable scene I had witnessed.

Should I in any future ramble see this exhibition repeated, I shall give some particulars of names, which may render the parties if not more chaste, more cautious and circumspect in their amours.

Yours, obediently,

*Connaught Terrace,* PETER PRY.

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### AN IRISH CRIM. CON.

*Or, a dexterous manner of stealing an Old Man's Young Wife, and Seven Hundred Pounds of Ballast, to freight the pair to America.*

This is one of the most peculiar cases we have had to record in the pages of the Rambler's Magazine; and, in proportion as it bears upon its face the lineaments of cunning and atrocity, it also bears the features of laughter, and the stare of silly cupidity. It reminds us of Roubilliac's celebrated sculpture in Westminster Abbey, of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, doubtful to which to turn. We know not

Digitized by Google

which to do, whether to treat it in a volatile and ludicrous manner, or as a serious pantomime: we always chuse the bright side of a painting, and think those may be laughed into virtue, by unexpected contrasts, who would neither bend a knee in prayer, or make an advance to her honourable temple. But to our point; we will bring it home at once.

The county of Galway has been much infested by insurrection, or we would rather say, in mildness, the depredations of the illusive Captain Rock and his infamous gangs. A respectable yeoman, who had once been "Vice" of an Orange Club, and Paymaster to a regiment of volunteers; had taken up an opinion that his life was in danger, though he had long ceased to be an object of fear to his enemies, or value to his country. He was in the dotage of sixty-five, and his wife in the bloom of eighteen. His house, situated four miles from the county town, was beset by men who threatened him, but put no threats into execution. The war-whoop of death that was nightly raised, awoke no infant from the slumbers of the cradle, for he never was, nor was ever likely to become a father. His fair spouse conjured him to fly to the town for safety, and she promised to take care of the house and estate. His fears induced him to comply, and his nearest neighbour, a young officer, volunteered to sleep in his house with his servant, and guard it from all foes. Satisfied with this arrangement, he left home for the town of Galway. Three months rolled away in perpetual anxiety; he had letters from Mrs. Magrath and Lieutenant Jeremy Wetherston, all teeming with accounts of midnight attacks upon his dwelling. The old gentleman at last hearing, by chance, that two of his tenants had paid rent to the amount of ninety pounds into his wife's hands, determined to brave all danger; he set out for Magrath Cottage; Captain Rock's gang stopped him on the road, and after taking from him a few sovereigns, said they had never been at his house, and did not think him worthy of their attention.

Arrived at home, he opened the door, as usual,



Digitized by Google

with a latch key, and tript up stairs with all the ardour and infirmity of Lord Ogleby, bent upon surprising his wife with his agreeable presence.

The moon shone bright through the window. Ah! Shakspeare says, "Trust not to the moon, the inconstant moon, that nightly changes her orb, 'tis a cuckold's monitor;" and so found old 'Squire Magrath, for snug in bed with his wife he saw Lieutenant Jeremy Wetherston, who instantly, on his drawing the curtains, started up and discharged a pistol in his face, which only burnt his wig, and sent him headlong down stairs in a fainting fit. When the 'squire recovered he was surrounded by his servants, and his wife supporting his head on her knee, with only her *chemise* to hide "those parts which custom wisely has concealed;" he was told a tale of a robber having entered the window to murder his wife, but his unexpected presence saved her life. Over a jug of real good Ennishowen whiskey punch they drank friends in the parlour, and the servants pledged them. The 'squire and his lady went up stairs; she very readily bundled in, but a certain utensil, which, we are told, lately made a duke, was wanting to his comfort, and he put his hand under the bed for the purpose of finding it, when, horror of horrors! he drew out a pair of military boots; then, worse than that, the regimental breeches; and, finally, the cocked hat and sword of Lieutenant Wetherston. The 'squire, in despite of the protestations of his frail, though beautiful spouse, retired to ruminate in another room till morning, when he set off for Galway in his gig, accompanied by his two servants. On application to his solicitor, warrants were sent in all quarters, to arrest the lieutenant for *an attempt* to commit murder, from whom a letter was received, directed to the mayor, stating, that "he, being appointed to take care of the house and the lady's life, had chosen her *bed-chamber* as the most commanding situation to *oblige his friend* and intimidate his foes: and verily believed the intruder to have been one of Captain Rock's gang."

For three days, search was made after the lieu-

Digitized by Google

tenant; he could not be found; and 'Squire Magrath, accompanied by the *posse comitatus*, sallied out to expel his wife from his house.

Upon nearing the place, it was discovered that the door and windows were all open; and when the 'squire turned to question his two *faithful* servants, they had bolted with the horses under them. All the furniture and plate had been removed, and the 'squire had only bare walls left to re-echo his moans. He returned once more to Galway, and on visiting his banker, found his wife, who always drew his cheques, had chequed him, on the debt side, for seven hundred pounds.

The parties, it is said, have sailed for America, in the brig *Lavinia*, and we almost wish they may escape. The cupidity of the old man exceeds even the dotage common at a much more advanced age than that he had arrived to. An application was made to the military commandant, as to Lieutenant Wetherston. The answer was—

"Sir,—We know not any thing of Lieutenant Wetherston; he "has never been under our orders. He is an officer on the half-"pay of the Nova Scotia Fencibles; so you must apply, in "person, for redress, to the governor-general of the Canadas.

"Yours, &c. &c.

"To T. Magrath, Esq." B.

We leave this very serious case to the *laughable* consideration of our readers, and trust our Irish subscribers will give us more information next month.

---

## LOVE IN A BALLOON.

Mr. Jones, formerly of Hertford Bridge, has been in the habit of travelling over the continent at his leisure, and frequently ascending in a balloon. Aerial flights were a whim of his, and he indulged in them whenever he had a convenient opportunity. At Amiens, when

Digitized by Google

he was preparing to ascend, a Madame de Montpenieere requested to be permitted to accompany him; she did so, and they descended about seven miles from the city. Their return was hailed by acclamations from the populace, and they immediately proceeded to the cathedral, where they were married by the bishop. They had never known each other before this singular adventure; and probably we may see realized Mr. Pope's theory of Rosicrusians, or airy sprites, which have been often talked of, but never seen.

Query—If a child should happen to be got in a balloon, probably seven or eight miles above the surface of the earth, to what parish does it belong? Can the parents swear that they were over Kent or Middlesex at the time? The thing will be as difficult to settle as public-house licences.

## SEDUCTION.

GWYNNE *versus* JENKINS.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff, who is a widow, to recover damages from the defendant for the SEDUCTION of her daughter.

Serjeant Lens said, that the widow carried on, for the support of herself and children, a small public house, at Meldreth, ten miles from the town of Cambridge. In her family, was her pride and boast, her beautiful daughter, Susannah Sophia Gwynne, not more than sixteen years of age. The defendant was a medical man, and professionally attended upon the family; and, in the absence of the brother from Meldreth, he broke the very sacred trust reposed in him, and taking advantage of the opportunities his profession afforded him, completed the crime which led to the present action.

After witnesses had been examined, the unfortunate young girl was then called. She was brought into court in the arms of her brother, and her appearance excited the commisseration of all around her. She

Digitized by Google

appeared to be in the last stage of a decline, pale, emaciated, and broken hearted; reduced almost to a skeleton; but the Grecian *contour* of her features, and the dignity of her form, told that she was once a beauty who might have charmed the heart of any one but him, who accustomed to *materia medica*, is so much in the habit of cutting up *dead* bodies, that he looks upon the *living* ones as his lawful prey.

The defence set up was of the most villainous nature: an endeavour to slander the anterior life of a girl, who was going broken-hearted to the grave for a dereliction from virtue—if it can be called a dereliction—when depending upon the promises of a man, who, by far her superior in rank and education, she very naturally looked up to, as one whom she admired—as one who would never leave her as the victim of dishonour.

The damages were given at One Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

---

It is our province, as public journalists, to remark on these occurrences: it is not only our duty and right, but it is our inclination, for we hold in abhorrence the man who can wilfully lay a plan to murder virtue. The expression may sound strange, but it is just: the destruction of the body is only a momentary pang, and all its sufferings are over—but the destruction of virtue in the mind entails a lasting career of vice, that harrows up the soul, and finally condemns it, when life is extinct, to everlasting misery. There are cold-blooded villains, who stalk abroad upon the face of the earth with impunity, and ravage and destroy; such we conceive to be this fellow; but we have done enough—we have told the tale—we have given the text, and all can draw from it a sermon beneficial to mankind.

---

## COURT OF KING'S BENCH.—*May* 18, 1822.

### THE KING *v.* THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH.

At the sitting of the court the noble defendant begged for leave to make a few observations. His lordship denied that violence on his part, was the

Digitized by Google

cause of separation betwixt him and his lady, and to this he made solemn asseverations.

Mr. Justice Bayley remarked, that this had not any thing to do with the case, which was, for sending a challenge to a Mr. Wood; but he added, that he should be sorry to prevent any person standing in the distressing situation of his lordship from addressing the court.

The noble defendant then resumed his observations in a subdued tone of voice. He remarked on the indignity, indelicacy, and unkindness of a person, not originally privy to the transactions, having made an affidavit against him. Mr. Justice Bailey then proceeded to pass sentence, "the language of his lordship's application to Mr. Wood, was highly censurable, and the subsequent conduct of his lordship was, from the 16th to the 21st. of August, such that he could not but look back upon with regret, when he considered how far he had permitted his temper and passions to carry him."

The sentence was three months confinement in the King's Bench, and securities for good behaviour for three years. His lordship then bowed, and withdrew in custody.

## Eccentricities.

### THE CONVERTED JEW; OR A FAIR APOLOGY FOR TURNING TO A CHRISTIAN.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

Turn to me *Mordecai*—turn and be blest—
The sun through the curtains will see thee at rest,
Thy heart like a Christian's is tun'd unto love,
Thou art warm'd with a glow,
For the *good things below*,
When inspired by a *view of the regions above.* J. M.

*Mor.* You be *vos* very pretty girl, Susan; you say dat you be christian, but you ave got a jew's eye, it be so black, and so penetrate my *art;* den you ave de natural *rouge* in your cheek, and

Digitized by Google

de natural *blanc*, de lily in your neck! You *ave de teet* like ivory; let me salute your pretty little *mout*.

*Susan.* Keep off, Mr. Mordecai; I cannot permit such freedoms from a jew. I despise the whole race and every tribe of you; I abhor and detest a jew, as much as the most rigid among you detests a rasher of bacon.

*Mor.* Den you *vont* hearken to my *pasheeon*?

*Susan.* No; if I do, may I be circumcised? I would trust myself in Mr. Saddler's balloon, at twenty miles elevation from the earth, rather than in the arms of a filthy outcast.

*Mor.* I swear to you, Madam Susan, if you will *ave compasheeon* upon me, I will love you as you ought to be loved, vid all *mine art*. Again I do swear to you——

*Susan.* "At lover's oaths, they say, Jove laughs!" but a jew's oath is proverbially a false one. Perjury is a trade among you all, from the great jew merchant who resides at ———, to the little jew merchant who sells shoe-strings, &c. about the streets. You are all thieves together.

*Mor.* You go on too fast, madam Susan, we are all honest men in our way.

*Susan.* Receivers of stolen goods, and——

*Mor.* I do not like *dose compliments*, madam Susan; you be *indeet* too lavish of dem—it is very ungenerous of you to talk in dis style. *Ven* I say you be *andsome*, den you say I am *teef!* Ven I make de encomiums upon your pretty *vite teet*, den you call me de receiver of stolen goods; dat is not *joostice*, dat be to return evil for *coot*. Let me kiss you *vid ardour*, and stop your *mout*, dat you say no more bad *tings* of de jews. (Here Mordecai seizes her to his bosom, and ravishes a kiss.)

*Susan.* Presumptuous pork-eater! I'll punish you for this rudeness. Oh! that I had a morsel of griskin to grease my lips with, to make the monster keep his distance; this itinerant pencil-merchant, this page of the removing wardrobe, this——poor little mo.

*Mor.* Dere, madam Susan, dere be five sovereigns (presenting her with that sum.)

*Susan.* Not but there are some very generous, good sort of people among the Israelites, and people who are universally esteemed.

*Mor.* You are in de right.

*Susan.* They are very upright and honest, as a body may say.

*Mor.* Very true.

Digitized by Google

*Susan.* And remarkable for forgiveness. Master Shakespeare ought to have been severely punished for that infamous invention of his, about the *pound of flesh*.

*Mor.* Oh, *dat vas villanous*, he ought to *ave* been shot for *dat;* but let us talk about one *oder* pound of de flesh which I do vant to buy of you.

*Susan.* Name your own terms, Sir; when I deal with a jew, I know I am dealing with a gentleman, and therefore I never stipulate; being well assured that he will propose better terms for me than I can have the conscience to propose for myself. Do as you please with me, Sir—I and my conscience are at your service. For I say, Sir, that though you are a jew, you may, if you please, TURN TO A CHRISTIAN!—"A word to the wise!"

*Mor. Den* I am completely *appy*, and I will turn to a *Christain* vit my heart and soul; so by de piper dat played before *Moshes*, here goes.

## DESCRIPTION OF A CUMBERLAND WEDDING.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Sir,—In Cumberland they have a peculiar way of celebrating a wedding, called a BRIDEWAIN, or a public festival; as soon as the wedding day is fixed, the parties send round their friends to give notice of it, and the whole neighbourhood collected for several miles round, assemble at the bridegroom's cottage and join in the various pastimes of the country.

A trencher, or pewter plate is fixed on a corner of the dresser; or in other words the counter. The table and beaufet of a northern cottage.

Here each of the company deposits his donation according to his ability, and according to the respect they bear towards the parties. The farmer and the landlord for whom the parties are daily employed, also send a present, and the lady of the Manor generally adds some finery to decorate the bride; by this laudable custom, many a young couple have been made happy and comfortable, who otherwise would have *starved* and *pined* in celebacy. From 10 to 20, and 50*l.* are often collected on these occasions, and in my youthful days I have attended many a *bridewain*, as the *locum tenens* of my father, with a lick for the plate, as putting down the money is called by the country folks. This custom like many other amiable ones is now on the wane, but still it holds ground in these parts of the Northern countries

Digitized by Google

so very remote, that vice and luxury has not quite poisoned the seeds of *virtue* and *innocence*. A notice is commonly affixed on the church door or some conspicuous place to the following effect:

'Tis true, and 'tis very true,
We TWO anon,
If you come to our bidding,
And then we TWO will be one.

or this—

Suspend for awhile your cares and your labours,
And come to this WEDDING, kind friends and good neighbours.

If this little trait of old English simplicity is worthy of notice you shall hear from me again.—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

*Cumberland Place.* CUMBRIENSIS.

---

*To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR,—I am perfectly aware that you are no enemy to any particular sect: the following receipt for composing a true visionary would-be methodist is copied, verbatim, from the memorandum-book of an old methodist, who has recanted, and lives, as other religionists usually do, who give up their original faith as bad, and cannot fix upon any other, for fear it should not be originally good. It has some claims to humour, and on that account only is worthy your insertion. I give it without comment, in the hope that some one of the methodist persuasion may, in return, favour us with a receipt for making a True Protestant.

I am, your obedient servant,

A UNITARIAN.

---

The king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he canna fa' that.—BURNS.

---

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A TRUE METHODIST.—Take of the roots of hypocrisy, add the spirits of spiritual pride, and two handsfull of vain glory, also imprudence of the like quantity; boil them over the fire of sedition until you find the ingredients cement, then add to them six ounces of the sugar of deceit, and one quart of dissembling tears, put them into the bottle of envy, stop them with the cork of malice, and when these ingredients



Digitized by Google

are subdivided, make them into pills, take two of the said pills in the evening, and five in the morning, but be sure to take them upon the tongue of slander, go into the house of the society to hear nonsense and stupidity by way of gentle exercise, play the wh*** under the cloak of sanctity, rail against the ecclesiastics, fall into pretended fits, then go home, cant, sing hymns, and say prayers, until you are heard all over the neighbourhood; this will produce such an effect, that your chief study will be, to cheat and deceive all you converse with; when an opportunity suits, swear, lie, and cut the throats of all your opposers. These ingredients, properly prepared, are an absolute receipt, without which you cannot be a true methodist.

# Theatricals.

## THEATRICAL REMARKS.

Colman has produced a new piece, entitled "the Law of Java." It is founded on the hackneyed story of "the Upas Tree," and has very little merit. It is an idle example of his closing day, and it were better for his fame that he had never meddled with it—he was always very indolent, and here, time has added to his natural indolence the imbecilities of age. The author of "John Bull" is not recognized in any line of the performance: in the scarcity of novelties it has had a run, but it will soon be down among the dead men of the actors and actresses—the less that is said the better.

His Majesty has honoured both theatres with his presence, and was enthusiastically received by crowded houses. A union is said to be affected between Mr. Elliston and Glossop, of horse-whipping memory. The glass curtain is, in consequence, to be removed to Drury Lane, to dazzle the eyes of the beholders. The performances, for the benefit of the poor Irish, we are sorry to say, have not been well attended. Dowton came forward on the occasion, and performed in "John Bull," with his usual spirit. Jack Johnstone voluntarily made his appearance for the benefit of his starving countrymen, and was welcomed with the applause his former merits entitled him to.

Digitized by Google

A daughter of Mrs. Glover, has made her debut with some credit; but she will never rise to the estimation in general opinion, which her mother has so long held. It is almost waste of time and paper to comment upon the "monopoly theatres," the management is ridiculous. Young has grown too old, Kean has lost most of his cutting qualities, and the public have cut him. The person fond of theatrical amusement, will be very much disappointed, if he either goes to "Drury Lane," or "Covent Garden."

---

## CUTTING REMARKS ON A KEAN PERFORMER.

"The grace of action, the adapted mien,
"Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
"Gesture that marks, with sense and feeling fraught,
"A sense in silence, and a will in thought."

The poet lives in his lays, and the painter on his canvas. All the imitative arts, except the scenic, leave some memorials to illustrate the fame of the proficients. The transient beauties of dramatic action have no permanent "local habitation;" they blaze and expire in an instant. The spectator can hardly fix them in his memory, and posterity can form no idea of them, except from their recorded effects. It frequently happens, that on the stage, specious talents are more encouraged than real, and that the clap of approbation is more gratifying to vain minds than the lasting plaudits of the world, which are seldom paid on this side of the grave. This ought to prove that a mediocrity of scenic excellence will never gain praise or reward, and that the highest excellence, the highest attainments in that art, are as perishable as the frame that produces them.

When the actor is no more, the description of the voice or pen cannot do his talents justice. These remarks are well worthy the attention of a celebrated actor, now passed his grand climacteric of reputation. Every one talks of him; very few understand him. He has, indeed, those wonderful powers—

"All perishable as the electric fire,
"They strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire."

But those powers are transient. The gold repeater, the gift of Mr. Coutts, will repeat in the hands of those by whom the present



Digitized by Google

wearer is forgotten. The Scotch sword of state, presented by Sir John Sinclair to Macbeth, will be admired by those who can have no idea of him who wore it, beyond his name.

Universal excellence is not the lot of man; but what is more to a man's credit is, to perform his part with respectability. In private life, to be as greedy of money as of praise,—the former, to make a charitable use of, the latter, to receive it without vanity, as a tribute due to supereminent abilities.

Courted and flattered as Mr. Kean has been, he must have been somewhat more than man to be absolutely devoid of vanity; yet it is a truth, that applause and popularity have not made him a whit the better in his profession than he was at the commencement of his career. It has been observed of Garrick, that if he performed the same character twenty nights running, he gave twenty different readings to it every time. "Don't you think," said Henderson to Garrick, "that in my Hamlet of last night, I struck out some beauties?" "Some!" replied Davy, drily, "why, by G—d you struck out all his beauties." So may be said of Kean's Romeo and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. But for the names, you might suppose him acting John Lump and Jerry Sneak. Mr. Kean is still the same actor that he was when he first appeared on the London boards; he has not varied or improved one tittle. The Richard and the Shylock of 1814 are now the same in 1822; and we only go to see what we are wearied of seeing. Like the citizen who had to go up and down Fish-Street-Hill twenty times a day, for upwards of forty years, who exclaimed to a friend, "Ah! I wish they would raise a subscription for a new monument, for I'm quite tired of looking at that; it is always the same."

Kean's acting is certainly highly finished, but tiresome, from its sameness. The careless manner in which he performs many parts, is reprehensible. It is said often to arise from disgust,—not with the audience—but things in private life, that embitter his happiness. Off the stage he is no Shylock, but honest and unsuspecting, and has an unfortunate attachment to the fashionable vice of gaming; the dishonest tricks of which he does not understand, and if he did, has too much integrity to practice. Perhaps he is too sincere to be fashionably polished, and too ingenuous to profess what he does not feel; and thus the artful are apt to prey upon his simplicity.

There are two vices which, when they once lay hold of the

Digitized by Google

heart, it is very difficult to disengage; their taint is quite incurable, and gains strength with years. These are, the love of gaming, and the love of wine, the epitome of all ills—the aggregate of infamy and ruin.

We shall say no more on this subject at present. If only one individual, on or off the stage, is warned by this to avoid those destroyers of fame and fortune, health and virtue, this well-intended page will not have been written in vain.

B.

## Literature.

*Belshazzar: a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. pp. 162. London, 1822. J. Murray.

What a noble theme for a Poem! And how unfortunate for Mr. Milman that he should have chosen it. An elegant and pleasing versifier; with a certain command of the pathetic in conception and of the lyric in composition, the fiery trial of the mighty Belshazzar was ill suited to his Muse. The thoughts that breathe and words that burn do not belong to his style; and yet they were the only fitting media through which to convey any adequate image of the divine wrath, and tremendous desolation of Babylon. Power and passion—power the most overwhelming, and passion the most immense, must be the elements of any poem which shall describe the impious despot struck down by the visible hand of the Almighty in the midst of his voluptuous orgies, his pride, his glory, and his presumption: these qualities Mr. Milman does not seem to us to possess, and we are sorry to say that his Belshazzar is the least effective of his productions, being nerveless, tame, and poor as it were in proportion to the sublimity of his subject.

It will of course be anticipated that any thing from the pen of this author will present redeeming beauties. There are several fine passages in the volume before us, and the whole is smoothly written; but the very parts we can select for praise deserve it rather when considered separately, than relatively as they stand in and affect the dramatic action; and the licence used towards the heroic measure, if not always unmusical, is at least frequently unallowable. Taking a general view of the work, we would say that, like its immediate precursor, The Martyr of Antioch, we



Digitized by Google

find feeling and tenderness where ample room was offered for the grandest poetical imagery and force, and are disappointed by a long succession of duly meted lines instead of the boldness and enthusiasm of genuine inspiration. Throughout, the sentiments seem to emanate but from one person; and if we do not detect a Hercules in the garb of Omphale (would we could!) we discover the respectable Oxford Professor of Poetry in the robes of Belshazzar and in the captive Jewish gaberdine. Thus the characters fail to be distinctly marked, and the dramatic interest is lost, angels, lovers, fathers, mothers, tyrants, and prophets, who speak very nearly all in the same tone—the tone of refinement, and not of nature, in the situations into which they are thrown.

The characters are, The Destroying Angel sent down to complete the annihilation of Babylon, Belshazzar, Nitocris his mother, Kalassan high priest of Bel, Arioch captain of the guard, and Sabaris chief eunuch, Chaldeans: the Prophet Daniel, Imlah a Jewish captive, Naomi his wife, Benina his daughter, and Adonijah her betrothed lover.

The story is that of the hand-writing on the wall, with an underplot, in which Benina is seized as the virgin bride devoted to the god Bel, but in fact destined for the lusts of Kalassan. The fall of the city intervenes to save her; the Chaldeans perish, and the Jews are restored to happiness.

The time is one day; from the morning to the conflagration of the Assyrian capital; and the piece opens with a soliloquy of the Destroying Angel which is the language of a *man* reasoning: Byron would have put other words into the mouth of so dreadful a *being*. The Priests of Bel prepare to hail Belshazzar, and that pompous monarch and his mother appear on the scene. The latter upbraids her son for his voluptuousness, and tempts him to war against the beseiging Cyrus. Our limits will not allow our giving extracts to enable our readers to form a judgment of the merits of the work.

---

*The Mohawks: a Satirical Poem.* 8vo. Colburn and Co.

This trumpery book has just issued from the press; and is a bad paraphrase of all the revolutionary trash which has filled the lowest periodicals for the last twelve months. It is said to be the issue of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan; and is an ugly featured mis-shapen bantling as ever sprung from the embrace of male philosophy and female party spleen. A compound of ran-

Digitized by Google

cour, rubbish, and feeble folly—it only merits notice as a check upon its puffing. Our readers need not be imposed upon unless they like—for we assure them truly that the Mohawks is silly trash, doggrel rhymes, and pointless satire.

## SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

It appeared by the public papers on Saturday morning, the 25th of May, that Mr. Adolphus, on the preceding day, moved for a warrant to hold Mr. Benbow to bail, for publishing an obscene libel. The defendant, seeing this, immediately gave notice of bail, which was accepted, and put in the same evening, but neither the warrant nor the form of the recognizance enabled him to ascertain which of his publications had given offence. It was impossible to determine by the newspapers, because they all varied. The Times said it was for five obscene prints; another paper mentioned the "Rambler's Magazine," and a third, the "Chevalier de Faublas." Mr. Benbow has applied to the office of the Clerk of the Peace at Hicks's Hall, for a sight of the indictment, that he might know precisely what the offensive publication was. He was told that it was an obscene libel, and he could not have any further information, without paying for a copy of the indictment, which was very long. This the defendant is not inclined to do, thinking it contrary to the spirit of British jurisprudence, thus to keep a man in ignorance of his imputed crime, to the risk of his continuing to commit it. If a defendant is indicted in the Court of King's Bench, he may read the indictment filed at the Crown Office, by paying a shilling; and it does not seem consistent that the petty courts should have the exclusive privilege of being arbitrarily illiberal. Of one thing the defendant is certain, viz. that the prosecution is not for obscene prints, as stated in the Times, for he never sold or encouraged such things in his life; but, from all he can collect, he has reason to believe it is for the translation he is publishing of the "Amours, Adventures and Intrigues of the Chevalier de Faublas," a celebrated French Romance, which has been universally read and admired for nearly forty years.

## PLAN FOR REDUCING POPULATION, BY BANISHING THE JEWS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

Sir,—I have not the least intention to say any thing against any person's religious faith; I hold my own in reverence, and so,

Digitized by Google

I conceive, does every other man. We are all travelling the same road—to a better world. We, it is true, make many deviations; some of us stumble against the opening hedge of hypocrisy; some of us fall into the gutter of deceit; but then it is our own fault; we have reason on our side, and if we do not make use of it, of what value is that boasted wisdom which raises us above the brute creation.

Mr. Malthus, in his doctrines upon population, has done more than even a sceptic of a more modern school would do; he has assumed positions which are not tenable by any one argument of all that he has propounded through three thousand pages. The wants, both in England and Ireland, are admitted. Mr. Malthus says, that a surplus population is the cause of these evils, and that an *expulsion* of some part of the community is necessary, to render existence tolerable for the few remaining. Gracious God! are we not all children of the soil, and inheritants of the place of our forefathers? and shall we be driven from a sheltering port and a quiet home, to perish on an unknown land, because the gifts of heaven are not sufficient to maintain us?

We have strangers domiciliated with us, who have no claim to our regard, who have no claim whatever to our compassion. They prey upon our vitals; they serve not the state or the constitution; they profane the sabbath; yes, the christian sabbath, established by the law of the legislature, founded on that divine truth revealed by a Saviour, in whose presence I hourly live, and in the hopes of whose salvation I shall assuredly die.

Now, if our population is too numerous, let us not send our own native beings

> "To wander through a scorning world,
> "Alike unknowing and unknown."

Let us expel strangers. It may be calculated that we have thirty thousand Jews in England; let them go; this is not their place of residence; we want them not; they are not natives of the soil. The way to Palestine is open, and they have riches to carry them there, beyond what even their forefathers experienced in practice, or hoped in prospective.

If the produce of the land is not sufficient to maintain its inhabitants, then send the Jews away; no matter where; they can always find a home; for they have the means to provide it. By such means, morality will be improved, trade increased, and misery relieved from all its oppressions. B. B.

Digitized by Google

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

FRENCH GALLANTRY.—The gallantry of married woman, amongst our continental neighbours, is as common as it is unheeded by their peaceable husbands, and few causes of divorce are brought at the bar of their legislative tribunals. Their parliaments, as they are emphatically stiled, are no more than a bunch of justices of the peace, and would blush at taking such evidences as are brought before our grave senators, in support of actions of that nature, though they scruple not to sacrifice the interests of their clients to the supreme will of despotism, and condemn or absolve the guilty with the most careless inattention. Husbands, who, says Lady Juniper, in the trip to Margate, have the least spark of *savoir vivre* are the first to laugh at the slippery tricks of their faithless mates.

It must be said, however, that in France as well as here, husbands of fashion do every thing in their power to deserve their fate; but amongst all those who had a well earned claim to the cornuted insignia, none ever could boast of a juster than the late Mareschal-Duke of Richelieu, who may be stiled the patriarch of rakes, and debauchees, has having been the most notorious of those who disgraced the court of that worse than Sardanapalus——Louis XV.

The Duke had, for his first wife, an ugly red haired, disgusting, but not less amourous woman. One day, going up to her apartments, he found every door opened. His grace, like a good natured husband, coughed, hemmed, and made all the noise he could to announce his approach; the hint, however, was disregarded, and he found the Duchess close locked in the arms of her equerry: the Duke presently withdrew, and the next day he said to his lady, madam, you have in your retinue an Equerry who does your business too well to suit me, he must be discharged.—His Grace's commands were obeyed, she died soon after, and the duke in order to recruit his finances, bethought himself of perusing the second volume of Practical Lectures on Cuckoldom; in plain English, to take another wife; having settled the preliminaries, he went according to custom, to the people of his rank, to beg, in a private manner, his Majesty's consent; as he was returning from the royal presence, the first man he met, in his way through the anti-chamber, was the identical equerry, to whom his late duchess stood so much indebted. He humbly approached the

Digitized by Google

Mareschal, "I flatter myself" said he, "Your Grace has forgot my presumption, and will not now refuse to honour me with your protection, and accept the tender I humbly make of my services." How, Sir, replied the duke, who the Devil has already told you that I am about to be married again?

HISTORICUS.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH AT THE SIEGE OF ACRE.—The late Sir John Douglas, who was captain of marines on board *Le Tigre*, and promoted for his gallant conduct at this siege, pointed out to Sir Sydney an advancing party of French, scarce discernable for clouds of dust, and said, beckoning to the troops "come on, commodore, I'll lead you to them, as you are short sighted." Sir Sydney, smiled and said, "my sight though bad is too clear to let you walk off with my glory. I never wore leading strings in my life, and I am too old to do so now; you follow me.

AN OLD STORY NEWLY REVIVED.—The provisions given to negroes in the West Indies, are chiefly salted; beef, pork and codfish are the principal articles. A rascally overseer, used to cut his fish in two, and thus cheat the hungry slave of half his pittance. A negro more bold than his brethren, when receiving his mess said, "Massa Buckra, this not whole fish," "it is," replied the overseer, "it is you black rascal, and a d—d good one too." "No, no, massa Buckra, God Almighty never make fish with one eye."

## ENVY TO LORD BYRON, OR THE LAUREAT'S WISH.

Says S—h—y to Tommy Moore, "Byron is dead,"
Says Tommy to friend Laureat "you lie,
"'Tis rancour like yours, the report that hath spread,
"For original genius can't die."

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—There are many whimsical ancient customs that border so much upon indelicacy and fiddecoey, which this age cannot be accused of, that I think in despite of all the Cynic sarcasms that are occasionally thrown out against the wantonness of the times, they are not near so vitiated as those of our forefathers. Not to be too prolix, I shall only mention two: the first is so well known as to need only to be hinted at; I mean the custom of a female riding naked through the city of

Digitized by Google

Coventry, to preserve the charter. The second is the ancient custom in the manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere. If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her Free Bench in all his copyhold lands, *diem sola and casta fuerit*, that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinence, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram with his tail in her hand, and say the words following,

Here I am
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am,
And for my crincum crancum
Have lost my hincum bancum;
And, for my tail's game
Have done this worldly shame,
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you can equal this in our time, I will allow that we are as vicious as our progenitors; but though Mrs. Q——, Lady C——, Miss C—— and many more women of spirit, might perform this ceremony without blushing; for the honour of my countrywomen, I believe there is not one in a thousand but would rather give up her claim to the free bench, than go through the custom.

---

A Comical Incident.—At the time of the dreadful plague in London, in 1665, in the midst of the calamitous scene which was then exhibited, an accident happened of the comic kind. A bagpiper, who happened to be excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street, and there lay asleep. In this condition he was found early the next morning; and being supposed to be a person who had died of the plague, was accordingly taken up, and thrown into a cart, and carried away among some dead bodies. At last the honest piper awaked out of his sleep, and it being about day break, and he being musically disposed, and not knowing his situation, began very briskly to play up a tune; which so surprised the fellows that drove the cart, who could not see distinctly, that they betook themselves to their heels in a great fright, and swore they had taken up the Devil in the disguise of a dead man.

Digitized by Google

## Q IN A CORNER—A SAILOR'S EPIGRAM.

JACK TAR unto Windsor in search of a friend,
Inquired for his place, from a passenger by;
"I'm close aboard on't," said the Tar, "and depend
His lodging is secret, for he's on the shy."
"Then, by G—d," says the passenger, "he's the big man
My mistress has chosen, at times to adorn her;
Turn down the green lane—to the left is your plan—
And there you will find him, with Q in a corner."

---

A NORTHERN MODE OF MAKING LOVE.—A sailor, in a northern town, paid his addresses to a young lady. He was bashful, a thing uncommon in men of his profession. He at last determined to make an offer of his person; and when he returned from having done so, he met his friends, but with a very woeful face. "Well, Jack," said one of the company, "you are settled." "Yes, damned deep, and for ever." "How so? you asked her the question?" I did, and

"She damn'd me; then I started;
She bade me kiss her—you know where,
I rush'd away in fell despair;
And so for ever we have parted."

---

ANECDOTE.—The folly of those among the higher classes of people, who propagate infidelity and atheism in the nation, is strongly exemplified in the following story. A servant who had made the improvement that might be expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behaviour, "Sir, said he, I have heard you talk so often of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but," replied the master, "had you no fear of that death which the laws of your country inflict on a crime." "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that. You had removed my greatest fear; why should I fear the less?"

G. C.

Digitized by Google

MISS ELPHINSTON'S WORK BAG.—Amongst our convivial customs at table, one stands mainly prominent, which is, drinking a certain toast when the ladies retire. This toast has many designations; "Our old friend," being the most common. At a dinner in Edinburgh, when the ladies were retiring, the beautiful Miss Elphinston, being the last, heard the chairman give as a toast, "Here's to what the ladies carried out with them." When the party met in the tea room, she, with all the simplicity of artless innocence, asked COLONEL ANSTRUTHER, "Pray Colonel what is the meaning of that toast, given as we went out, I am sure I carried nothing out with me but my WORK BAG, it was your WORK BAG we toasted, said the Colonel, from mere whim and humour, as it is so fancifully embroidered. To this day, the toast of our old friend is abandoned in Edinburgh, for "Miss Elphinston's work bag."

## EPIGRAM ON LADY C——.

VIRTUE alone can never bring
Pleasures which will not cloy;
For 'tis at best a useless thing,
Which yields no lasting joy.

So C— thinks, who wisely scorns
The fear of vulgar shame,
And gives, each night, her husband *horns*,
To shew she hates the name. T. W.

A SOLDIER'S OPINION OF A SHOT'S COMMISSION.—"Every bullet has its billet." At the battle of Maida, I was on duty in the front of the line, when the French guards were advancing along the Rhone, at the *Pas de charge* the artillery ploughed upon our ranks with success, but we had orders to stand, one ball entered the ground close to my feet and laid me, and a grenadier flat, killing two men behind us. On rising, the grenadier very cooly said, "that shot was not meant for our division," "Why so," said I, "because the two chaps it has killed belong to the 50th, and only joined us by chance." I smiled at the gallant soldier's idea, but had no time to reply, as a charge with bayonets instantly commenced, and amongst the numbers that fell was my moralizing friend, the grenadier.

J. S——, R. A.



Digitized by Google

WONDERFUL ERRORS IN PARISH OFFICERS' ACCOUNTS.—Upon examining the parish accounts a short time ago, in a country village, not many miles from Mile-End turnpike, the following *singularities* appeared particularly conspicuous. One of the OVERSEERS had made an addition to the calendar of some consequence, probably to himself.

The year of our Lord 1821. for 63 *weeks* - - 30 10 0

Another overseer had an item, money paid in aid of the county *Rats* (rates) - - - 80 0 0

These things created much laughter as they were read by the clerk, and the Chief Constable, an arrant wag, in a public house, advised that the overseers should be sent to LANCASTER SCHOOL to get some learning, he then produced his own accounts to the committee, and the first article ran thus—

Paid to the CROWNER and company, for holding a CONQUEST over a man found dead - - - 5 0 0

The presiding officer joined the laugh against the constable, and said he would SARTIFY the expenditure, as he was SARTAIN, NOBODY had NO intention of doing NOTHING that was wrong. Query—was this the parish of GOTHAM, and the committee those seven WISE MEN, who built a WALL TO HEDGE in a magpie.

---

THE MODEST AUTHORESS.—Lady C—n, so celebrated for her travels, and novels, and also her modesty, which is proverbial in the blue stocking clubs in Burlington street, and at Hammersmith, addressed lately a literary publication to her son, the present Lord C—, to which she modestly prefixed the following truly applicable motto.

"Disce, puer, ex me Virtutem verumque
Laborum, Fortunam ex aliis!"

Translation.

From me, my son, learn fortitude and Virtue,
Good fortune learn from others.

As to fortitude, we will not dispute this lady's claims; but as to virtue, much might be said on both sides, and we willingly drop the subject.

---

A street in Trowbridge has been waggishly named *Heavenly* street, from seven persons of the name of ANGEL, two of the name of CHURCH, four of the name of PARSONS, and one of the name of CLERK residing in it.

Digitized by Google

THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.—At the Collegiate Church of Manchester, a young couple appeared to be married, and when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this," &c. the bridegroom loudly answered "No!" and ran out of the church. The bride looked around, horror-struck; but her beloved was gone for ever. What could induce the fellow to behave in this inhuman manner is not known. A woman, in this pitiable situation, thrice asked in church, and not married, is said to be "hanging on the bell ropes!" and becomes the scorn and ridicule of all her acquaintance.

ANECDOTE OF EARL NELSON.—This gallant admiral was as animated and decided in his intercourse with his friends, as with the enemies of his country. Captain Berry, who served with him at the Nile, accompanied him to St. James's. The King lamented the admiral's wounds. "I regret" said his Majesty, with his accustomed suavity, "that you have lost your right arm;" "but not my right hand," replied the admiral, "as I have the honour of presenting Captain Berry to your Majesty.

## THE DEATH-BED SCORE OF THE SPENDTHRIFT,

AN EPIGRAM.

When Wastwell on the bed of death
In agonies was laid,
Moll says, "you sha'nt yield up your breath,
Till, by the Lord! I'm paid."
"Fate will," said Dick, "discharge my debt;
No more it shall be delay'd."
"I know him not," cried Moll, in a pet,
"And, by G—d, you sha'nt die till I'm paid."

I. M.

ANECDOTE OF SIGNOR CORRI.—This eminent master of music, was one day passing the town church, in Edinburgh, while the congregation were engaged in singing psalms, he asked a man of true puritan appearance who was going in, what was the cause of so much noise; the other astonished at the question, answered, "that the people were praising God Almighty." "Sancta Maria" exclaimed Corri, shrugging up his shoulders, "if God Almighty be delighted wit such praise, he must have one very bad ear."



Digitized by Google

THE MAN WITH TWO MISTRESSES.—At the Nottingham sessions, the court was shocked at the entry of two sisters, residing in the parish of Radford, who, with infants in their arms, fathered them upon one man, Robert Faulkes. He was ordered to pay 2s. 6d. per week for each child, and received a reproof for his infamous conduct. The girls were his own servants; and he debauched, instead of protecting them. This case is so outrageous, that it carries a lesson without the necessity of a single comment.

---

THE COURAGE OF A FRENCH DANCER.—A Dancer, once well known in London, fled from his engagements in consequence of a challenge, and went to Paris, where he formed an engagement of a tender nature, with a female dancer. They lodged in a narrow street, or rather the lady did, where he visited her daily, and paid his addresses, but never made an advance beyond the rule of Platonic affection. This the young lady did not very highly approve of, and communicated her chagrin to a friend, who lived opposite, and was KEPT by a gallant son of Mars, whose apartments faced those of the Platonic lovers. The soldier was partial to eating cherries, and always hurled the cherry stones at the dancer, to his great annoyance. In the end, the tripper on the "light fantastic toe" penned a challenge, which the soldier accepted; but when they met in the wood of the Bois de Boulogne, the soldier displayed such a knowledge of "*carte* and *tierce*," that the dancer, whose *fortune* and *reputation* depended upon his heels, determined they should also have the reputation of saving his life, and ran from the field with the agility of a Harlequin. This event caused great a sensation at the Opera Comique, whence the unfortunate dancer was for ever expelled. He repaired to the apartments of his fair one, but was told she was not at home, but had left a box for him; he unsealed it in haste, and perused a card, on which was written, "Cherry comforts—don't be afraid to taste them; they will do you as much good as you intended me; and can do you no harm, for they are without stones." He danced off in despair to the country, where he has accepted of a provincial engagement for the use of his heels, and declares that his heart shall never again induce him to engage with a woman or a soldier.

---

When the Earl of Liverpool was preparing his plan for cultivating the interior wastes of Africa, an old maid, who had scanned

Digitized by Google

it over in the newspapers, declared it was a very uncharitable proceeding, while so many WAISTS lay *unimproved* at home.

EARL SAINT VINCENT IN BATTLE. — Preceding the glorious victory, gained over the Spaniards by this gallant veteran, off Cape Saint Vincent, the admiral ordered the helm to be put up and bear down on the enemy. "Good God," exclaimed Sir Robert Calder, then captain of the fleet, "they are twenty seven sail of the line, and we only fourteen, what are you going to do, admiral." "Sir," said he, "the consequences rest upon my head, not on your's. I'll break their line, that will astonish and break their spirit. Nelson shall break down their rear. Trowbridge and Collingwood, break up their van, and, by God! I'll at their centre and break them up altogether." He did as he said, and gained a victory unprecedented in the annals of history.

## THE KING AND NOTHING—AN IMPROMPTU.

THE king to the continent's going, they say,
In search of a wife, bent to roam.
What the devil can he do abroad with a wife,
Who we know can do *nothing* at home. I. M.

BRITISH FEMALE HEROISM.—In the *Courier Francois* it is related, that the Russian admiral, Ischertnicoff, who commanded a division of the Russian army against Napoleon, has gone to partake in the war upon the frontiers of Turkey. He has to lead the advanced guard, and his lady has accompanied him to the field. This lady is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Saxton, commissioner of the navy at Chatham, and sister of the present Sir Charles Saxton. She was married to the Russian admiral in the year 1800, who had then a squadron in the River Medway, under repair. This lady accompanied her husband in the celebrated campaign which destroyed the dynasty of Buonaparte: and, on board his ship, has cruised in the Baltic and Mediterranean seas for several seasons. They have only two sons—one is a captain in the Russian navy, and the other an aid-de-camp to his father.

Amidst the mass of infidelity that we unhappily have to record, it gives us pleasure to relate this proof of conjugal affection and fidelity, so honourable to our fair countrywomen, who has so eminently signalised herself in the path of virtuous love.—EDITOR.



Digitized by Google

SAILOR'S DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS.—"Why, TOM, you are drunk," said an officer to a sailor, staggering along the quarter deck, "No sir, I'm sober, only had three half pints of rum and a few handfulls of flip between two of us all day." "Why, TOM, when do you deem yourself drunk," "When I can't walk straight along a plank, or can't hold on by a rope." "Then, sir," said the officer, "you are drunk now," "No, your honour, only half seas over, I can see a hole through a grating, but when I lay on my back and swear that the sky is our main top rim painted blue, then I'll allow myself to be overtaken with liquor." For this time Tom's eccentric definition of drunkenness saved his back, but his logic was not held good by his commander in other cases.

---

HOW TO SECURE A HOUSE TOTTERING ON A ROTTEN FOUNDATION.—The surveyor called the other day, at a certain house which has long been trembling over the heads of the raddish and onion sellers, in Fleet Market, he told the occupant (an Irishman) that if he did not do something to render the foundation more secure, the house must be pulled down. "Leave me alone for that," replied the sage Hibernian. The next time the Surveyor called, Pat told him with glee, "faith and it's all secure now." "Why," said the surveyor, "it is in the same state as when I last saw it," "Arrah, your honour," thundered Pat, "and the devil a drop of rain, can ever more enter the foundation, for have'nt I been after putting FOUR TON weight of blue slates upon the roof, so that all my lodgers are now secure, and as dry as dust."

Pat appears to have been a MINISTERIALIST, and approved the method of carrying more SAIL than BALLAST even to the danger of the vessel.

---

## LADY C—'S IMPROMPTU ON THE K—G.

THE sweet Lady C— once this declared,
I love my friend dearly, and well he loves me;
But somehow or other, I almost despair'd,
T'other night, that we e'er can in passion agree.

His offerings are splendid and true, I admire;
His promises—ah! were they but realities,
I'd dispense with his graces, which all men admire,
For a strong, loving proof of his manly qualities.

C. C. C.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL STUD.—Many people think the Stud House, at Hampton Court, is a stable, and that the K— sleeps in a hay-loft when he is there; but a noble general has a grand residence therein, and when he is absent, the K— frequently remains in his place. I apprehend the lady can guide the stud, as well as her husband.

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### PUT OUT THE LIGHTS.

PUT out the lights, the twilight gloom
That steals in silence round the room,
Suits better with the sweets of love
Than all the blazing orbs above.

Put out the lights—and let me swim
In rapture to the very brim:
The glowing gem those arms entwine
Need no such borrow'd light as thine.

Now let, my dear, thy heaving breast
On mine, in thrilling transports, rest—
Till Sol's illuminating ray
Proclaims afar approaching day!

### MARY; OR, THE SUICIDE.

When down the vale CAM trembling pours
His slowly winding beauteous stream;
And over yonder hallowed tow'rs
The pale moon darts her fading beam.

Where trembling aspins lightly wave,
And no church spire is seen on high,
Fond Memory points to Mary's grave,
And calls forth many a bitter sigh.

Digitized by Google

Oh, Mary! thou wert dear to all,
For wit, for worth, and youthful bloom;
Yet who upheld thy solemn pall,
What hallow'd strains breath'd o'er thy tomb!

No pious preacher rais'd his hand
To bless thy once-lov'd form so low,
But impious tongues the memory brand
Of her who shorten'd life and woe.

Damn'd be through life the miscreant vile
That lovely virtue would betray;
May mankind on his sufferings smile,
And dead, heaven's portals bar his way.

Oh! may this prayer for Misery's child
Ascend to him whose power can save;
And heav'n's dread sentence pass as mild
As sweept the night-wind o'er thy grave.

---

## THE LIFE OF LOVE.

Whene'er the virgin cheek we meet,
Health's tender blooming roses spread.
To kiss those roses must be sweet,
To kiss them on their native bed.

Truth well experienced lovers know,
And chief the few who blissful burn,
That kiss is lifeless we bestow
On charms that yield us no return.

But sure those kisses breathe delight,
Where love the sweetly vengeful dart
Exchanges, while fond lips unite,
Lips echoing soft as kisses part.

When one warm wish inflames the pair,
Not less endearing kisses prove;
Each gives, each takes an equal share,
Sweet interchange of sweetest love.

Digitized by Google

Kiss the dear lip, the swelling breast,
The snow-white hand, the forehead kiss;
'Tis by the lip the joy's exprest,
And 'tis the lip repays the bliss.

Ah, no! that lip is but a pledge
Of future joys, that are not gone;
The harbinger of heavenly love,
That leads the way to joys to come.

When lovers' lips in transport join,
Their souls to share that transport fly,
And on their mingling breaths combine,
The purple form of life supply.

Then each inspired kiss impart,
In sounds half utter'd, half suppress,
The tender secrets of their hearts,
Secrets alone to lips confest.

Where soul is thus with soul entwined
The living rapture is improved:
'Tis rapture of the sweetest kind
To kiss when kiss'd, to love when loved.

AMATOR.

---

## SONG OF GLORY—BATTLE OF THE RIVAL DUKES.

Tune—"*Bow, Wow, Wow!*"

What is the love of country—home?
It is a natural feeling;
Quite single in the breast of some;
In others, *double-dealing*.

For *principles* like *practice* are
Amongst a brood of lawyers;
A sight of gold dispels dull care,
And, like a pair of plyers,

They turn and squeeze, and sideways twist,
Till twisted into place, sir;
They turn the mill—they steal the grist—
Nor mind the foul disgrace, sir.

Digitized by Google

In noble men, a noble mind
Exists, in different ways, sir;
The one the people pay in kind,
The people t'other pays, sir.

A noble Duke of late abused
His politic opponent,
Who thought himself most cruel used,
And, in a desperate moment,

He seized his quill—a challenge sent:
Bedford thought it not a hard one;
And so to Buckingham he went,
That is, to Kensington Garden.

There Lynedoch trod ten paces wide,
The mighty business to begin;
No harm from this there could betide,
When back'd by Watkins Billy Wynne.

By signal they fired each a shot,
Which turn'd out all a joke, sir,
For neither party went to pot;
It was a bottle of smoke, sir.

"You fired o'er my head," said Buck,
"That shall the business settle;
Hereafter it shall be our luck
To be thought *men of mettle*."

"No *public metal* can me hit,"
Said Bedford, "that a joke is;
Of personal malice me acquit,
I you of corrupt motives."

"With all my heart," said Buckingham,
"My name shall live in story;
And I don't care a single d—n,
My fame will blaze in glory.

With Bedford, down the stream of time,
Historians will me mention,
But never more I'll cock and prime,
Except 'tis for a p—n—n."

Digitized by Google

Thus ended an illustrious storm,
The scene of humour's sport, sir;
One parted to create reform,
And t'other went to court, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, fal, ral, &c. &c.

---

## AN AMATORY EPISTLE FROM A TAYLOR AT MARGATE TO A CERTAIN LADY IN CANTERBURY.

---

"She wanted much to gain his heart,
"And share of every *tender part!*
"But heaven decreed that she should find
"No honour in the tailor's mind;
"Should find her love rejected, spurn'd,
"And all her prospects overturn'd!"

---

"Your letter, dear Lucy, came safe to my hand;
The contents, *howsomever*, I don't understand:
You tell me a tale, rather strange, I confess,
Which can't but create me most poignant distress;
I mean that queer story concerning the beau,
With whom, it appears, you are half bent to go,
Forgetting the vows which you made when we lay,
Unseen by the world, on the *cock of new hay!*
Where you swore that you thought me the *finest* of men,
And ask'd me to *kiss* you again and again:
He is, I've no doubt, a most wonderful star,
And pleases your darling papa and mamma,
Who, though they have not got a THOUSAND to spare,
For the hundreds of others will hunt with due care;
And, therefore, the poor slighted "knight of the YARD"
Will be left in the lurch, nor enjoy your regard!
Oh, Lucy! I envy the fellow the blisses
Which he's sure to enjoy in your excellent *kisses!*
And when I reflect on his raptures *au lit,*
I grow as unhappy as tailor can be;

Digitized by Google

In n
F
Th

A

V

[redacted]

PETER CLOSE-STITT

[redacted]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

And doting on her over whom he presides,
Wish to be, my dear Lucy, close by your *fat* sides!
Those sides, which you know are envelop'd in fat,
And are softer by far than the coat of my cat!

"Well, Lucy! the reason that I have so long
Stray'd away from the woman whose passion's so strong,
Is, simply, that business has push'd very hard
On your fervent and amorous "knight of the YARD!"
Indeed, my dear girl, you must now understand
I have scarce had the YARD ever out of my hand,
So much has my business oppress'd me of late,
And marr'd all the plans of this feverish pate;
And, perhaps, when we've married, yourself won't discard
The use of that excellent measure—the YARD!
Which, doubtless, when wielded by you, will improve,
Not only our trade in the *linens*—but love!
You know, my dear Lucy, full well what I mean,
And won't blush on reviewing the pleasures we've seen!
At present, my shopmen, though honest, perhaps,
Are but (as you well may conceive) "spoony chaps!"
Their want of address—of politeness—and sense,
Must prove, for my absence, my only defence,
And what with the ships, now discharging their freight,
I've scarce got a moment to think of a mate,
Which I fully intend you shall be, when the weather
Will admit of our getting again CLOSE TOGETHER!
However, dear Lucy, all this will be over
Ere long—and your ardent, affectionate lover,
Will come to your bosom, both blessing and blest,
And DO ALL HE'S ABLE to set you at rest!
At present, you'll dream o' the joy that's to come,
And concerning all that which IS OVER—BE MUM!

PETER CLOSE-STITCH.

---

W. Benbow, Printer, 9, Castle Street, Leicester Square, London

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Bentley, Publisher, 1822.

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] JULY 1, 1822. [No. 7


" *Perduto è tutto il tempo*
" *Chè in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" All time is lost
" That is not spent in love."

## Remarks

ON

## THE PREVAILING TASTE FOR PUGILISM, FEATS OF ACTIVITY, AND BODILY VIGOUR.

" Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves."—CATO.

AMIDST the varieties and fluctuations which naturally occur in all human transactions, the vicissitudes that are equally apparent in matters of taste and amusement, ought also to furnish topics for discussion and curious speculation, as well as the more grave and important concerns of the busy world. It is a trite observation, and one that frequently admits of introduction and reference, that "extremes meet;" and, however diversified the various objects that present themseves to our attention may be in their extent and nature, yet there runs a latent analogy, and a train of striking similarity between them. Thus it seems that periods of the utmost taste and refinement, and which



Digitized by Google

are distinguished also by the excesses of luxury and dissipation, appear frequently in their eccentric aberrations, to cast a hankering look after the scenes of savage life, and to envy the savage his bodily vigour and activity, and that speed and swiftness of foot that enables him to outstrip the deer and the various beasts of the field in the race. It was during the most brilliant æra of ancient Greece, when her poets and philosophers, as well as her painters and statuaries, approached so nearly to perfection in their pursuits. It was then that her pugilists and pedestrians were also most highly extolled and caressed, and that the skilful drivers of the chariot who gained the prizes at the Olympic Games, were nearly put on a level with the triumphant general and the victorious conqueror of states and kingdoms. It may be said, indeed, that virtues, like diamonds, are chiefly valued for their rarity and scarceness, and that the humble pebble, which is found at random in the quarry, or casually thrown on the sea-shore, is cast aside as possessed of no intrinsic value. It is certain, however, that, in times of general luxury and refinement, the universal taste for pleasure and enjoyment must prove prejudicial to the physical vigour of the human frame, not to speak of that softness and effeminacy with which the sons of rank and opulence are usually brought up. In such a state of things, though personal elegance, as well as beauty of figure, is found in the greatest perfection amongst the refined and opulent, yet strength of frame, and muscular energy, may be said to belong almost exclusively to the humbler classes of the community.

It was otherwise in ancient Greece, as we learn from Pindar and several other writers, from whom it appears that the pugilists, the rivals in the foot-race, and the charioteers, were the most distinguished persons in their own times, and the principal characters in the communities to which they belonged. But it may likewise be observed, that what in modern times is termed fashion and gallantry, seems to have been totally unknown to the ancients, and that this sentiment

Digitized by Google

of fashion has a most surprising effect on the modes of thinking, and the habits of life, in our modern communities. It is, therefore, in the various forms of etiquette, and the amusements of polished society, that we must look for the superiority of the present inhabitants of Europe over their predecessors in the æra of the classic world. But if times, so remote from each other, may be said to approximate in taste and sentiment, while every successive moment increases their distance, and their impossibility of future contact, it may perhaps be affirmed at the present period, from some recent symptoms that have appeared amongst us, that we are once more recurring to ancient ideas and practices, as is proved by the complacency with which we survey the various feats of pugilism, by the frequency of the astonishing performances of our pedestrian operators, and by other exhibitions of muscular process and personal activity.

From these, it appears that there exists a sort of sympathetic, or elective attraction, between the upper and lower orders of the community, and that the middle, or *equestrian* rank, must make room for the *pedestrian*, in order to fill up the vacant space These new infusions of vigour must also tend to brace up the distorted spine of the body politic, and breathe a new portion of life into the antiquated frame of society. It is not only in a physical sense that a change of sentiments of this description is desirable, but it would also tend to produce the most beneficial moral effects, if pugilism could be brought to check the sanguinary spirit of duelling, provided gentlemen would adopt that mode of combat which they seem so much to admire, and instead of aiming at each other's lives with deadly weapons, they would come to an amicable conclusion of their differences with ther fists. Disputes might then be said to begin as other quarrels end—by the shaking of hands: a pair of black eyes might enable gentlemen to see the cause of misunderstanding in a clearer point of view: a cross-buttock might lead them to a more complete intelligence, and a more regular understanding with each other.



Digitized by Google

Eloquence, said Zeno, is like an open hand, but logic is a close fist; thus borrowing his allusions from the pugilistic, and not from the philosophic schools: the first professor of the pugilistic science among ourselves, the late DANIEL MENDOZA, used regularly, in his programmes, or placards, to enlarge on the superior moral excellence of HIS ART, in preventing duels, and enabling gentlemen to protect and defend themselves in the most rational and scientific style This mark of superiority is also confirmed by the testimony of antiquity, for the philosophic Horace, the great critic, as Sir William Temple justly styles him, reprobates those false notions of honour that stimulate men to seek revenge by aiming at their rivals' lives:

> "Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,
> "Quem nisi MENDOSUM et MENDACEM?"

This is a most remarkable passage, as it tends to give countenance to the idea that was prevalent in ancient times, that prophet and poet were synonymous terms, and that Horace, in his double capacity, seemed, by a similarity of sound, and an echo to the sense, to point out to future ages the first professor of the pugilistic art. Now, if this science could be found competent to check the dangerous, and, in many cases, the ferocious spirit of duelling, it might then, along with its fellow and sister sciences, be rendered extremely useful and advantageous to society. In fact, no branch of knowledge deserves the honourable title of "science," unless it promotes the happiness and the general comforts of mankind. Pugilism is, therefore, highly laudable, both in a domestic, as well as a public and political point of view; since, in the first place, it might, by discountenancing duelling, preserve the lives of the most honourable and respectable persons, and restore peace to their families, without the deadly effusion of blood; and, in the next place, by encouraging strength and muscular energy in the multitude, it would people the land with a race of brave and manly defenders, that would set all foreign and external foes at defiance. With respect to

Digitized by Google

the practice of pedestrianism, nothing need be said; it has all the advantages of pugilism, besides being peaceable in its operations, and in no instance leading to bloodshed, riot, or dispute. The Scripture says, "Blessed are they who walk in the ways of the Lord;" and, in humble imitation of the Divine Word, we may safely say, honest and happy are those who walk with superior energy and perseverance, and accomplish their task within the appointed time.

GYMNASIARCHUS.

---

## The Rambler;

*Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

*(Continued from page 206.)*

### CHAPTER IV.

We left our hero dividing his time between books and love, at the happy age of fifteen. We shall still leave him for awhile, to pursue his morning walks towards St. Cross; and whilst he is enjoying the beauties of the summer mornings, and feasting on the lips of Amelia Bland, we will take the liberty of introducing another personage to our readers.

In the second chapter, we mentioned that Dr. Milner, the catholic bishop, had placed young Griffin under the tuition of an ancient Jesuit, who resided near the chapel in Peter Street; we also mentioned the friendship of the Jesuit for his pupil, the progress he made, &c. but did not state that Gregory boarded and lodged with the *Padre Baldini*, whose housekeeper was a buxom French lady, the widow of an officer, who had been killed during the early period of the French revolution, while fighting in defence of the old regime. This woman was about thirty-five years of age, of a sallow complexion, a lively, intelligent countenance, and with eyes peculiarly expressive of the temperament we call amorous. She had, for a



Digitized by Google

short time, been under the protection of Cardinal York, at Rome, and was by him sent to England, to be provided for out of the annuity he had settled on the father Baldini. Her name was Madame St. Clare, and nothing but her poverty would have detained her in so lonely and desolate an occupation as that of being house-keeper to an aged and retired man, in a neighbourhood where she had no congenial society, and which is so notoriously dull as that of Winchester.

Madame St. Clare had behaved like a mother to young Griffin for a considerable time; but as he gradually approached towards manhood, she began to entertain for him sentiments of a still tenderer nature. The case of a widow is greatly to be pitied. She has known what it is to have tasted the sweets of love, but after having enjoyed them for awhile, she is all at once deprived of them, and left disconsolate, to mourn for the joys that are past. Now the situation of a maid is different: she has not partaken of the intoxicating draught; she has still her maiden modesty and fears to protect her, and she looks forward with confident hope that she shall one day have a husband, and have justice done her. But the poor widow has not the ignorance of the bliss, nor the maiden fears and modesty to protect her; all those are gone by, and left her with a strong *penchant* for the rites of Venus, the result of former practice and experience, and sharpened by long abstinence. She was at an age, too, when women, if they have those passions, feel them with more force, because they give a greater loose to them, than at an earlier period; consequently, we must, as good Christians, abounding in charity, make due allowance for those infirmities we are about to record in Madame St. Clare, remembering that she was a widow, and had lost her helper, that she was a lone woman, and had none to comfort her.

The serious and studious disposition of young Gregory was a great balk to her amorous feelings; but though balked, they were not to be suppressed. She had no other subject to occupy her mind, and it was

Digitized by Google

very hard if a clever, experienced French woman could not accomplish the seduction of a youth like Griffin. His amour with Amelia was not long a secret to her; she discovered it by his conduct, and had, by her address, induced him to make her a confidant of his tender passion. Father Baldini uniformly retired to rest at a very early hour; Madame St. Clare sat up reading romances, and Gregory was generally occupied in his study. She would frequently ask him to bring his books down and sit with her, for the sake of company; a request he most cheerfully complied with, as it gave him an opportunity of talking to her about his adored Amelia. This afforded her an excellent pretext for speaking with the greatest familiarity upon the most delicate and interesting subjects. She could do it with a better grace, inasmuch as it was in the character of a mother giving affectionate advice to her son, for on these occasions she always called him *mon cher enfant.*

One evening, when he had been unburthening his soul to her, and minutely describing the various emotions, hopes and fears that had alternately ruled his breast, she addressed him as follows: "I have long wished, my dear child, to speak to you on this subject in the most serious and confidential manner, and if I touch upon topics which females are shy of talking about to your sex, you must consider it an effort of my tenderness for you, and look up to me as if I was your mother. You have been indulging a passion in your bosom, without considering the consequences it will lead to. Recollect that you are devoted to the church, and that you will have to make a vow of perpetual celibacy. You must not only abstain from marriage, but from the enjoyment of our sex; and not only from physical acts of fruition, but your mind must be kept pure from amorous thoughts, or you cannot be worthy to serve God in the character of a priest. I recollect an instance of a priest refusing to administer the sacrament on a particular day, because, during the previous night, the devil had caused him to dream of being in the arms of a beautiful woman, and feeling

Digitized by Google

the same sensations as if he had known her carnally. Do not consider that I wish to deprive you of the happiness you experience in loving this young girl; far from it, I only design to warn you in time, to make up your mind one way or the other. I know at present your ideas are pure and innocent, therefore it is impossible you should have an ardent affection for Amelia, and not look forward to matrimony at some future period. The purest love that ever existed between a male and female, must arise from the secret spring of sexual desire, however it may be disguised. Therefore, ponder well in your mind what is to be your future occupation: if you aspire to clerical honours, and a character for piety and sanctity, you must immediately endeavour to smother your passion for Amelia, because you cannot indulge it without disgracing both yourself and your profession, and ultimately bring shame and misery upon the object of your affections." "My dear mamma," interrupted Gregory, "talks of nothing but carnal passions; may I not cultivate a Platonic friendship with Amelia without interfering with my religion or my profession." "All nonsense, child; no such thing ever existed but in books. How can you be in the constant habit of adoring the beauties of her mind, her goodness of heart, and all her various accomplishments, without feeling attached to her person? If you would be truly Platonic, find out an old woman of seventy, grey-haired, blear-eyed, toothless, infirm, and covered with wrinkles; imagine that she possesses all the fascinating qualities of mind and disposition which you attribute to Amelia, and devote your mornings and your evenings to her society:—this I will call Platonic love; but when these supposed qualities of heart and understanding are enveloped in the shape of a blooming girl of sixteen, it is madness to talk of Platonism. How can you sit under your favourite hedge, in the morning, admiring the animated expression of her countenance, without drinking delicious poison from her eye? How can you listen to the sweet sentences she utters, without wishing to print a kiss upon her ruby lips? How can you

Digitized by Google

see her snowy bosom heave with tender emotion, at some affecting narration, without envying the muslin which covers it? How can you help feeling a desire to lay your cheek upon those luxuriant cushions which Nature seems to have designed for the pillows of happy Love? How can you behold her graceful shape, without contemplating her form divested of its clothing, and longing to behold her in the simple dignity of nature, like the Medicean Venus? How can you behold her little foot and delicate ankle; or when the rude wind lifts the clothes, and exposes her graceful leg, how can you check the rovings of youthful fancy from drawing a vivid sketch, and picturing to your glowing imagination those sacred secret charms, which prudence or policy have taught us to conceal? How can you clasp her in your arms, when bidding adieu, or seat her on your knee in your rustic bower, without feeling the pulsation of her blood spread a contagion through your frame, and make you sigh for the raptures of the connubial embrace? No, my dear child, it is impossible but these sensations take possession of you at times, because you are now of an age when nature has finished her work: and no sooner does she render either your sex or ours capable of performing the delightful duties we owe to each other, than she kindles a genial flame within our veins, impels us towards each other by fond desires: and thus her decrees are fulfilled with alacrity, because the law of love is in our hearts."

Gregory had more amorous susceptibility about him than Madame St. Clare calculated, and was greatly affected by this artful and unexpected appeal to his passions. She had worked upon his tenderness for Amelia, and at the same time roused his desires to such a degree, that he could make no reply, and appeared to writhe in anguish, until a flood of tears came to his relief. She immediately sprung forward, embraced him, kissed away his tears, and said, "My dear, dear child, for Heaven's sake do not weep, I would not grieve thee for the world. All I have said is for thy good; my heart bleeds to think it has hurt

Digitized by Google

thy feelings. I do not wish thee to give up the object of thy affections, or pass thy life in monkish stupidity, without tasting the substantial raptures of love: no, Gregory, I only wish to warn thee against taking a vow which might impose on thee the bitter mortification, either of abstaining from the exquisite delights of sexual intercourse, or of becoming a hypocrite for the remainder of thy days." She drew her chair up to his, tore her kerchief from her neck to dry his eyes, and reclined his head upon her exuberant bosom, then left bare, and palpitating against his cheek through the ebullition of concealed desire. ¶

*(To be continued.)*

## MEMOIRS OF MRS. Q——.

**"Loveliness was around her as light."**

It attempting to give the life of a demirep of quality, many difficulties are to be encountered, as living subjects, in a female form, must be tenderly dealt with.

Foal befal that man who would lay his hand upon a deserving woman, except in kindness; and blotted be the page which professes to record and censure the vices of the fair sex, when their conduct will admit of palliation, and may be reformed by timely admonition.

The fair subject of this memoir has occupied, for the last five years, no inconsiderable share of public attention. She has also had the felicity of being caricatured in a hundred situations; in one of which, probably she never was placed, except upon the paper, by the artist's imagination. She has had numerous satirical pamphlets, in verse and prose, recording her amorous failings; and her adventures have been sung in doggerel strains through every street, by all the eminent "chaunters" of ballads, issuing from Moor Lane and the Seven Dials. In truth her face is as familiar to

Digitized by Google

every one, in the print-shop windows, as painting can make it; but her life and character are very imperfectly understood. This *vacuum* it is intended to fill up as correctly as possible.

Mrs. Q— boasts no noble blood in her veins; her family is obscure, and her father was the artist of his own fortune. Mr. W——n was an emient farmer in Lincolnshire, where he rented lands to the amount of twelve hundred pounds per annum. He moved in the sphere of a gentleman, hunted a pack of harriers, and kept a gig for the use of his two daughters. Mr. W——n never married, so that however respectable the birth of Mrs. Q— was, it was not in a legitimate line; though of late years she is said to be much attatched to "legitimate rights." The greatest attention was paid to the education of his daughters. They were placed in a famous boarding-school, in the city of Lincoln, where they remained several years, when they returned to their paternal roof. The mother died when they were infants, which was to them a benefit, for she was low and vulgar in her manners, as might be supposed, from her being, at one period, an out-door labourer on the hedges and ditches of Mr. W——'s estate. Tutors and governesses were engaged in the house, and even old Naldi, with his nasal twangs and somniferous breathing, at times gave his aid, to render the virgins musical. To a perfect knowledge of music, they added the languages of France and Italy; and, were skilled in all the arts, elegancies and accomplishments, necessary to appear in highly polished life.

In the country, the Misses W—ns went little into society. Pride kept their superiors from condescending to visit them; and the same cause operated in preventing them from associating with the neighbouring farmers. The only visitors worth notice were the curate of the village, a young man of family, who was "breaking in" for a vicarage, and a farmer of considerable property, which lay contiguous to Mr. W——n's. Village rumours spoke of marriages betwixt the two young ladies and these favoured

Digitized by Google

beaux; but rumour is often mistaken. It is certain that the youngest lady had a sneaking kindness for the gallant farmer; and this, it is thought, was the reason why Mr. W——n hurried the fair ones off to London, when he was so partial to their company as to take them from the boarding-school, that he might have the pleasure of seeing them every day.

Mr. W——n had a cousin in London, by profession a button-maker, in Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden, who was very rich. He was patronized in his trade by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and buttoned up the bodies of all the royal family. Shakespear says, that "life is a scene of buttoning and unbuttoning;" it was so to this gentleman, who was reported to be worth a plumb; but, above all, he was an honest, worthy, benevolent fellow, an excellent neighbour, and a warm friend; with all these good qualities he never lost sight of the main chance. He moved in the highest circles, and the Earl of A— has been seen at the Bedford Coffee-House, under the Covent-Garden Piazzas, nearly twisting the button from his coat, in order to talk him out of the loan of a few thousands. To his care Mr. W——n determined to consign his lovely daughters, and an old maiden aunt, who had often pursued "Love among the roses," but never succeeded in making him her captive, was dispatched to Lincolnshire for her nieces. Mr. W——n parted with them reluctantly, and they were soon secure in the button-house, near Covent Garden Market.

The prospect of being introduced into high life and *bon ton*, from a button maker's shop, was not very flattering to aspiring young virgins, but they were not then professed judges of "things as they are," in the fashionable world.

The steps of these young ladies to eminence were very slow, under the eye of their old aunt: they visited all the minor fashionable places, from Bagginige Wells to the Sloan Street Assembly, and were admired by all who saw them; but the old duenna checked all advances on the part of the males to any intimacy beyond a bow, and some prattle at three

Digitized by Google

yards distance. Nevertheless, they had many admirers; and as old Mr. Nutshell boasted of their fortunes, fortune-hunters were daily upon the run after such desirable game. When he took the girls abroad, they had liberty to do as they pleased, for the old lady was but a cypher in his presence, and as much under orders as her nieces were when she had the command alone.

He was, although old, a liberal minded batchelor, and wisely conceived that the heavier the shackles are laid on, the stronger becomes the desire to break them and gain liberty.

Miss Jane W—n, the eldest daughter, was all life and vivacity, eternally on the wing for some new pleasure, and never at rest except when "tired nature" compelled her to be so: she was a wit, and a keen one,—very pert, forward, and beautiful: above the middle size, of a slender and pliable form, she danced with the agility of a columbine and the grace of an angel. The old gentleman often told her "that any one who knew her would be afraid to marry her, unless she shewed fewer sparks of vivacity: yours, my dear, (he would say) is not a *flow* of spirits, 'tis an *overflow;* a torrent that must be checked in its course, or it will overwhelm your good fortunes in life."

Harriet was a decided contrast to her sister, inclined to be *embonpoint* in her person, her face bore a thoughtful cast; she might have sat for a Madona, her disposition was cheerful, but never lively—she was sentimental, pathetic, tender, and melancholy—admirable qualities for a seducer to turn to his advantage.

Her understanding was by no means equal to that of her sister, but in music and singing she far surpassed her. The uncle, who saw better into their characters than any other person remarked "that she was a sweet little pickle, but would not keep!" His prediction became true, though no one believed the prophet at the time it was uttered.

A gallant young nobleman, in high estimation at court, often intruded at the button-maker's, and at last made some impression on the heart of Miss



Digitized by Google

Harriet. This did not escape the Argus eyes of Mr. Nutshell; he demanded an explanation, and finding his lordship's intentions were not honourable, dismissed him from his house, and thereby lost the contract for furnishing his regiment with buttons. His lordship soon after married a Piccadilly belle, with a 50,000*l.* fortune. She now lives in France with an Irish fencing master, and his lordship is upon the town as a grass widower.

This narrow escape made the uncle more careful of his charges. Scandal attributed it to an improper intimacy betwixt the parties, it is impossible to say whether truly or no; unfortunately, the lady's conduct since cannot be brought forward as a fair set off against the rumour then very generally believed.

The uncle was very partial to theatrical entertainments. He seldom went alone, and when George Cooke was the order of the night, he took his fair inmates to see *Richard the Third.* Mr. Nutshell sported an elegant equipage, and they dashed up to the box-door entrance in a finished style. He had no hand to spare for the offices of politeness; one always grasped his amber-headed cane, the other he kept in the pocket of his small-clothes. Miss Jane W——n, in tripping from the coach, owing to the failing of a spring, fell with some force into the arms of a young naval officer, who was approaching to offer her the assistance of his arm in alighting. She was in a fainting fit, and he carried her into the anti-room. All was distress and confusion, but in a short time the young lady opened her eyes, and it was found she had sustained no injury but that which momentarily sprung from fright. She thanked her deliverer affectionately, and he returned her thanks unaffectedly by kissing her cheeks and praying God to bless her. Old Mr. Nutshell, never deficient in politeness, requested the officer's company to dine with him on the following day: to this invitation he politely bowed assent, at the same time avowing his intention (if permitted) to join the party for the evening's amusement; no objection was made, and perfect harmony prevailed.

Digitized by Google

After a constant intercourse with the family for six months, Lieutenant B—g, of the royal navy, demanded Miss Jane in mariage. He had, besides his commission, an estate of 300*l.* per annum, and great expectancies as second son to a rich and noble Peer.

Lieutenant B—g was the darling of his father, and, without any ceremony, he took his intended bride and Mr. Nutshell to May-Fair. They were graciously received, the old Peer approved of his son's choice, and they were married on the next day. By the death of his elder brother, he became Earl of T——, and is now an Admiral, covered with laurels, and happy with his wife and a large family.

At this hasty wedding, a fine young man, distantly related to Captain B—, was present; he had not long been in the army, and bore an ensign's commission; he was very handsome, lively, and accomplished; he danced attendance upon Miss Harriet for some weeks, and having received a positive refusal from the father, danced off to Gretna Green with the daughter, where, in the holy bands of matrimony, Miss Harriet W——n became the since far-famed Mrs. Q. In a few years, the old father relented, and settled a genteel competence on the young couple. Captain Q— (for he rapidly attained promotion without fighting for it) had only his sword to depend upon. He is spoken of as the child of many fathers, and an illustrious personage, now dead, is generally admitted to have had the best claim to the paternal title. It is certain he forwarded him in the army, and probably would have noticed him in his will, but his mental faculties were dead long before the soul ceased to animate the human frame.

Captain Q— belonged to a *crack regiment*, and had the honour to be commanded by one of the royal princes; he was a man of insinuating manners, and his colonel, at that time, was very much addicted to horse-racing. The captain was his groom, jockey, and stable-keeper, and not a horse was purchased, or a wager laid, on which he was not first consulted.

The regiment, however was not always destined to fight sham battles upon Brighton Downs; they were



Digitized by Google

ordered to the Peninsula, and previous to their embarkation, Captain Q—, at the desire of a once favourite fair, and still esteemed old woman, had his wife introduced at court, by her sister the Countess of T—. The reception she met with was so marked, that the young sons of Mars all swore that Q—'s fortune was made.

Captain Q— was appointed colonel of the regiment, and sailed for Spain, leaving his wife under the roof of her sister. She was toasted in all the gay circles, and became the talk of the *ton*. A year elapsed, and nothing particular occurred, when admiral the Earl of T— was ordered to assume an important command on a distant station. He had seen so much of levity in the behaviour of Mrs. Q—, that he by all means advised her to return to her father's in the country. This she peremptorily declined to do, and a coldness ensued. She removed from the Earl's to furnished lodgings in Bury Street, St. James's; and became a professed spanker. A certain General, of intriguing renown, paid her much attention, and scandal scrupled not to say, all that the busy meddling world are so readily inclined to believe. In consequence of this, she did, at last, pay a visit to her father; but even there the demon of suspicion followed her. The handsome farmer came in for his share of the whispers, that whisper away many a woman's fair fame, without her knowing it has been attacked; and the curate of high birth was so high in the good graces of Mrs. Q—, that he was the selected swain for her evening rambles.

Mrs. Q—, soon tired of her lovers and the country, returned to London, and remained a short time at her old abode, when the town teemed with tales of love, too high not to be flattering to her vanity, and create her a thousand enemies.

A certain person, who, like the Grand Segnior, can throw his handkerchief to whom he pleases, sure of it being gratefully received, was known to be her admirer.

All her admirers flew off in a tangent, and she flew off to windsor; bewixt that and Kew Green she divided

Digitized by Google

her time, frequently taking a trip to Brighton. The "Peep into Windsor Castle after the Lost Mutton," and several other poems came out at this period, all evidently levelled at Mrs. Q— and her *protector*; and what is worthy of remark, and much to her credit, she lived and continues to live, upon good terms with all her rivals, whom her superior beauty has been the cause of dismissing from the service.

Colonel Q— and his regiment now returned from the Peninsula, and she retired with him to reside in a cottage at Brompton, near the barracks. Whatever may be his thoughts, he has never uttered a word of discontent, and, apparently, despises the opinion of the world

Colonel Q— was tried by a court martial, on charges which were not proved, and a bloodless duel was the consequence; since which he has been in high favour, where all wish to be favoured. He has been decorated with a foreign order, which gives him the title of a baron on the continent, and the rank of a major-general. He is now always *abroad*, and his frail and fair spouse always *at home*, with her high protector.

Mrs. Q— never had any family by her husband. It has been reported, that since she formed her present connections, she has produced a pledge of love; but it is only report, and cannot be implicitly relied on, For what Mr, Leslie said, on giving her testimony at the *Delicate Investigation* of the queen, may may be applied to her: "her figure is so *embonpoint*, you cannot tell how she might be."

It does not appear that Mrs. Q— has ever dabbled in politics; but there is so much dirty work where she is employed, it is next to imposible that she should keep her hands entirely clean.

Mrs. Q— is now in her fortieth year, but looks much younger; she takes great exercise on horseback, and makes no secret of her attachment to a certain person. Her private life is amiable; she is charitable and humane; and, as far as external appearances go, unaffectedly religious.

If, as it is reported, the husband of this lady never



Digitized by Google

cared much about her; and previous to his embarkation, totally neglected her; if this fact could be clearly established, there can be no reason why she should not stand in some degree exonerated from the heavy charges brought against her by insulted virtue. These memoirs are compiled from unquestionable authority; nothing has been set down in malice, and much extenuated.

The lines in our poetical department, inscribed to Harriet, are said to have been written by a clergyman, and addressed to Mrs. Q—, on preparing to quit the country for London.

---

[FASHIONABLE GALLANTRY.—The last month has been particularly barren under this head, but as the Judges are gone into the country, to hold the assizes, we have no doubt they will furnish us with a large dish of Adultery, Seduction, Rape, and Bigamy, for the next month.]—ED.

---

## Miscellanies.

### OLIVE PRINCESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Without at all referring to the question whether the Princess OLIVE, be an impostress or not, it is our duty to observe upon the disreputable and shuffling manner in which the King's Advocate has replied to the demand which OLIVE has made upon his Majesty for the 15,000l. The King's Advocate has not come boldly forward denying this woman's pretentions, entering into her history, and offering to resist her document as a forgery, but he has made his client meanly skulk behind the miserable technicality of the incompetency of the Court, to cite the Monarch of the realm; or, in other terms, its incompetency to subject his Majesty to the laws of honesty and justice: as an individual dealing with the private property of his father, accumulated as a private individual. The King's Advocate says, that "the Court could not call his Majesty to account for the property of his predecessor, to which he was entitled as his heir;" be it so, but the question is, whether his Majesty may not have

Digitized by Google

retained rather more than "he was entitled to as his heir;" and this OLIVE's legacy among the rest. We mean not to assert or insinuate aught against his Majesty, but the fact is, that a peer of the realm (Lord Orford) has put it upon record, That George II. stole and suppressed his father's will, that he bribed his German relations to conceal the copies of that will which the testator had lodged in their hands, for the purpose of preventing such fraud; and that this honest George II. kept all the property, defrauding one legatee alone of about 20,000l. In addition to this, another peer has recorded the disappearance of the will of this same George II. whose accumulations amounted to 15,000,000l. of which, probably, the greater part was smuggled to Hanover. Now the wills of George III. and his Consort have been suppressed, and, after what we know of the embezzlement of the wills of George I. and II., it would be only decent to produce these wills in the face of day, to satisfy the nation, and to satisfy the servants and connexions of their late Majesties, that all the bequests of the wills have been honestly paid. The King's Advocate goes on to say, that the interference of the Court would be "to cite the reigning Monarch to give an account of all the property of his late Majesty; and that would be to lay open all the secrets of his present Majesty, and all his family history." And a very pretty history it would be, such, we fancy, as the world never before saw; but we do not like these arguments, *ab inconvenienti*; if Kings will hoard and make wills, they ought to be subject to the laws which reason has established, to secure the due execution of wills. We believe, that if the wills of George III. and his Consort were published, they would open the eyes of the people as to the application of the droits of Admiralty, the 4½ per Cent. Fund, &c. But the King's Advocate says, "it is allowed that King's have a right to make wills;" and it would appear from his argument, that they have also a right to make away with wills. But this crown lawyer asserted, that there was "no precedent of royal wills being disputed." Why no, if they are to be purloined, and concealed, and the heir at law to manage the property by stealth, as he may think fit, who, in the name of goodness, can get at the means of establishing any opposition. So disreputable are the proceedings in this cause, that this court lawyer declared that his course of defence was of "his own suggestion," and without any "definite instructions"—what a hole to creep of is the word "definite" in this case.

Digitized by Google

The case, however, of this lady, is now entirely dismissed from the Court of Doctor's Commons, after a very long, laborious, odd, comical, curious (we would willingly apply stronger, grosser, and more offensive epithets to the) speech from Sir John Nichol, the presiding judge. The sum total of it was this: that "the King is the highest authority in the country, and if he does not choose to prove his father's will in our Court, we have no power to make him, therefore Mrs. Cumberland, without in the least prejudicing your case, suspecting the authenticity of your documents, or disputing the justice and validity of your claims, we dismiss your application, and recommend you to apply elsewhere for relief."

This is certainly not a handsome way of treating the Princess, because the circumstance of her being a loose fish, a demirep, or an extravagant and intriguing woman, ought not in the opinion of *her* relations, to affect any right she may have to a share in the property of their late father.

We have accidentally met with a document published by the husband of this lady in the "Daily Advertizer, Oracle, and True Briton," in the year 1806.

"To Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, &c.—I, JOHN THOMAS SERRES, late of Berners-street, in the County of Middlesex, but now of Prospect-place, in the Parish of St. George the Martyr, in the Borough of Southwark, Marine Painter, do give notice, that whereas OLAVE SERRES, my Wife, has for many years separated and lived apart from me in divers places—I hereby caution all persons not to trust her under any pretext or assurance that she may give of my liability for the purpose of obtaining credit, as I AM DETERMINED not to discharge any Debts whatever, she may think proper to contract.

"J. T. SERRES."

---

BOW STREET.—The daily occurrences at Bow Street office, and the heroes and heroines that figure away in varied rotation at that renowned theatre of police and thief-taking, furnish not only a fund of amusement, but will, if properly studied and attended to, afford a rich source of instruction and useful reflection. A few days ago, the surviving attendant of the once beautiful and facinating Mrs. Crouch, who is supposed to have shared

Digitized by Google

the embraces of Royalty, applied at Bow Street Office for the means of defraying her expenses back to her native county of Lancashire. She had undertaken that long and painful journey with the hope of inducing Mr. K—y the quondam friend and admirer of Mrs. C— to renew a small annuity of 10*l.* which he had on some pretence or other reduced to the paltry pittance of 5*l.* a year. She was besides provided with a certain mysterious ring, consigned to her care by her dying mistress, which on any unexpected emergency of distress, she was advised to convey to the hands of the Royal Lover, as a token that he might revive his sentiments of tenderness for the deceased, and excite his compassion for her forlorn attendant. This idea it seems was adopted in imitation of the renowned Elizabeth, but it proved equally fruitless with the token consigned to the gallant and unfortunate Essex. The treachery of a female friend deprived him of all the benefit that might have arisen from the relenting of the Queen, but in the present instance, the rigourous adhetion to court etiquette; or, perhaps, the total absence of sympathy and generosity in a certain quarter, rendered the recent application equally nugatory and fruitless. The Royal Lover in his pursuit after the unfortunate lady, was accommodated in his gallant views, by a certain engraver in Pall Mall, who provided apartments in his house for Mrs. C— and admitted her generous admirer in the night. Strange events have happened during the last quarter of a century, not only the sentiments of men, but the surrounding inanimate objects themselves, have undergone complete alterations. Pall Mall IS NO LONGER the same, and what is curious enough. ANOTHER CELEBRATED ENGRAVER, famous for promoting Royal views in another sense, now takes his position, in front of Carlton house, in a most splendid shop, where his name once so renowned in the annals of forging, stands prominent, in stately and glittering capitals, conspicuous to every passing eye.

---

## THE UNNATURAL MOTHER.

A young Lady, named Miss B—, the sister of an eminent actress, underwent a private examination at Bow-Street, before Sir R. Birnie. She was charged by her mother with stealing a cup and saucer, which the officer found at her lodging. The young lady's servant proved that Miss B— bought the cup and

Digitized by Google

saucer with her own money, while she resided with her mother, and that it was always considered her own.

It appeared to be altogether a malicious prosecution on the part of the mother, who is an infamous and unnatural woman, and wished to seduce her daughter to receive the embraces of Lord P—.

The young lady said, that on one occasion she had been left alone, and exposed to the brutal insults of that nobleman, while her mother was in the house. On this account she had quitted her maternal roof, and taken a lodging for herself. She produced several letters from Lord P—, of a very licentious description, making her offers of considerable sums, if she would become his mistress. A respectable gentleman attended with the young Lady, who was greatly afflicted at such treatment, and assisted in explaining her case to the magistrate. The mother had no other wish than to get the girl again into her possession; but she would not consent to enter the house where she had been subjected to such wicked and unnatural treatment. She agreed to go and live with a lady with whom her mother was acquainted, and thus the affair dropped.

---

To your Query, Mr. Rambler, on the balloon expedition with a young lady, I beg to say, the parish officers will tell you that it matters not where the child is got—it belongs to where it is born. If born in a balloon, it most assuredly becomes the subject of Ariel, Prince of Air: on an application to the King of Sylphs, you will be fully informed. P—.

---

I beg to correct an error in your last number: it was a cuckoo the wise men of Gotham hedged in, and not a magpie;—their idea was to secure it, that they might have summer all the year. The attempt was as vain as to hedge in a cuckold; for he, poor devil, is always hedged out. The Marquis of H—, and the Marquis of C—, for instance. Q—.

Digitized by Google

# Eccentricities.

## A WIFE FOLLOWED BY TWO HUSBANDS TO THE GRAVE.

*(Extract from a Letter dated Colchester, August 18, 1752.)*

"Perhaps you have heard that a chest was seized by the Custom-House Officers, which was landed here about a fortnight ago. They took it for smuggled goods, though the person with it produced the King of France's signature to Mr. W—, as a Hamburgh merchant. Our people, not satisfied with the account which Mr. W— gave, opened the chest, and one of them was going to run his hanger in, when the person to whom it belonged laid his hand on his sword, and desired him to desist, for it was the corpse of his wife. Not content with this, the officers pulled off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The man, who appeared to be a person of consequence, was in the utmost agony, while they made a spectacle of his lady. They set her in the high church, where any body might come and look at her, and would not suffer him to bury her till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, &c. belonging to the deceased. The gentleman acknowledged at last that he was a person of quality, that his name was not W—, that he was born in Florence, and the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and that she had requested of him to be buried in Essex; that he had brought her from Verona, in Italy, to France, by land, there hired a vessel for Dover, discharged the ship at that port, and took another for Harwich, but was driven here by contrary winds. This account was not sufficient to satisfy the people; he must tell her name and condition, in order to clear himself from a suspicion of murder. He was continually in tears, and had a key of the vestry, where he sat every day with the corpse. My brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him that he could not bear it, he said it was so like Romeo and Juliet. He was much pleased with my brother, who spoke both Latin and French; and, to his great surprise, told him who the lady was, which, proving to be a person that he knew, he could not help uncovering her face. In short, the gentleman confessed that he was the Earl of R.'s son; (the name is P—;) and the title Lord D—; that he was born and

Digitized by Google

educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed upon her to quit the kingdom and marry him; that having had bad health, he had travelled with her all over Europe, and when she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote: "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G—, in Essex; my maiden name was K. C. My last request is to be buried at Th—" The unhappy gentleman who last married her, protests he never knew (till this confession on her death-bed) that she was another's wife; but in compliance with her desire, he brought her over, and should have buried her, if the corpse had not been stopped, without making any stir about it. After he had made this confession, they sent for Mr. G—, who put himself into a violent passion, and threatened to run him through the body. But he was prevailed upon to be calm; it was represented to him that the gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire, and Mr. G— consented to see him. They say the meeting was very affecting, and that they addressed each other civilly. The stranger avowed that his affection for the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up in it for ever with her. Nothing in romance ever came up to the passion of this man. He had a very fine coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it, and at last was very loth to part with her to have her buried. He put himself into the most solemn mourning, and on Sunday last attended the corpse to Th—, where Mr. G— met it in solemn mourning likewise.

"The Florentine is a genteel person of a man, and seems about twenty-five years of age; but there was never any thing like his behaviour to his dear, dear wife, for so he would frequently call her to the last. Mr. G— attended him to London yesterday; they were civil together, but the grief of the stranger was not to be mitigated by any remonstrance or consolation. He says he must fly from England, which he can never see more. I have had this account from many hands, and I can assure you of its authenticity. K. C. is, I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands to attend her to the grave together.

Digitized by Google

## AMERICAN WIT.

### *America* v. *Russia; or, the Ons and the Offs.*

(Extract of a Letter from New York.)

If we may be allowed to form our opinions from the formidable lists of witnesses summoned by Mr. Poletica in defence of the claims of Russia to the North-West Coast of America, the dispute between that power and our government will not be speedily settled. Pardoning the pun, the contest may be said to be entitled to more terminations than one; at least, in the grammatical sense of that word. Techine *off*, Choldíl-*off*, Serebronie-*off*, Krassilus-*off*, and Payc-*off*, are a few of the authorities by which he hopes to urge us *off*, put us *off*, and warn us *off*, from our settlements on that part of the continent; and if these remonstrances fail, no doubt his august master will find some old Plat-*off* to drive us *off*, force us *off*, and Kutus-*off*. These will, no doubt, be met by the administrati-*on* at Washingt-*on*, who will summon Presidents Jeffers-*on* and Maddis-*on*, Ambassador Middlet-*on*, Secretary Thoms-*on*, Judges Livingst-*on* and Johns-*on*, and Reporter Wheat-*on*, to establish their pretensions. But should these fail, the last resort will be had to General Jacks-*on*, who will, no doubt, dash *on* towards Columbia River, and take *off* the heads of all the *offs* that can be sent to oppose him.

---

## AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY THE POET CHURCHILL,

AFTER HE HAD THROWN OFF HIS GOWN, UPON THE SUCCESS OF HIS ROSCIAD.

My dear Friend,—I have in both respects acted as I told you I would, the last time I was at your house. I have got rid of both my causes of complaint; the wife I was tired of, and the gown I was displeased with.

You have often heard me say, I had no sort of chance of enjoying any ecclesiastical preferment, and that I heartily despised being a pitiful curate. Why then should I breathe in wretchedness and a rusty gown, when my muse can furnish me with felicity, and a laced coat?

Besides, why should I play the hypocrite? Why should I seem contented with my lowly situation, when I am ambitious to aspire, and wish for a much higher? Why should I be called to



Digitized by Google

account by a dull, phlegmatic bishop, for wearing white thread stockings, when I desire to wear white silk ones, and a sword? In short, I have looked into myself, I have examined myself, attentively, and I have found that I am better qualified to be a gentleman than a poor curate; it has therefore been from principle that I have shook off the old rusty gown, the p—ss burnt bob, and the brown beaver which sat so uneasy upon me. I find no qualms of conscience for what I have done, but am much easier in my mind: I feel myself in the situation of a man that has carried a d—d heavy load for a long time, and then sets it down. So much for my wife and gown.

I shall be at the Sheakspeare to-morrow night, and shall be glad to see you there; and believe me to be, what I really am, and shall always continue,

Yours, &c.

C. CHURCHILL.

## *To the Editor of the Rambler.*

### A WHITE WOMAN IN WANT OF A BLACK HUSBAND.

"Sir, I want your advice."—HAMLET.

I am in a sad predicament: indeed, I shall be lost without advice. I have, and I do not know why, for love is of every colour and complexion, fixed my affections upon—

Spare my blushes, I pray
For I tremble to say;
But my trembling I'll stop if I can,
Lord, sir, what think you?
I love dearly, and true,
A six-foot high, lovely BLACK MAN.

He is not a man of consequence, but has made some *noise* in the world, for he is one of the king's trumpeters, and has the honour of *blowing up* Pall Mall every court day! People say the nose on his face is flat—like a piece of dirty putty stuck upon a black grave-stone: that his eyes are "whitey-brown"—and looking any way but before him: that he is "pigion-breasted, thin-thigh'd, buck-shinn'd, and splay-footed." All this may be true: they see not with a lover's eyes. His form is spoiled by the ugly robes that cover him, but he "has that WITHIN which

Digitized by Google

surpasseth shew!" for I have seen, and carefully observed when he retired, for necessary reasons, to the stable yard, near to my window, all his great qualifications to *make a good man*, and render the marriage state happy!

Pray, sir, give me your opinion. Shall I commit a sin in marrying a *blacky* for the sake of his *trumpet*, which is so long, strong, and fine in its execution, as to charm all that witness and experience its effect.

We are all descended from Adam; our propensities are the same; Caribbees, Ashantees, Gentoos, and Hindoos, all made of the same flesh and blood, all got souls to be saved and fancies to be tickled, and if there is no moral harm in it, why should I not have my whim gratified?

I remain, sir, yours, &c.

WINIFRED WISH-FOR-IT.

*Near Pall Mall, July 24.*

---

## *To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—I want a wife. In London, it is hard to want such an article, where some marry two or three in a few weeks. In order to keep themselves. I am a young man, about the settled age of thirty, or thereabouts. I possess, in right of my exertions, two hundred sterling pounds per annum. I have a good deal of mother wit, as I was born in Yorkshire, brought up in Scotland and apprenticed out in London. My person is good, "though I say it that should'nt say it," but what all the world says I need not be ashamed to repeat. I have a fine foot, brawny calf, broad shoulders, pleasing address, and all the concomitants necessary to captivate a woman of taste.

The woman I wish for must be very fair, very tall, not under five feet ten inches, broad face, broad bosom, thick neck, strong muscles, thick legs, a fine expanded back-front view, a fore-front bold enough to frighten Satan and charm the heart of a wheelbarrow. She must weigh a hundred every year, not mind an "upright slam," or a "down yongo," on Saturday night be capable of filling a pipe, and LIGHTING one, but never must attempt to smoke her husband.

I am so accustomed to be merry, that I cannot be serious on any subject but on that which constitutes my happiness in future life. The editor of this work will receive proposals, and is well



Digitized by Google

qualified, from knowledge of my person, and of women in general, to give a yea or nay to the applicants, or refer them to me.

HENRY HYMEN.

*Paradise Row, Rotherhithe.*

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

This theatre closed on Friday, the 14th. inst. with the play of the MOUNTAINEERS, in which Mr Cooper sustained the character of OCTAVIAN with considerable spirit. It is generally supposed, that the season has been a bad one to Mr. Elliston, who though successful with the "Coronation," has had several failures in pieces subsequently brought out, some of which, were expensive in getting up. Neither Braham, nor Kean, have been able to attract any more than tolerable houses, and that is not sufficient to support an establishment, the expences of which, are averaged at two hundred guineas a night

## COVENT GARDEN.

As this house is upon the eve of closing, new pieces were not to be expected. Great exertions have been made by the different performers, on their benefit nights.

The tragedy of CYMBELINE, was revived for the benefit of Miss Tree, who performed the tender and romantic character of IMOGEN. The part is so completely in the line of acting, for which Miss Tree is distinguished, that we shall easily be credited when she say that her efforts gave universal satisfaction The peculiar charm of this actress, is what is called feeling, and she displays it at once in air, deportment, and voice. We know not whether that, which in respect to recitation, is usually a defect, meaning a want of force and distinctness, may not rather aid the peculiar charm of Miss Tree. That calm and gentle marking which is so peculiarly her own, and which, if called into momentary vehemence, rises and falls with such feminine grace, would be altogether marred by the shrill and piercing utterance, which can more completely fill the house.

Digitized by Google

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews, has terminated his very successful season, and is about to depart for America.

The regular summer season of this house, will commence with a new operatic farce, on Monday, the first of July. This has always been a favourite resort of ours, and we pledge ourselves to give it due attention.

## HAYMARKET.

A young lady, possessing considerable personal advantages, a pupil of Mr. D. Corri, made her *debut* at this theatre on Monday night, 17th. inst., as POLLY in the BEGGAR'S OPERA. We never saw so timid a debutante, and we feel convinced that her partial inefficiency was occasioned by the extreme diffidence which evidently oppressed her powers. Her voice is musical, and very extensive in its range. Of Madame Vestris's MACHEATH we can say nothing, without repeating what we have before said. She plays the CAPTAIN so often, and so naturally, that she is identified with the representation. Terry was excellent as PEACHUM. There is now no such PEACHUM on the stage. His PACIFIC lady was well represented by Mrs Pearce. Both the Opera and the Farce were received with universal satisfaction by a crowded house. The young debutante (Miss Glanville) again appeared in the same character on Tuesday and Thursday following; and divesting herself of the alarms created by the novelty of her situation, showed a rare capability, and we think it no compliment, when we say, that if she continues cultivating her powers, she may in time rank with the Catalani's of the age. She was received by the audience in the most flattering manner. On Friday night a lady from the Norwich Theatre made her first appearance here, and gratified us by an excellent representation of MRS. HALLER. Mr. C. Kemble played the STRANGER in a very correct and impressive manner, and drew from many eyes a tearful homage.—A new Comedy is announced; the production is understood to be of great promise, and will, in addition to the present unprecedented strength of the company, be assisted by the talents of Jones and Liston.

## SURREY THEATRE.

The proprieter of this theatre has engaged several new



Digitized by Google

performers, amongst whom is the celebrated Clown who made himself so obnoxious at Covent Garden in the Dandy Club, to that class of dignified animals who, from muscular similarity, are commonly styled men, and properly stigmatised as dandies.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

We have omitted noticing the private theatres for the last two months, but will endeavour to resume them in our next. The weather has been so hot, and those places so extremely close, that we have thought it too great a sacrifice to give up an evening's walk into the fields, for the torture of suffocation, without being amused.

## VAUXHALL.

The gardens during the week have been brilliantly attended. On Wednesday the 18th inst., the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo was commemorated; and delightful as these gardens are in themselves, the numerous beautiful and fashionable ladies—"the forms of life and light," that glided about in this earthly paradise shed new lustre upon them. Such a galaxy of bright beaming eyes we never before beheld. The beauty, rank, and fashion, which thronged there on this memorable occasion can scarcely be imagined, and defy particularization.

# Literature.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron, with Anecdotes of some of his Cotemporaries.* London. 8vo. 428.

Though this work is printed in a large octavo volume, at a high price, it comes as completely under the description of catch-penny publication as any thing which issues from the press of Pitts or Catnach of Seven Dials. It is got up by a hackney scribler, and published without his name, in order to take advantage of the expectations which have for a long time been entertained by the public, of Lord Byron's life, written by himself. It has been mentioned in the newspapers some months since, that his lordship had written his memoirs, and presented them to his friend Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, who had sold them for two thousand guineas; that they were not so much a narration of

Digitized by Google

facts and adventures, as a record of opinions, feelings, and confessions, after the manner of Rousseau, and that they were shortly to come before the public. Now, who sees not, that this compilation is made up to be advertised in the public papers, in order that gentlemen may send for it, under the idea that it is the long-talked-of production of the poet himself. And who would send for it if they knew it was written by the noted journeyman book-maker, John Watkins, L.L.D. who had made a late worthless old woman out an angel of light because she was in a high station; and who has painted Lord Byron as a dæmon of darkness because he writes against superstition and priest-craft, and fails in reverence for that act of parliament religion, of which the Doctor is a very humble member. Lord Byron is a young man, and the principal incidents of his life are known to every mechanic who reads the "Tap-tub Paper" in a public-house: what occasion was there, then, for this high-church-and-king Doctor to string these notorious facts together in a fourteen shilling book, if it was not to take advantage of that curiosity which had been excited in the public mind. Perhaps some pot-companion of the Doctor may reply, that the greater part of the book consists of remarks on his lordship's writings, and that the public will value it for its criticisms, though it gives no new biographical anecdotes. But we think the public will care very little for such truly common-place cant of criticism as that of this reverend scribe, who has done no more than vent his spleen against the poet because he writes verses to please himself, and does not prostitute his talents to curry favour with priests or kings.

Dr. Watkins acknowledges the wonderful popularity of Byron, and admits that he is universally read; if that is the case, criticism is of very little use, for the author who is universally read must be pretty generally admired. If the public take the trouble to read, they will judge for themselves, and not be biassed by such party scribes as the Doctor; they certainly can tell what pleases them, without a critic pronouncing it beautiful, and they will not be deterred from entering into certain matters o opinion, because an interested individual calls those opinions blasphemous.

The Doctor is a clergyman, and the uniform panegyrist of royalty and the present order of things: he is, therefore, necessarily inimical to one who has levelled such powerful shafts at

Digitized by Google

that fabric by which he is sheltered; therefore due allowance must be made for the biographer's tenderness and susceptibility regarding "social order,"* and the venomous and splenetic prejudices which abound throughout the book.

The volume is dedicated to the author of the Quarterly Review, deprecating his indolence for not having crushed Lord Byron. Poor man! why, though Gifford is a giant in literary talent compared to thee, yet his anathemas would fall as harmless on the poet's head as thy own feeble efforts, because the more a great genius is assailed by party rancour, the more his fame will be extended.

Several pages of this book are spun out with an account of Lord Byron's ancestors from the period of the Roman conquest. Had this life-writing scribler been employed to manufacture the biography of some bed chamber lord, it might be excuseable; but to occupy fourteen pages with names of an ancestry which cannot ennoble their heir, whose fame outshines them all, is, we think, not only superfluous, but in a case like the present, truly contemptible.

There are some persons who value or despise a book according to the dictum of a reviewer; but these are only weak narrow-minded people, who are unacquainted with the art and mystery of periodical criticism. They are like the old women who go to one particular tabernacle, and sit uniformly under the ministry of some "nice dear man who preaches the truth." Whatever this darling deals forth is received as the only genuine gospel, and he might lead his doting, enthusiastic, and fanatical worshippers to any cast of doctrine he pleased, however absurd or ridiculous it might be. All reviewing is carried on by party,

---

* Every fraternity have their peculiar slang and cant words by which they convey to each other their real meaning without the bystander discovering it. Thieves and pick-pockets are obliged to alter their slang occasionally, in the same manner as apothecaries the nomenclature of their pharmacopeia, in order to prevent it from being too generally known. There is a club at the west end of the town, known by the name of "The Social Compact." It is chiefly composed of clergymen, commissioners of taxes, barristers, and others of sworn fellowship. When the waiter is out of the room, they sometimes drink, as a toast or sentiment, "The blessings of Social Order;" viz. the system which enables the few to humbug and plunder the many!

Digitized by Google

and men and books are spoken of according to the bias of the writer. The proprietors of these papers are persons in trade, generally sordid and interested individuals, who fear to oppose the act of parliament religion, or common-place and old fashioned notions, because the bulk of their customers belong to the common herd of society. This being the case, every thing that is amiable and good is represented as depending entirely on these antiquated notions, and every thing that is vicious and diabolical to be the result of opinions which are opposed to them. The press being entirely in the hands of time-serving people, is necessarily directed against the unfortunate wight who happens to think contrary to act of parliament, and every action of his life is dragged forth to public view. Not so with the opposite party. If a bishop publishes a book upon "The Right Divine of Kings to Govern Wrong," upon the "Infallibility of the Church of England," "The Sacred Obligation of Paying Tythes," "The Damnable Sin of Laughing at Priests," or Tor- "ments of Hell exhibited to those who Think and Reason on Religion," the reviewer says, "The public are highly indebted to this pious and learned prelate for a work both profound in erudition, and brilliant in style, a work which will render his name immortal for the solidity of its arguments, and for the support it will be to our holy religion, in these times, when infidelity is making such rapid strides over the earth. His luminous illustrations, also, of the doctrine of the Trinity, that holy, glorious, and inscrutible mystery, are so satisfactory, that the hardiest infidel can no longer refuse to believe that three Gods are one, and one is three."*

If the reviewer happens to know the private character of the prelates and doctors in divinity who published those books, he does not say a word about their drunkenness, whoredom, and profligacy. If he knows them to be arrant knaves, notorious swindlers, and open adulterers, he will not say so, to injure the poor book, because it could not be accountable for the sins of its parent! Oh, that they would act always so liberal!

---

* These specimens of religous criticism are extracted from an early volume of the "Ecclectic Review." It frequently happens that the author of a work reviews himself; in that case, either the bookseller, or the editor, gets a doceur of five, ten, or fifteen guineas for inserting it. We have known a bishop give thirty guineas in such a case.

Digitized by Google

Lord Byron's choosing to reside abroad gives great offence to Dr. Watkins. He calls it voluntary exile; but how the term exile, or banishment, which he also makes use of, can be applied in this case, appears to us very odd. No one blames the starving mechanic for leaving the country, and going where he can get work. No one blames the small annuitant, whose income has been reduced by the oppressive taxation of this country, for going where the difference of prices will double his annual stipend! Why, then, should Lord Byron be blamed for rambling in foreign countries, if they afford him more pleasure than he can obtain at home? Doctor Watkins may happen to think the proud phlegmatic Englishmen the best companions, and their little island the best country in the world; but is Lord Byron obliged to think the same? Is he accountable to Dr. Watkins for his likings, or his dislikes? If a man is born in an old tottering house, which threatens every moment to fall about his ears, and is, at the same time, infested by the most poisonous vermin, is he to blame for leaving it? Is there any one so foolish at this day to suppose a man owes any moral obligation to a particular dunghill because he happened to be dropped on it!

It is certainly right that we should contribute to the government of the country we are pleased to reside in, but surely these old-fashioned folks, who vapour so much about the imaginary dignity and superiority of human animals, would not wish to degrade them lower than what they call brutes; because they will allow them, without incurring eternal damnation, to range where they please, and browse where the pastures suit their palates: why, then, should he be denied the liberty of either rambling or sojourning wherever it is most agreeable to him!

The biographer quotes a note, wherein the poet speaking of some monks says "the miserable drones of an execrable superstition," and contend, that the noble author did not apply that phrase to popery alone, but levelled it at the Christian religion itself. Now whatever may be the poet's real opinion of Christianity, we contend that this is a most strained and unfair inference. We have heard the redoubtable doctor, who professes to be an act of parliament Christian, make use of as strong phrases when speaking of the superstition of the church of Rome, and turn into ridicule what he has been pleased to call her, pantomimical mummery. Has not Lord Byron as great a right to

Digitized by Google

laugh at the favourite superstition of doctor Watkins, as the doctor has at that of the church of Rome? It is painful to observe, says he, that through all his writings there is as in those of Voltaire, an assiduous desire to render those objects ridiculous which have for ages been regarded as sacred. And so the grossest fooleries are still to be venerated by this enlightened age, and to continue to be venerated by our still more enlightened posterity, because our ignorant and barbarous ancestors, were bamboosled into the belief of them, by a set of crafty and designing knaves, whose only object was to monopolize power, that they might rob and enslave mankind.

A splendid tirade is also pronounced against Lord Byron, for associating with Percy Byshe Shelley, the author of that beautiful poem, "Queen Mab," and perhaps the only poet of the present day worthy to rank with his Lordship, merely because Mr. S. on being presented with an album at some place on the continent, wrote a distich in Greek, against superstition and signed it ἄθεος. How distressed must this pitiful hacknied scribbler be for matter, to swell out his catch-penny book upon the public, when he is obliged to resort to such paltry resources. Has not many a stupid jackass signed himself a Christian, and been proud of professing what he could not comprehend; and why may not Mr. Shelley acknowledge that he is a Materialist, and feel a satisfaction in shaking off the yoke of priestcraft, and in setting an example of honesty and independence?

It only proves that the author of Queen Mab, is much more honest than some Bishops, heads of Colleges, Doctors of Divinity and many clergymen that the doctor knows, who are rank Sceptics, while they are preaching Christianity, and receiving the people's money for acting the hypocrite.

We have only noticed a few of Dr. Watkins' gross attacks on his lordship; we shall follow them up at a future period, but cannot at present say more. Perhaps, we shall give a life of his lordship, and if so, we shall procure a copper-plate portrait to be engraved by Mr. Robert Cooper, from a marble bust, executed in Italy, by the celebrated Venetian Sculptor, Gaetano Galbani; and which will be a more correct and characteristic likeness of his lordship than any yet published. We likewise pledge ourselves to give a regular analysis of the periodical work, which is shortly forthcoming from the joint exertions of Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt.

Digitized by Google

# Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

DUNNING AND THE WITNESS.—A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by counsellor Dunning, who, thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her. "No, sir," said the woman, "she never did." "And how can you swear to her infidelity?" "Because I saw another gentleman, besides my master, in bed with her." "Indeed!" said the counsellor. "Yes, indeed, sir." "And pray, my good woman," said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once; "did your master, (for I see you are very handsome,) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you?" "That trial," said the spirited young woman, "does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops." Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul; he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted,) and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories to put. "No, my lord, I have done," said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

---

FORGETFULNESS.—The Right Honourable Henry D—, on the morning following his wedding-day, arose from bed much sooner than might have been expected: he dressed himself, went down into his library, and rung the bell for breakfast. The noble secretary's servant, on entering the room, wished his master much joy, and hoped he might have many years of happiness with his lady. "My lady! by G—d, I forgot her!" replied the gentleman, and immediately returned to his chamber, went to bed again, and endeavoured to atone to his wife for his apparent neglect.

A MIRACULOUS DREAM.—Reynolds, of Exeter, when at Eton, dreamed that his father was dead, and that he was walking in the meadows very melancholy, when a strange woman approached him, and told him that she was his mother, who had died soon after he was born. She said to him, "Yes, your father is dead,

Digitized by Google

and your mother-in-law has had too much influence over him: he has left all his property to the younger sons, but there is an estate which he has no right to leave away from you. The writings are in Mr. ————'s hands, go to him and you may recover it." Reynolds having no news from home of this nature, soon lost the recollection of his dream. About a year after, he goes down to visit his friends, and finds his father in good health, but he had been extremely ill at the time of the vision, and recovered contrary to general expectation. The friends to whom he related his dream, on his describing the person of his supposed mother, said that from their own knowledge, no one could have described his mother's appearance more accurately. About a year after his father fell ill again, and died, leaving all his property to his younger children. Upon this, Reynolds' dream recurred to his memory: he goes to the gentleman named by his mother in the vision, and finding that every thing accords with her narrative, recovers the estate mentioned, and enjoys it at this day.—[The Dean of Christ-Church, 1726.]

## FINIS MUNDI.

"Doomsday," says Clericus, "is surely near,
"I mark the signs with reverential fear;
"Father and son are arm'd against each other,*
"And brother, too, is seen denouncing brother.† ☞

THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT.—A GRECIAN ANECDOTE.—The Greeks, waging war upon the duke of Benevento, made him very uneasy. Theobald, marquis of Spoleto, his ally, marching to his assistance, and having taken some prisoners, ordered them to be castrated. In that condition he sent them back to the Greek general, with orders to tell him that he had done it to oblige the emperor, whom he knew to be a lover of eunuchs; and that he would endeavour to send him, in a short time, a much greater number of them. While the marquis was preparing to be as good as his word, a woman, whose husband had been taken prisoner,

* Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, and his Son J. C. Hobhouse, the member for Westminster. † The K— and the duke of S—x.



Digitized by Google

came, all in tears, one day, to the camp, and begged to speak to Theobald. The marquis having asked her the cause of her grief, she replied---" I wonder, my lord, that so valiant a hero as you are, should trifle away your time in warring with women, when men are unable to resist you." Theobald answered, that since the days of the Amazons, he had never heard that war *had been* made upon women. " My lord," said the Greek woman, " can a crueller be made upon us than to deprive our husbands of what gives us health, pleasure, and children? When you make eunuchs of them, it is multilating us, not them; you have lately taken away our cattle and our goods, without any complaint from me, but this being an irreparable loss to several of my neighbours, I could not avoid imploring the compassion of the emperor." The whole army was so pleased with the woman's ingenious declaration, that they restored her husband to her, and all they had taken from her.---As she was going away Theobold asked her, what she would be willing should be done to her husband, if he was found in arms again. " He has eyes," said she, " a nose, hands, and feet, these are his own, which you may take from *him* if he deserves it; but leave him, if you please, what belongs to *me*."

---

A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was courted by a young gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted him to visit them at their castle of Ruthven, in Perthshire; and on such occasions, the chamber assigned him was in a tower, near another tower, in which the young lady slept. On one of his visits, the young lady, before the door was shut, got into her lover's apartment; but some one of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them; the young lady, however, hearing the well-known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence descending into her own chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where, finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night, and

Digitized by Google

was married. The chasm between the towers is still shown under the appellation of the Maiden's Leap.

---

THE FUNNY FRISEUR.—A few weeks since, a hair-dresser, who lives in Water-street, Newry, after indulging in too copious potations of punch, imagined that he was going to be hanged, and that the officers of justice were entering his house, in order to lead him to execution. Under this singular impression, he contrived to get on the roof of his habitation; along which he darted with wonderful velocity. From his own roof he was seen bending over the tops of several houses, now and then pausing when he came to a chimney, and either peeping into the funnels, or listening to his imaginary pursuers. Meanwhile, several of his neighbours collected together, anxious to secure the man, and prevent his expected fall. He saw them, mistook them for bailiffs, and having run rapidly along the roof of Mr. Wallace's stores, proceeded to that of Mr. John Quin's warehouse, over which he rushed with much fleetness till he approached the gable end, from which he sprang with undaunted intrepidity upon an adjacent dwelling-house, a descent about eight feet, imagining, no doubt, that it was neck or nothing with him. He then proceeded to Mr. Smith's roof, and stripping off a few bricks from the chimney, he squeezed himself into the funnel, pelting the people with bricks who wished to secure him. In this situation he was at last seized, secured with ropes, and lowered down before an immense multitude of market people, who gazed with astonishment at the funny gambols of this frisky friseur.

---

LADY CASTLEREAGH, PAT, AND THE POTATOES.—Lady Castlereagh, on her last visit to the County of Down, in one of her morning rambles, her attention was attracted by a group of fine healthy children playing round a cabin. Lady C— accosted the mother: "Are these all yours?" "Yes, an' plase your ladyship." "Well, I cannot conceive how you manage to get such fine children." (By the bye, report says that her ladyship has never yet conceived.) "To be sure it is the *paratos*." Lady C— tried the potatoe diet; but, alas! it would not do. Some time after, she called at the cabin, and told the woman the potatoe diet had had no effect. "And did you think to get children by potatoes alone?" replied the Irishwoman. "Och,



Digitized by Google

an' plase your ladyship, you must try my Pat and the paratos together, and you will be sure to have plenty."

---

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.—It is remarkable that there should be such a plentiful harvest of courtship before marriage, and generally such a famine afterwards. Courtship is a fine bowling-green road, all galloping round; and sweet-hearting a sun-shine holiday in summer time; but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry. Courtship is matrimony's running-footman, but seldom stays to see the stocking thrown; and what is worse, generally carries away with it those two grand preservatives of matrimonial happiness—delicacy and gratitude. The husband is often seized with a cold, aguish disorder, to which the faculty give the name of indifference; and there is a disaster fatal to the honey-moon, which the ladies are sometimes seized with, called the sullens. This distemper arises from some ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady thinks she has been hurt; so, leaning her elbow upon the table, her cheek upon the palm of her hand, her eyes earnestly fixed upon the fire, whilst her feet are beating *tatoo* time; the husband, in the meantime, biting his lips, pulling down his wrist-bands, and looking at his wife like the devil. At last, he abruptly demands of her, "What is the matter with you, madam?" To which she replies, "N—n—nothing." "What is it you mean, madam?" "N—n—nothing." "What have I *done* to you, madam?" "N—n—nothing." "What would you make of *me*, madam?" "N—n—nothing." And this quarrel first arose at breakfast, on the lady's very innocently observing that the tea was made of *Thames* water. The husband, piqued to think the dignity of his taste was called in question, in not being able to make the discovery first, answered, "Pugh! he was sure the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River."

---

## MODERN RELIGION.

The Scriptures tell each narrow-minded elf
To love his neighbour dearly as himself;
The K— exceeds the rule, for, be it known,
He loves the Colonel's wife,* but scorn'd his own.

---

* Vide Memoirs of Mrs. Q—.

Digitized by Google

SINGULAR METHOD OF CHOOSING A WIFE.—Singular was the criterion by which a Scottish bishop (ambassador from James V. of Scotland to a foreign court) is said to have judged of a mate for his royal master. The sagacious prelate requested to be concealed behind the hangings of a bed-chamber, when the three princesses had retired, in obedience to the imperious calls of nature, and he determined in favour of the princely fair one whose impetuous torrent proclaimed her superior vigour.

---

THE POT-DE-CHAMBRE DUKE.—A certain Duke, who figured conspicuously in a late bloodless contest, upon the Queen's case made himself so busy in the bed-chamber scenes, that he even enquired of the Italian witnesses whether the *urinals* used on a particular occasion were empty or full. His elevation is attributed to *putting his nose* into such very unpleasant places; and he now goes by the vulgar name of the P—ss P—t Duke; a title, we presume, he did not bargain for in addition to his others.

---

MAN.

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass,
Will shew you man's life, as it were, in a glass:
Apeish they are till twenty and one;
As fierce as a lion till forty be gone;
As cunning as foxes till three-score and ten,
And then they turn asses, and are no more men.

WOMAN.

A peacock, a sparrow, a parrot and crow,
The life of a woman will perfectly show:
As proud as a peacock till twenty and one;
As wanton as sparrows till forty be gone;
As noisy as parrots until they're three-score;
Then birds of ill omen, and women no more. ☞

---

ADVERTISEMENT.

To be let or be sold, for the term of her life,
The rich widow C—, by the way of a wife;
She is prime and full fifty, good-natured, not thin;
But for further particulars enquire within. ☞



Digitized by Google

## EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Milo's from home, and Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife, a son;
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
The lands laid fallow, but the wife was till'd.

---

GIOTTI.—The children of this famous painter were remarkably ugly. Dante asked him how it happened, that he, who made the children of others so handsome, should have made his wn so ugly? "Mine," replied the painter, "were made in the dark!"

---

ELOPEMENT.—A dandy, who recently underwent the fatigue of an excursion to Scotland with an heiress, in the hurry of such affairs, took his bride before the priest in a riding coat. Before proceeding with his bridal ceremony, the wag looked attentively at the parties, and said, "But, to prevent mistakes hereafter, tell me, without prevarication, if ye are both women in disguise, or if not, which is the man?"

---

COUNTRY SERVANT.—A gentleman took an airing with his daughter on horse-back, attended by a raw country servant.—The young lady's horse being too skittish for her equestrian skill, she caught a fall, during which all was completely reversed, but recovered her proper position with wonderful quickness. "Hodge," said the gentleman to his attendant, "you saw my daughter's AGILITY?" "O, e'es, sur," quoth Hodge, "I se'ed it—and very pretty it was—but we call IT by another name in my country."

---

OFFICIOUS CLERGYMAN.—Some years ago, when the well-known "Vice Society" were in the hey-day of their useful exertions, and their influence extended throughout the country, a certain parson in the north, looking towards preferment, made himself extremely busy in his parish, in order to find out any thing of which he might make a merit. He had a servant girl, a jolly wench about sixteen, whom he thought he could advantageously employ as a spy upon a boarding-school for girls, in the neighbourhood. In a short time, she brought his reverence word, that the village barber, who besides was a dealer in books,

Digitized by Google

supplied the young ladies of the school with such as were improper. Proof was somehow obtained of the unfortunate shaver having sold a book, under the rose, which the parson insisted must have the effect of instilling loose ideas into the female mind; and, notwithstanding the magistrate had a different opinion of the book and its tendency, the parson whispered to the justice, the reforming interest prevailed, and the man was bound over to the quarter sessions. When the trial came on, to the infinite mortification of the parson, his maid, and chief evidence, had not attended according to his orders. A messenger was in consequence sent express to the parsonage to fetch the witness, and shortly returned, in a great hurry, to inform the court that the girl was not at home, having been sent by her mistress with the cow TO BULL! The court was so convulsed with laughter at the comical termination of this attempt to guard the purity of the female mind, that the culprit was dismissed even without a reprimand, which the chairman declared himself unable to furnish under existing circumstances.

---

FEMALE SPIRIT.—Not long since, a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church-door; the gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during our courtship, I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole. When we are married, I shall insist on three things." "What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone! I shall eat alone! and find fault when there is no occasion! Can you submit to these conditions?" "Oh, yes, sir, very easily!" was the reply; "for if you sleep alone, I shall not! If you eat alone, I shall eat first! And, as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion."—They then immediately proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

---

CRITICISM.—Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed Master of the Rolls, he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who was reading to him before a number of the gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyance of an estate, and on coming to the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His honour immediately

Digitized by Google

interrupted him, "Hold! hold! you must stand corrected; *enough* is, accordi ng to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other words which terminate in *ough*, as for example, *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c. The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time, when coming to the word *plough*, he, with a loud voice, and a penetrating look at his honour, called it *pluff!* The great man stroked his chin, and, with a smile, candidly said, "young man, I sit corrected!"

# Poetry.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

## THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE.

In former times, for so the story goes,
There liv'd a youth who lov'd the fair Miss Rose;
And she, 'tis said, as ardently returned
The flame with which the young Papilio burn'd:
Beauteous she bloom'd, and flattering gay the youth,
And warm the vows of everlasting truth.

One morn he took his leave with soft "adieu!"
And on some fashionable visits flew:
Returned at last, the lovely maid appears,
Hanging her head, and drown'd in dewy tears;
But more surprise he felt when she began—
"Are these your vows, unkind and perjur'd man?
"Here I must stand, whilst you gad up and down,
"Flirting with ev'ry belle you meet in town,
"With rich Miss Marygold, who blush'd like fire—
"Spiteful Miss Rue—and vulgar Madame Brier—
"With Minionette, all scent, with Lady Smock—
"And gaudy flounting Duchess Holly Hock—
"And, oh! for shame! though innocent you look,
"You stoop'd to kiss old Marjoram the cook!"

Digitized by Google

PAPILLO, as soon as speak he could,
Replied, "now, catch me, this is dev'lish good!
"And granting madam, your assertion's true,
"Pray what example has been set by you?
"You flirted (does that rising blush deny?)
"With Captain WASP, and young 'Squire BUTTERFLY—
"With Merchant BEE; and, madam, if you can,
"Deny you kiss'd old DRONE the alderman!
"Your cousin, Mrs. BRIER, tho' you deride her,
"Is as well-bred, at least, as Lawyer SPIDER!"
"And, oh! for shame! can vanity prevail,
"On that fair cheek, to stoop to GOODMAN SNAIL!
"From hence, farewell! and learn, proud Rose, from me,
"Coquets must never look for constancy."

---

## TO HARRIET.

Design'd for love and soft delight,
For gentle peace and pity mild;
Oh! seek not then the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild.

Stay in the shelter'd vale below,
Where calmly breathes the fragrant air,
But go not to the mountain's brow,
For darken'd winds are whistling there.

Rash man! for glory's fading wreath
Provokes an early timely doom,
Seeks every varied form of death,
And desperate hastens to the tomb.

Ah! surely on thy natal day
All nature smiled in kindliest mood,
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hush'd the wind, and calm'd the flood.

Digitized by Google

Then keep the shelter'd vale below,
Where calmly breathes the fragrant air,
But go not to the mountain's brow,
For awful storms are gathering there.

---

## THE FABLE OF THE BEES,

OR PRIVATE VICES, PUBLIC BENEFITS.

*By Dr. Bernard de Mandeville.*

(VERY SCARCE.)

A spacious hive well stockt with bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and ease;
And yet as fam'd for laws, and arms,
As yielding large and early swarms;
Was counted the great nursery
Of sciences and industry.
No bees had better government,
More fickleness, or less content:
They were not slaves to tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild democracy;
But kings, that could not wrong, because
Their power was circumscrib'd by laws.

These insects liv'd like men, and all
Our actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in town,
And what belongs to sword or gown:
Tho' th' artful works, by nimble slight
Of minute limbs, 'scap'd human sight;
Yet we've no engines, labourers,
Ships, castles, arms, artificers,
Craft, science, shop, or instrument,
But they had an equivalent:
Which, since their language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other things,
They wanted dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some play;

Digitized by Google

Unless a regiment be shewn
Of soldiers, that make use of none.

Vast numbers throng'd the fruitful hive;
Yet those vast numbers made'm thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's lust and vanity;
Whilst other millions were employ'd,
To see their handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the universe;
Yet had more work than labourers.
Some with vast stocks, and little pains
Jump'd into business of great gains;
And some were damn'd to sythes and spades,
And all those hard laborious trades;
Where willing wretches daily sweat,
And wear out strength and limbs to eat:
Whilst others follow'd mysteries,
To which few folks bind 'prentices;
That want no stock, but that of brass,
And may set up without a cross;
As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
Pick-pockets, coiners, quacks, sooth-sayers,
And all those, that in enmity,
With downright working, cunningly
Convert to their own use the labour
Of their good natur'd heedless neighbour.
These were call'd knaves, but bar the name,
The grave industrious were the same:
All trades and places knew some cheat,
No calling was without deceit.

The lawyers, of whose art the basis,
Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
Opposed all registers, that cheats
Might make more work with dipt estates;
As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a law suit, should be known.
They kept off hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing fee;

Digitized by Google

And to defend a wicked cause,
Examin'd and survey'd the laws,
As burglars shops and houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valu'd fame and wealth
Above the drooping patient's health,
Or their own skill: the greatest part
Study'd, instead of rules of art,
Grave pensive looks and dull behaviour,
To gain th' apothecary's favour:
The praise of midwives, priests and all
That serv'd at birth or funeral.
To bear with th' ever-talking tribe,
And hear my lady's aunt prescribe;
With formal smile, and kind how d'ye,
To fawn on all the family;
And, which of all the greatest curse is;
T' endure th' impertinence of nurses.

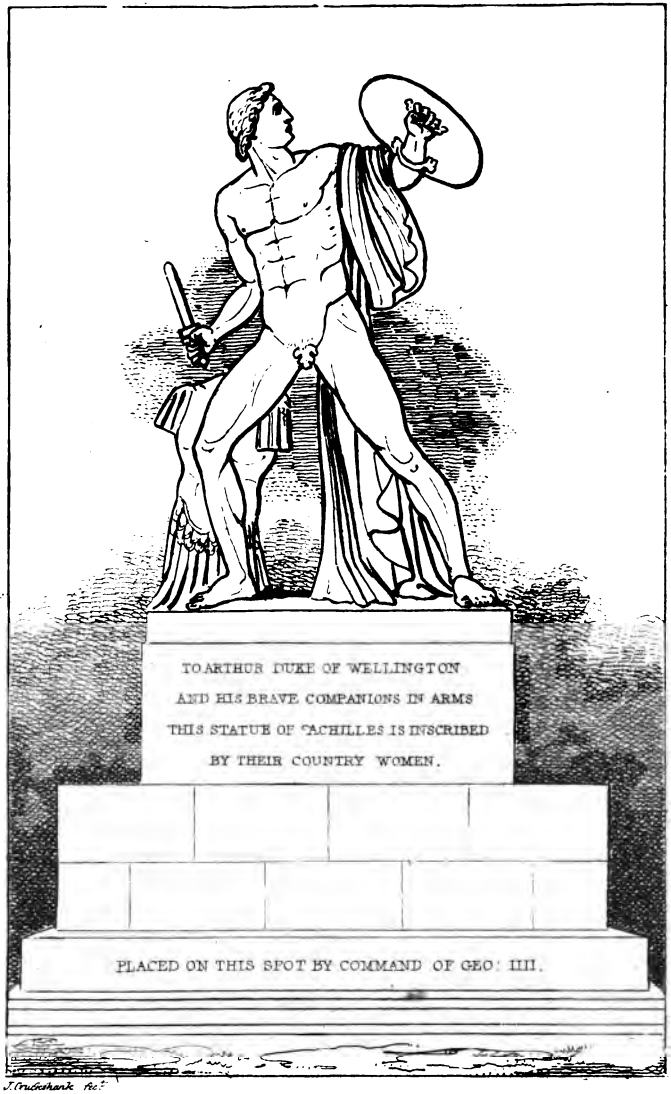
Among the many priests of jove,
Hir'd to draw blessings from above,
Some few were learn'd and eloquent,
But thousands hot and ignorant;
Yet all pass'd muster that could hide
Their sloth, lust, avarice and pride;
For which they were as fam'd as tailors
For cabbage, or for brandy, sailors:
Some meagre look'd, and meanly clad,
Would mystically pray for bread,
Meaning by that an ample store,
Yet lit'rally receiv'd no more;
And, whilst these holy drudges starv'd,
Some lazy ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their ease, with all the graces
Of health and plenty in their faces.

*(To be continued with the Author's Philosophical Remarks.)*

Benbow, Printer, Castle-street, Leicester-square, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google




J. Cruikshank fec.

UNIV OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

*Published by Benbow.*

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. I.] AUGUST 1, 1822. [No. 8.


" *Perdutto è tutto il tempo*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"

TASSO.

" All time is lost
" That is not spent in love."

## MR. ACHILLES; OR, THE LADIES' MAN.

THE general dearth of news has caused a circumstance to engross the public attention, which, at another period, would have been passed over unnoticed. As so much has been said and written upon the subject, and as every one seems desirous of throwing a stone at the mark which the ladies have set up, we presume that the readers of the Rambler will not expect us to pass it over in silence.

We do not think that the erection of a statue has caused so much discussion, since Nebuchadnezzar, set up a golden image, and ordered every one to fall down and worship it under penalty of death.

It is well known, that a few years since, some ladies of fashion set a subscription on foot to erect a monument in honour of the Duke of Wellington. It was also known to the public that the subscription was filled up, and a committee of ladies appointed to make choice of a design, and to carry the object into effect.



Digitized by Google

The public, however, were not informed of the nature of the design the ladies had chosen, and consequently were left to calculate in their own minds what kind of a memento it would be. It has been the general supposition and belief, that an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington would constitute the intended erection, therefore the populace are not a little disappointed in finding, instead of an English general in a characteristic costume to mark the age in which he lived, a NAKED statue, which has been christened after an ancient hero, who most probably never existed but in the imagination and poetry of Homer.

Not having been present during the enlightened discussions which took place in the ladies' committee, we cannot state the arguments or motives which led to the adoption of this design, but we will state all we have been able to collect regarding the figure itself.

On the top of the Quirinal hill, exactly fronting the Pope's palace at Rome, are two groups of most beautiful sculpture, representing two men on foot, in a similar position, and curbing in two high-spirited horses. The execution of these figures is so fine, that they have chosen to attribute them to the two greatest sculptors of antiquity. On one they have inscribed "Opus Phidiæ," and on the other "Opus Praxitelis," and they have been baptized at pleasure Romulus and Remus, or Castor and Pollux.

Now, whether it is Castor or Pollux which the ladies have selected, we know not, but the present erection is modelled from the one whose figure, parts, and proportions took the fancy of the fair subscribers, and who can dispute their right to stand godmothers to the child they have thus jointly produced? Why should they not, if they choose, christen it Achilles, and make the look and attitude suit to whatever action they might please to attribute to it.

Some people are at a loss to know what affinity there can be between Achilles and the Duke of Wellington; others think they can draw out a sufficient

Digitized by Google

parallel, because the modern general is equally devoted to the fair sex. It is even asserted by some, that having placed a shield on one of his arms as indicative of the warrior, they intend to put a distaff in the other commemorative of the devotion Achilles paid to the fair sex, he having actually concealed his brawny limbs beneath a smock and a petticoat, in order to pass as a woman at the court of king Lycomedes, and slept and spun with his daughter, that he might skulk out of the Trojan war. His weakness for the fair sex was again evinced after Ulysses had detected him, and compelled him to go—for he laid in his tent, fuming and fretting, and continued there to sulk for two weeks, three days, and a fortnight, because his commanding officer had choused him out of a pretty little black-eyed wench, named Briseis who he had in keeping, and to whom he was very much attached. But whatever were the weaknesses or failings of Achilles, we see no necessity of drawing any analogy between him and the Duke of Wellington, nor do we think the ladies intended any thing of the kind.

It was a custom among the ancients, for persons of property to erect in their villas, or in public places, the statue of some departed worthy whom they admired, and dedicate it to some patron or friend that they wished to please. Thus they frequently flattered the vanity of an unimportant character, by inscribing his name on the pedestal of an important one, with which, perhaps, he had not the slightest affinity.

It is curious that the whole force of the press should have combined to turn this figure into ridicule, merely because it was manufactured at the expence of the ladies; but, for our parts, we will step out of the beaten track, to defend the fair sex.

It is reasonable to presume that the fair ones composing "the committee of taste," who made choice of this design, had, since the peace, travelled in France and Italy, and become familiar with the beautiful naked sculptures exhibited in those countries; and



Digitized by Google

that, finding nature itself was always the same, and always admirable,—but that figures, decked in the peculiar costumes of an age, might one day become objects of ridicule, they were determined to have one which should be as fashionable a thousand years hence as at this moment. They might have considered that the name of Wellington would be forgotten, like the real names of the figures, we have before alluded to, on the Quirinal hill, and posterity might take the dress of a Field Marshal for the livery of a footman, or the trappings of a merry-andrew.

The ladies knew, that a fine model of nature would be estimable at all times, and that future antiquaries, coming to dig about the site of London, when our island shall have become desolate, would carry this away as a prize, while they would neglect such a statue as that of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, in Westminster Abbey, under the idea that he must have been a barber—from the size of his wig!

As to the question of consistency or propriety of this erection as a trophy in honour of Wellington, it may easily be got over; for, in the first place, as human beings are, of all others, the most inconsistent, no one has a right to expect consistency from them—and as the ladies paid for the thing, who will deny but the dear creatures ought to have their whims and fancies gratified as well as other people. Who will deny their right to raise a monument according to their own taste? Must man for ever be lording it and domineering it over them? They wished to pay him a compliment, and the manner of it was certainly in their own discretion. It is true, that as the Duke is a great *womanizer*, they might, if they had pleased, have placed, with equal propriety, a beautiful naked Venus on this pedestal; but that would not have been so agreeable to themselves. They had a perfect right, after going to so great an expence, to derive some personal gratification from their own monument; and what woman, let us ask, cares to look on a naked figure of her own sex. It excites no warmth of ad-

Digitized by Google

miration—no agreeable sensations—they can only remark, with *sang froid*, that "it is correct!"

We ought, in vindicating the taste of these ladies, to consult our own. Let any man ask himself whether the most exquisitely sculptured male figure can stimulate him with half the admiration that he feels on viewing the fascinating form of the Venus de Medicis.

We were passing an auction-room the other day, where a crowd was attracted, to see the Duke of Wellington's servants bringing out some marble image. A lady, passing by, wished to have her curiosity gratified, and we endeavoured to squeeze her through the throng. The subject was, a most delicate female, reclining on a couch, in a very tempting attitude, perfectly naked, with her hand reclining on the *mons veneris*. We were delighted with it; but the lady said she would not give a pin to see a hundred such! "Had it been the Apollo Belvidere," said she, "I could have admired it as much as you do this." How natural was all this!—and how easy it will enable us to account for the *ladies' fanoy*, as it is emphatically called.

Now, as to the question of decency or indecency, we think that can be got over with equal facility. The men are, all at once, turned puritans, and have raised a hue and cry against Mr. Achilles, "for that, being a warrior, he should go to battle without any breeches."* And it appears, if the ladies had but put one of their *dickies* round his loins, much of this outcry would have been saved. But we would inform these squeamish grumblers, that the

* In former times, the women never suffered the men to go into battle without their *esotericals* being well armed and protected. See *Rabelais*, book iii. chap. viii. where there is a very curious discourse between Pantagruel and Panurge, proving that the centre-piece was the first, chiefest, and most important part of armour.



Digitized by Google

ladies have already made a great sacrifice to please them, for the figure was, in the first place, manufactured *perfect*, and duly proportioned in *all its parts!* —but the ladies have since, at the repeated suggestions of some scrupulous male creatures, consented to its mutilation in a very *material part*, and though it did not occur to them to furnish it with kilt or breeches, yet they have substituted a *fig-leaf!*—which it is customary to put upon all naked figures imported into this very sanctified country. Therefore we contend that it is cruel of male creatures to tax the ladies with indecency after they have suffered their fancy-man to be castrated! What more could they do? If this puritanical, hypocritical cant, should gain ground, all our family Bibles must be destroyed—for they all contain pictures of Adam without breeches—and Eve without a smock to cover her nakedness. It is true that the artist modestly represents some pretty *flower*, *rose*, or *bush*, to come in contact between our eyes and the *esoterical beauties* of our grandmother Eve; and the ladies have done quite as much in furnishing Mr. Achilles with a fig-leaf!

After all, we will boldly assert, that it is not the women who are outraged by this statue. All the cant has been written by men: it is they who pretend that it offends the modesty of the ladies: but the fact is, that the men are jealous of it, and are afraid, that in consequence of the ladies setting up such a pattern as *their fancy*, it will cause their sex in future, to choose none but the most large, fine made, and robust men for their husbands.

The men, we repeat, are mortified and jealous, and the ladies not at all offended. Where, in the name of truth and honesty, is there a female, from twelve to eighty, who can be displeased with a naked man? We will stake our existence that such a female is not to be found in the universe—and we are proud in soaring above the servile herd of canting scribblers, and give that meed of applause which is due to the ladies of Great Britain for their candour and spirit in thus

Digitized by Google

publicly evincing their taste, their judgment, and their fancy. And in testimony of our approbation of their conduct, we shall, in a subseqnent number, do ourselves the honour of publishing their names.

As a work of art, the statue is respectable; but Mr. Westmacott's smaller pieces will add more to his fame. Having given a decent outline of it as a frontispiece to this number, we shall not prolong our article with any remarks on the workmanship. ¶

## The Rambler;

*Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

*(Continued from page* 298.)

### CHAPTER V.

We left our hero reclining his cheek on the bare and panting bosom of Madam St. Clair, and some of our readers perhaps have calculated that his seduction was accomplished on that evening. In this however they will be deceived, for though her mind was bent upon ultimately gaining him to her embraces, she could not all at once throw off her maternal character, and acknowledge her weakness. After pressing him to her breast and endeavouring to sooth him by the most endearing epithets and tender kisses for half an hour, the clock struck twelve. She rose up, and giving him a large bumper of Montepulciano wine to cheer his spirits, bade him retire to rest. She was pleased to see the terrible conflict which her artful and seductive discourse had raised in his mind; and considered that her object might easily be accomplished if she coulddetach him from his views in the church, and his respect for religion. If this was done, she had no doubt of bending all other passions to her will. While lying restless in her bed, tormented by unsatisfied desire, she held council with herself as to the most

Digitized by Google

speedy means of shaking his faith in the Catholic religion. She had herself read all the best writings of the French Infidels, and canvased in her mind the impressions she received from them. She knew his mind had been systematically prepared against them, although they had been carefully kept out of his reach, and she wished to go the quickest way to work. She thought that Volney's facinating reverie of the "*Ruins of Empires,*" would please, confound, and lead him in the end to scepticism, but would not produce any instantaneous effect: The "*System of Nature,*" was too serious and verbose; Boulanger's "*Christianity Unveiled*" was too vague and declamatory, and "*Helvetius on the Mind*" too extended. She recollected to have been more operated upon by a single stroke of poignant ridicule than by all the arguments of Bayle, Diderot, D'Alambert, or D'Olbach, and therefore resolved to lay in his way a little poem, published in Paris during the Resolution entitled "*La Guerre des Dieux,*" "or the War of the Gods; ancient and modern; by Evariste Parny;" wherein the Gods of Greece and Rome are profanely brought in contact with ours, and wickedly represented as eating, drinking, and quarrelling together. She judged that the keenness of satire and gross burlesque of this book, might chance to work more rapidly on his belief, than any logical deduction of sceptical argument. She had a copy of this work in her possession, which had been given to her while at Rome, by Cardinal Torino, with several others called, by the French "*des jolies livres*" which we shall presently have occasion to mention.

She placed this where she was certain Gregory would find it the next morning; and when he came down to breakfast he had it in his hand. She told him it was a work which he must read in private, for she would not have it seen by Father Baldini on any account. This only sharpened his youthful curiosity; when breakfast was done, he retired to the study and eagerly devoured what he found was a forbidden book. At night when the old Jesuit had retired to

Digitized by Google

rest, Madam St. Clair again invited Griffin to bring his books, and sit with her. "And how do you like Monsieur Parny," said she to her young Catechumen; Griffin seemed to hesitate in giving her an answer, "Why, my dear child, should you fear to speak candidly to me, I have heard of the book, but never read it; will you then read it out to me, and you shall find me ready to acknowledge the impressions I receive from it?" He did so, and she encouraged him to go on, by the unreserved manner in which she expressed the amusement it gave her. Nay, at some parts she laughed so violently, that he feared she would go into hysterics. She got up and embraced him several times, as an acknowledgement for the pleasure he afforded her. When she perceived him attempting to skip a page, she said: "What are you about, my sweet child, why omit any?"—'Tis indecent Mamma!—Never mind, my dear! you should not be afraid to read what I am not afraid to hear; I am not a school girl: you ought to have confidence in me, and say whatever you please. He continued reading, but every now and then his face was confused with blushes, and his breath became so short that he could not proceed, but she relieved him by a glass of wine and fresh embraces. He finished the book, and here a pause ensued. Gregory sat silent with a downcast look, not daring to open his mouth. My dear child, said Madam St. Clair take a large glass of wine, for I am sure you must be faint. Now, Gregory, treat me as your bosom friend; tell me without reserve, whether the twice reading of this book has not removed the scales make comparisons? Have you not balanced the things from your eyes? Have you not been compelled to you have hitherto deemed sacred, with those you were taught to call profane? And have you not found them upon an equilibrium you little expected?—Come, take courage! tell me the truth!—"I should be wanting in gratitude to my dear Mamma, if I did not confess that the work of years has been annihilated in a day; I feel emancipated from the trammels of edu-

Digitized by Google

cation, and terrors of superstition. My faith has passed away like a vision and I seem as if relieved from a burthen. I will break from the bonds of this odious delusion as soon as possible. Now, Mamma, will you answer me this one question? Certainly; what is it?—Did you not put that book in my way?—Yes!—Oh! how happy I am that I am indebted to you for so great a blessing?—You have set my mind at liberty! I was imprisoned in the strong Fabric of Superstion, and you have crumbled it to dust! I will not be a priest!—I will not be a Jesuit! I will marry Amelia, and shall consider myself under eternal obligations to you for setting me free, and enabling me to do it. I feel like a new being! I am born again; my spirits are so light I can scarcely contain myself; let me embrace you, and give you a kiss of filial gratitude and devotion, for you are more than ever my mother, since you have given me this *new birth.*

She received his pure and heart-felt embrace with inexpressible rapture, and returned them with a warmth resulting from very different sensations to those which inspired the breast of our hero. Poor Madame St. Clair had a powerful struggle between pride and passion. She sunk, faint and motionless, upon his bosom, overcome by the fire which raged throughout her frame, the combating which had been too much for her strength. Gregory loosened her neckerchief, and bathed her face with water; she opened her eyes, and pointed to her waist; he tore open her gown; he cut the lace of her stays, and presently she was relieved. A little book, most sumptuously bound in morocco, fell from her bosom as she rose up. It had silver clasps, and was lettered, "Terese Philosophe." "There, my dear child, in return for your affection and candour to me, I will trust you with the perusal of that invaluable little work; do not unclasp it until you are in your bedroom, because I could not, in my present weak state, bear the sight of the pictures it contains. I have feelings at this moment which I cannot, I dare not

Digitized by Google

describe to you, but I shall be better to-morrow. The cathedral clock is striking, and we must retire: pull off your shoes and help me to my room. Do not make a noise, lest father Baldini should hear you. Take the light, and let me lean on your shoulder: I must lay down in my clothes, for I am not able to pull them off." "Let me do it for you, mamma; it is a case of emergency, and you will not mind your *chere enfant*. When I was ill, and could not help myself, my dear mamma did not scruple to dress me. I shall feel a sacred pleasure in performing such a tender, delicate and confidential office for my dear, dear mamma, and I think she loves me too well to refuse me." ¶

*(To be continued.)*

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### CRIM. CON.

*Court of Kings Bench. Dublin, July, 8.*

OWEN NOWLAN, ESQ. *v.* LORD GLENTWORTH.

The damages were laid at a 10,000*l*. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Nowlan, in 1817, was proved; the lady being at that period *twenty-eight* years of age, and the husband *sixty*.

The plaintiff was confined about three years in the Four Courts Marshalsea, where the noble defendant was also a prisoner for debt.

It was here that during the year 1821, Lord Glentworth became a visitor of the plaintiff, and carried on a criminal intercourse with his wife, without any apparent objection on the part of the husband. Mary Ann Dodd, a servant of Lord Glentworth, proved that Mrs. Nowlan lived in the apartments for upwards of three months, and that they ate, drank, and slept together.

Numerous letters were put in as evidence to excul-

Digitized by Google

pate the defendant, the tendency of which proved that the plaintiff was party to his wife's profligacy.

The first letter was from Mr. Nowlan to Mrs. Nowlan, 101, Thomas-Street. It was as follows;—

"Though you say the child is not mine, *you should bring him to introduce him to me*, and when you do I will give him 1*l.* though I have got but two this moment. I think you had better be a good child and see your sister, and act as you ought to do. If you come here to see her no one shall be in the room; one dinner will answer you and me, and not be at the expence of keeping two tables. It will be hard enough for me to pay for lodgings out and rent here. I hope you will come in to-morrow; at all events, LET ME SEE THE CHILD THAT IS NOT MINE, as you say in your note: TELL ME WHO IS THE FATHER OF HIM, 'TILL I WISH HIM JOY. When will you have a fourth boy, as you have lost the second. Believe me you are not acting right. &c. &c. &c."

"O. G. NOWLAN."

Revolting to every feeling of human nature as this letter was, it was even exceeded by another, in which the odious jocularity which pervades it would be ludicrous, but that it was horrible. This letter was directed as before, and without date, and was the one which he formed a letter of license for his wife's continued prostitution:—

"Mrs. Rossiter told me she called at your lodgings, and was told you went to the Blackrock with Miss M'Donnell, and that your son is a fine boy and every day visiting. God spare him to you. Mr. Rossiter will take up my account for the nurse's rent, and 2*l.* he says he allowed before, which I did not charge to her. I intend writing to her this evening's post. I wish you would come and dine, and let me see your son, before you quit Dublin. I wonder you would part with him and take any other to nurse; perhaps you will change your mind, and four month's suck will be sufficient for him; and *then begin to get a little girl*, to mend the little boy's stockings," &c. &c.

"O. G. NOWLAN."

It certainly appears curious after such letters as these had been written from a husband to his wife, he should bring an action for damages to the amount of 10,000*l.* The jury however formed a very different estimate, and returned a verdict of 40*s.* Though the trial lasted a considerable time, and much legal inge-

Digitized by Google

nuity was excited, yet no circumstances of interesting or piquant nature transpired to warrant our giving a longer report.

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

*York Assizes. July* 22.

KENDAL *v.* ROOKE.

Margret Kendal lived servant with Mr. Cooper, at York, and Mark Rooke lodged in the same house. He paid his addresses to her for a considerable time, and a child was manufactured between them contrary to act of Parliament. Rooke has since married another woman, and is now an innkeeper. The poor young woman had no letters, and depended entirely on her sisters to prove his repeated promises. The Jury however found a verdict for the defendant.

RAPE.—*Northampton Assizes. July* 19.

Is it probably in the memory of most of our readers, that Ann Newman, a respectable young woman, was overtaken when returning from a fair near Wellington, by eleven men, who assaulted her in a most brutal manner. Nine of them actually violated her person, and two of them repeated the outrage. Six of these ruffians were apprehended, and took their trial. Five were convicted and immediately sentenced to death.

### A FOOTMAN SEDUCED BY A DUCHESS.

It has just come to our knowledge, that in the absence of a certain Duke, from England, his Duchess seduced her Footman.—The duke, hearing of this, came to England, and was going in a great hurry to shoot, kill, obtain a divorce, &c. The Duchess went to him at his hotel, and very cooly told him, he was going to make a fool of himself, and that she should recriminate; as she could prove he cohabited with her own sister. This caused the matter to be hushed up, and the Duchess, who had no marriage settlement, obtained 3000*l.* per ann. from the Duke, to hold her peace, and now lives comfortably with her footman.

We shall most probably give the name in our next; with the residence of the fortunate footman.



Digitized by Google

## VICE SOCIETY v. BENBOW.

[*As some of our readers, in distant parts, may not meet with a full report of the trial, we think it our duty to give them some extracts from Mr. Philips's address to the jury.*]

They were told that the society was composed of honourable men—*most honourable men*, he did not doubt. But how happened it that none of their informations were against rich men? that whoever they had selected, none of their victims were from their own class and station in society? Whatever they might do with respect to others, they had an especial sympathy for the vices of the great. From the time of the establishment of the society to the present, none but poor and humble individuals had been prosecuted by them. Have they indicted any titled libellers?—Have they brought to justice any titled gamesters? Have they suppressed any of those public brothels in St. James's, open to every young man with any thing to lose, and spreading their lures to divest him of fame and fortune? Out of that class have they selected any to bring to the bar of justice? No, gentlemen; it is fathers of families, humble tradesmen, unable to compete with them, that they attack.—They did not warn him of the illegality of his deeds; no benevolent clergyman entered the defendant's shop, expostulated with him on the course he was pursuing, and told him the law must interfere if he persisted. No, this was a case which required the aid of the secretary Prichard, and the dismissed custom-house officer. Do you hear of their going into the neighbourhood of St. James's, where gaming-houses are public and notorious, and of their indicting them? No; those are frequented by the titled, the wealthy, and the great. Had the gentlemen of the jury heard of any victims from the rich classes? It reminded him of the very old adage, that the laws were constructed

Digitized by Google

like cobwebs, which the great flies could break through with impunity, but which entrapped the little ones.

* * * *

Gentlemen! who are these vice suppressors, the great supporters of public morals, and the champions of Christianity? They are the worst names that Virtue and Religion could rely on for support. If it were not for their intrusion, many works of immoral tendency would fall still-born from the press. They stimulated persons, careless of their fate, to publish improper books. It was the bounden duty of the gentlemen of the jury to put a stop to these self-elected prosecutors, and to teach them that Englishmen were not to be treated thus with impunity. In the name of God! where were the law officers of the crown? were they so careless of their duty, that they left the scrutiny of these works to the vice society? Was the attorney-general to be accused of pocketing the fees, without performing his duty? Was he either so ignorant or careless, that he knew not his duty? Was the attorney-general a traitor to his trust? These, gentlemen! were the foulest of conspirators; they raked the dying embers of blasphemy and sedition, to fan them into a flame, and to publish them to the wide world.

* * * *

The learned counsel had adverted to the defendant's removal from the Strand, but he did not tell them why he removed into Castle-street. The defendant was there in extensive business, when he had the visitation of another somewhat similar gang to this; he was thrown into prison for some months; he was then liberated, without their daring to bring him to trial; and, at the expiration of that period, he found himself with his family in the world, with not a shilling for their support, the profits of his business having been consumed in that time. He was now to be visited with the vengeance of another gang, unless the jury interposed to save him. These were



Digitized by Google

your Christian champions! These were your pretenders to Christianity! It would be well if they opened the sacred volume, and perused it; and they would there learn that it teaches forgiveness—not persecution; and they would there see that the person in whose sacred name they professed to coalesce, never persecuted! Christians!—Pharisees!—Heathens in practice!—Christians only in name! These were your vice suppressors, who had joined their funds to drag to the bar of justice poor men, who, even if acquitted, must be ruined by the enormous expences of the law. Was the poor man the proper victim to contend with them? And let any one read the alleged libels, and say if his was not a vicious and depraved imagination that could find any thing depraved in them. The spider collects poison from the flower that gives honey to the bee! There was scarcely ever a book published in which a depraved mind could not find impure images. The Gospel itself had been charged, by some bad men, with containing heaps of profanation. Was it fair to take isolated passages out of a book, and then call upon them to judge of the whole work? In this way, the Bible might be pronounced to be a heap of obscenity and sedition. Algernon Sidney had lamented this on the scaffold. He protested against parts of his work being brought as evidences of the whole. If any man, said he, were to assert coolly that "there was no God," he would be instantly set down as a most abominable atheist. Yet that sentence was in the Bible, But what preceded it? "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God?"

* * * *

Mr. Adolphus had mentioned the prints in the *Rambler's Magazine*, yet what would he see there more than a personification of what he had read at school. He wondered what harm could arise from thus expressing in an engraving what was found in the ancients. There was not a vice suppressor but had gloated over it! There was not a reverend prosecutor but what put it into the hands of the children in his

Digitized by Google

care. In old times there was a set of gods, who he dared to say had their vice suppressors! The god Vulcan, a limping ugly old blacksmith, had the shocking presumption to marry Venus, the prettiest of all the goddesses. This Venus, like many ladies of the present day, was fond of a red coat, and Mars, the god of war, presented more attractions to her, than the cross old husband. Vulcan, being apprised of their interviews laid a snare for them, consisting of a net so skilfully constructed, that when he had drawn it round their bed, they could not escape. Then, not content with knowing his own disgrace, he collected the gods that they might also behold them. Just so the vice society search for obscenity, and then publish it to the world. In the whole host of classical books, there was not one from Juvenal downwards but what might be convicted of obscenity. Look at Ovid—look at Horace, that lover of wine and pretty women, and even the chastest poet of all antiquity, was not free from a charge of a more serious description. The other print represented the story of Jupiter and Leda, familiar to every classical reader, and learned in the school books. Jupiter was the prince of the gods, and very fond of pretty women. Finding Leda's husband an obstacle to his amours, he assumed the shape of a swan, and violated Leda while bathing. The bishops, archbishops, and whole host of reverend tithe collectors, were all familiar with the story of Jupiter and Leda, and with Mars and Vulcan. If these stories in classic authors were not to be read, the whole course of education must be changed, and there is not a gem out of the mine of ancient learning that would not be trampled on by these two-legged asses! Mr. Adolphus had alluded to the Latin books slightly, but not one half of the obscenity that was in them was to be found in these. Nay, he would say that there was not a single novel ever published but what might be found to contain passages more offensive than any selected for the jury this day to consider of. As to the song, it was truly ridiculous as a subject of prosecution—and, at this



Digitized by Google

moment, there were not less than a hundred of a far more seductive tendency, lying on the music tables of the daughters of the vice suppressors, and they were untouched!

The jet of the inquiry, in the present case, was the intent of the defendant, and the Jury would say whether he had any obscene and indecent motives, when he published a book in sixpenny numbers, the reading of which could be procured for three-halfpence, in any circulating library. They must have recourse to a depraved imagination, to torture them into any thing indecent. What would the vice suppressors say to the exhibitions of paintings and sculptures at Somerset House, where the most modest ladies paid for admission, and for the gratification of their curiosity would patiently endure crowded and heated rooms? Yet in this there was nothing impure. Had the Gentlemen of the Jury visited Carlton Palace, Windsor, or the Marquis of Stafford's, and numerous other collections, where naked statues were seen of the most indecent description? It was easy to make a charge of indecency, but the indecency, if any where, lay in the minds of the prosecutors; they were the quickest at detecting hidden meanings and obscene allusions. The learned counsel had dwelt much upon the wonderful circumstance of six stars finishing one of the libels; the next thing, he supposed, would be to indict the firmament and stars for indecency. The defendant must be judged, he again said, by the intent; they would consider that he had already been imprisoned and ruined; they were to see that he had fair play, and that he was not oppressed by any individual. Let him that was not guilty throw the first stone; but let not men whose only virtue was in their purse, assume to themselves a power the law gave them not. In the hands of the Jury he left his client, for they were the only protectors of the poor man against the powerful coalition of the rich.

Digitized by Google

# Miscellanies.

A Chimney Sweeper no Bishop.—A chimney-sweeper, of very small statue, brought a Mrs. M'Intire, to Bow-street, on Saturday last, and charged her with uttering a gross and scandalous libel against him, in Old Round Court, by calling him a 'Bishop.' The sweep said to the magistrate, I wants to know why this here 'woman' should call me a Bishop—I gets my living honestly as a sweep, and keeps a 'vife' and five children—and though I 'bees' always called a 'glergyman', and belonging to the cloth, and that there kind of things, I assure your honour, I be no bishop. The magistrate said it was quite certain he was no bishop, and Mr. Harris, the sweep, concluded by saying, it was hard that he, nor any one of his business could not now walk the streets, without being called a 'Bishop.' The woman was committed.

Torture.—It is curious, that at this moment, when so many persons, boasting of their philanthrophy, are running over the country, and exploring the prisons with a view of ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity, and improving their regulations; that a person, who pretends to be an active friend to liberty, should have invented a mill and machinery, which is capable of being assimilated to the tortures used by the inquisition. We are credibly informed, that in two prisons, when persons are ordered to be kept to labour, the old and young are indiscriminately compelled to tread in a machine, so constructed, that if a false step is taken, through want of breath, giddiness, fatigue, or any accidental illness or emergency, the party so missing his step, is immediately knocked down by a tremendous blow from some part of the mill. Is not this a species of torture?—and is it not a great hardship, that the most innocent persons, whose hunger has compelled them to ask for bread, or who may have offended a watchman, street-keeper, or any other mercenary *trap*, when brought before the magistrate, may be committed to hard labour for a month, as a rogue and vagabond, and actually undergo this torture while living all the while on thin water-gruel.

Digitized by Google

A Fat Job.—It was proved before the committee, lately sitting on the Parliamentary printing and stationary business, that Mr. Clowes, printer to the Navy Office, had charged 391*l.* 8s. 0d. for printing 1300 numbers of Parliamentary names and addresses, being eight upon a sheet, and the paper supplied by the Stationary Office. Four printers, who investigated the matter, proved that they would do the same work for 27l. 10s., and get 100 per cent. profit. Mr. Dickins, comptroller of the Stationary Office, Mr. Parsons, and Sir Matthew Bloxom, appear to have supported Mr. Clowes's charges.—*John Bull pays for all.*

## DEATH OF JOHN EMERY, ESQ. COMEDIAN.

We are truly sorry to have to announce the dissolution of that most excellent and inimitable Actor. After an illness of three weeks, caused by an excessive inward debility, brought on, as it is supposed, by a diseased liver, and which at last attached itself to the lungs, he breathed his last a few minutes past eight o'clock on the the evening of the 25th ult. at his house in Hyde-Street, Bloomsbury. He was in his forty-seventh year. He has left an amiable wife and seven young children to lament his loss, for whose future support and maintenance, however, there is every reason to fear he has not made even the most slender provision. Mr. Emery has always been a decided favourite—professionally, as well as with all who knew him, and therefore we trust that, should the case require it, his friends, in conjunction with a generous and feeling public, (to whose amusement and hours of social enjoyment he has been for upwards of three and twenty years so great a contributor,) will immediately come forward to render their aid and assistance in any way that may be considered best calculated to accomplish the end desired. On these occasions, we have sometimes witnessed the generosity of managers in giving free benefits; and, indeed, we have no doubt, should it be required, that we shall in this instance have to applaud a similar act of kindness and liberality, and which cannot fail to be fully appreciated, as a mark of feeling and respect for a most valuable and faithful old servant. With regard to Mr. Emery as an actor, every one who has been a frequenter of the theatre is well aware of his superior talent. In his own immediate line of acting, indeed, viz. the Yorkshire rustic, the stage, it is universally allowed, never produced his

Digitized by Google

equal; and, in all probability, "we shall never look upon his like again." He had excellent natural abilities, was a good musician, (to which profession it was intended by his parents he should have been brought up,) and he was likewise a tolerable artist. To his duty in his profession he was ever most strictly attentive; so much so, that when dining in public or in the society of his friends, and the time drew near which required his attendance at the theatre, his watch was invariably placed upon the table; and he was never known, during the whole course of his engagement at Covent Garden, to disappoint the public but once, and that was from the circumstance of the accouchment of his wife. His natural and unsophisticated apology to the audience on that occasion, cannot fail to be very generally remembered. In the death of Mr. Emery, the stage and the public will suffer a very severe loss, his wife and family the deprivation of a very indulgent husband and father, and his friends and associates, that of a warm-hearted and intelligent companion.

---

## NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

An act has just been passed, the particulars of which we feel imperiously called upon to lay before our readers. It is right, that in all civilized societies, regulations should be established concerning contracts, and no contract can be of more importance than that of matrimony. The various acts of parliament which have been made in this country, and entitled "Marriage Acts," should, more properly speaking, be called *Anti-Marriage Acts!*—because they do nothing but throw obstacles in the way of matrimony. They have all been introduced by the aristocracy, to prevent their sons and daughters from intermarrying with the common people. The more difficulties are thrown in the way, the greater facilities are afforded to the unprincipled man, who wishes to deceive an affectionate and credulous girl. When a man, who assumes the character of a lover, has chosen some convenient moment to press the tender fair one for the *last favour*, she ought to be able to say to him, "Go with me before the magistrate, and marry me—then I will immediately consent." But all these obstacles afford so many delays and excuses to the artful and experienced seducer, who can strew the paths with such agreeable and enticing flowers, as will lead the unsuspect-

Digitized by Google

ing girl, by imperceptible degrees, to that stage of passion and of feeling, which will render her an easy prey to his base designs.

We give, as under, the principal provisions of the act, and have no doubt but it will operate upon many thousands, and induce them to get married before the first of September.

"It is enacted, that no licence for any marriage shall, from, and after the end of September next, be granted until oath shall have been made by the parties applying for such license to the effect required by this act. Where both parties are of twenty-one years, each shall make oath that they are respectively, and that each believes the other to be twenty-one years or upwards. Where both parties are under age, but alleged to be a widower and widow, the allegation must be sworn to in the same manner. Where only one of the parties is under age, and the minor is alleged to be a widower and widow, the allegation must be sworn to in the same manner. Where both, or either of the parties shall be under age, and neither a widow nor widower, both shall make oath in the same manner as above specified, that is to say, each shall make oath as to himself and herself, and as to his and her belief with respect to the other party. In the latter case, both parties shall also make oath that the consent of the necessary person or persons has been given. Where it is alleged that both, or either of the parties, are, or is, of the age of twenty-one, the license shall not be granted until the register of the baptism of such parties, or party, is produced, and proved upon oath by some other witness, to be a correct extract. If the register be not in England, the fact must be proved on oath to the satisfaction of the person authorised to grant the license. In all cases, except cases of special license, oath shall be made of the residence of the parties applying, for the space of four weeks before the granting of such license. The consent of parents or guardians must be signified in writing, the signature must be attested by three or more witnesses, and the consent, so signed and attested, must be delivered to the person or persons from whom the license is sought. The oaths to be taken before surrogate, and if perjury be committed, it is to be visited with transportation. If one of the contracting parties should be convicted of such offence, such person shall forfeit to the king all estate, right, title, interest, benefit, profit, and advantage, which

Digitized by Google

such person may derive from, or be entitled to, by virtue of such marriage. The oaths to be preserved by the proper officer, and the license and other instruments, to be entered in a calendar, to be open to the inspection of the persons. Officers deviating from the directions of this act, shall be subject to punishment as guilty of a misdemeanour; but after the solemnization of a marriage by license, it is not to be impeached on the ground of informality in obtaining such license. With respect to marriages by banns, the act requires, that before the publication of such banns in any church or chapel, there shall be delivered to the proper minister of the said church or chapel an affidavit as to the residence, names, and ages of both parties. The banns not to be published until the names and residence so stated shall be affixed on the principal door of the church or chapel, and also in some conspicuous place within the said church or chapel, so to remain until the expiration of the three Sundays on which such banns shall be published. Such affidavit to be then delivered over to the churchwarden or chapel-warden, and to be by him deposited in a chest; whenever a marriage shall not be had within three months after the publication of banns, the banns must be republished, or a license must be obtained. This act not to be in force until after the first day of September, 1822: whenever a marriage shall not be had within three months after the license is obtained, a new license must be procured, or banns must be published. This act not to extend to the marriage of any of the royal family, nor to any marriages amongst Quakers or Jews, or to any marriages solemnized beyond seas. The act to be read at certain stated times in the churches and chapels, and to extend only to England.

---

*For the Rambler's Magazine.*

---

## ON THE WRETCHED CONDITION OF A MAN WHO HAS A LOVING WIFE.

THAT man's fate is hard enough who is cursed with a wanton, jealous, scolding, or drunken wife: but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, scolding, or drunken one—nay, to have one who comprises all those qualities, than be yoked to a *loving* wife. The *wanton* wife will let a poor fellow wear his horns in peace

Digitized by Google

if he gives her no interruption in planting them: the *jealous* wife will cease upbraiding whilst her darling is fixed to her apron string: the *drunken* wife is at least sober when she wakes in the morning: and the *scolding* wife we may suppose is silent when she is asleep. The *loving* wife, however, torments her husband morning, noon, and night,—nay, and all night too!

When my dear partner, who is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning, and finds me asleep, she is sure to disturb me, and tell me I have had rest enough, and that too much sleep is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting that I must take another nap, and must have had an indifferent night. When I set down to breakfast, it is ten to one but if I choose toast, she finds it gave me heart-burn the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter; should I choose the latter, it is the same odds, I am obliged to eat Yorkshire cake, because she well knows I am fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and that tea is nervous. At another time I am swilled with a dozen cups, because she conceives I ate too much over night, and tea is good for my digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy, at another with saffron in my tea, though she knows I detest them both,—but she says it is good for me.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucerful of toast, to keep the wind out of my stomach, although I may be just come from a coffee-house; and I am very lucky if I escape a pint basin of peas-soup into the bargain, by way of a whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey-cock until dinner makes its appearance, I am nevertheless obliged to eat whatever she puts on my plate, or else she is the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house as soon as the cloth is cleared.

I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, because no remonstrances could satisfy her but my stomach was out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, like the physician of Sancho Panza, she it ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I

Digitized by Google

ask for table-beer, she perhaps thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixed with it, as it is too cold for my stomach by itself. Should I wish for a glass of white wine, I am probably told that red will be better for my nerves; and if I mention red, then I am advised that white will be better for my cold.

When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweetmeats, I almost tremble at the sight of them, for as the dear loving soul is fond of these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if she takes a peach which she thinks looks remarkably good, I am forced to finish what she has half eaten, though I prefer a nectarine. And however longingly I may cast my eye upon any saucer of sweetmeats, I am forced to avoid the temptation, well knowing that my loving taster will supply me abundantly with her relics of those things she is sure I am fond of. I must add, too, that though the company cannot help smiling when she loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuse my love's kindness if she declares they are admirable, and she is certain I like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earnestness to please me, act so vehemently upon her mind, that she is never cool enough to judge what is best for my constitution, or most agreeable to my taste. She is too intent about the end to consult well the means. Hence my physician often proves the reverse of the smoaker's adage, *Tobacco hic*—for if I am well, she will make me sick; if I am sick, she does not make me well; and when she is most industrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, to such loving kindness, and I am often tempted to exclaim, "Oh, damn your love!" though I am convinced of its sincerity.

My great coat, which I number among my best friends, by her means deserves a place among my false ones. In distress, either from rain or frost, my good friend does me no service, for my wife often hates a great coat—because, says she, I may take cold when I pull it off; and so I must bear the inclemency of the weather, and be soaked in every shower of rain, for want of it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind offices; and if my love should take it into her head that I have at any time suffered by going without my great coat, I am



Digitized by Google

forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July.

Her desire to have me pleased will not even let me see the play I admire, or visit the friend whom I like. Should I presume to engage myself, I shall perhaps find myself one of an agreeable party, which she knew before I should be happy to be with in another place. Should I make up my mind to see Kean in Richard the Third, I find myself engaged by her, either to see a new splendid melo-dramatic piece at the Cobourg, where she has already taken places, or perhaps to witness some journeymen bakers shockingly butcher the play of Macbeth, at the Minor Theatre, merely because one of their masters, who serves us with bread, had the politeness to send her some tickets.

To add to my misfortune, I can see no hopes of a change for the better. You may be sure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though the best of women, she is the worst of wives; that I had rather feel the severest effects of hate, than the torments I endure from her love. If she was a termagant, I would make her a silent woman, and would undertake to tame a shrew; but my dear tormentor is so meek, that she weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief if I oppose the most trifling circumstance which she judges is for my good, or has conceived would please me. She imagines I have no love for her, if she thinks I slight any instance of hers to me. After having suffered her to waste herself almost to a skeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel necessity of giving way to her disposition, and submitting a second time to the go-cart and leading strings. Though I am the jest of my friends, and the sport of both sexes—though I can neither eat, drink, sleep, or wake, as I please—though I must appear merry when I am sad, and well when I am ill—keep company I do not like, and scarcely ever see my old acquaintances and friends—though I am to be purged, sweated, and blistered, in perfect health, I cannot fly from my persecutor, as my love is, at least, equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakness of her mind, as I am so sensible of the strength of her affection. Therefore, sir, when you see a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, or miss with her goldfinch, pray remember,

Your's, with respect,

TIMOTHY TRUELOVE.

20, *Compton Street, Soho.*

Digitized by Google

# THE GOLDEN ASS

## OF LUCIUS APULEIUS, OF MEDAURA.

[Many of our readers have, no doubt, either seen or heard of a book bearing the above title. We cannot justify the title, because it is a work comparatively modern, written in Italian, and only founded upon one of the ancient title it assumes. It is, however, a curious book, and by no means generally read; consequently, we conceive some extracts from it will not be unacceptable.]

## THE NEW METAMORPHOSIS; OR, THE PLEASANT TRANSFORMATION.

### CHAPTER I.

*Of the country, parents, birth, education, person, temper, and inclination of* FANTASIO, *and of his leaving his native country, and arrival at Rome.*

The following surprising adventures may, perhaps, raise a curiosity in the reader, to know something of my person, parents, rank, disposition, and education. To anticipate, therefore, his inquiry, I must inform him that my name is Fumoso de la Fantasia, or, for brevity, Don Fantasio; a family as reputable as any in the delightful province of di Parnasso. My grandfather, the first of this branch of the Fantasi, of which I am descended, was Signior Luciano d'Asino, my father Apuleio d'Asino d'Oro, my mother was Donna Musa del Inventione, daughter of Signior Giudici de la Fantasia, all of the same family and celebrated country. Nature, however favourable she has been to my mind, has not been very prodigal in the materials of my body. I have found no great cause, however, to complain of her parsimony in my bulk, since she has had so great an eye to proportion and use. And while I find a just symmetry of my parts, and a sufficiency to their end, I am free from the scandal of deformity, and uneasiness of incapacity of any pleasure which the larger or more bulky part of mankind enjoy. Nay, I have this satisfaction peculiar to myself, to remember the virtuous and philosophers have always agreed, "that the cunning and wisdom of nature is never so apparent as in the most minute productions."



Digitized by Google

My mother had the peculiar advantage of the genuine natives of our clime, for she brought me forth without any of those raging pangs which are so general in travail; and as my birth gave her no pain, so my existence supplied her with abundance of joy, whilst I remained under the guardianship of her eye, and the direction of her love; where still she would have kept me, had not the natural roving of my temper, and the force of my destiny, driven me from her tender and endearing embraces, to seek a new fortune abroad.

My education was prudently adapted to the bent of my genius, inimical to the barren and knotty trifles of the schools, and only delighted with the gay and politer doctrines of the Muses, that were most useful in the forming of the mind and the manners. My parents indulged my inclinations, and furnished all the advantages of those agreeable studies, which the custom of the place, and the pursuits of the people, supplied.

As the delightful province di Parnasso enjoys all the indulgence of smiling nature, so it seldom abounds with the favours of fortune. That was a defect which too sensibly affected me; so that foolishly dissatisfied with the blessings of the former, and as anxiously desirous of the gaudy curses of the latter, at the age of eighteen, I left the calm recesses of my paternal abode, in pursuit of the false, though alluring, prospects of cities and courts; and bribed by the hopes of glory and power, I listed myself in the legions of fortune, grasping already the trophies she promised, with faithless assurance, to all that adored her. But, alas! the blind goddess, unmindful of the merit of Justice, betrayed me to miseries as great as surprising.

Rome, the proud head of the catholic world, that now holds almost as large an empire over the consciences of nations, as it once did over their persons; Rome was the place where I flattered myself I should arrive at that grandeur and wealth which my hopes had already devoured, for Rome is the market where riches and power are bartered for words, hypocrisy, or cunning address.

Being arrived in this city, I began to consider where to take my first station, and fix my step on the ladder of fortune, to mount to that height which my ambition proposed. On a strict inquiry, I found that the Cardinal Cantelmi, of the house of Popoli, by the advantage of his posts, had it most in his power to answer my desires; for he was archbishop of Naples, a legate

Digitized by Google

a *latere*, chief minister of state, privado to the pope, and of interest enough in the same college, one day to seize the triple diadem.

The prospect of interest with such a minion of fortune, was too great not to stir up my endeavours to get into his family; but as the first step is the most difficult in making a man's fortune, so all my attempts, without money and acquaintance, only served to convince me of the vanity of my hopes, until chance one day supplied, by a lucky hit, all other defects.

Uneasy with my bad fortune at home, and partly to divert the melancholy thoughts that might arise from a too serious view, and partly out of curiosity to see the celebrated places of this great city, I went abroad one day, and passing the Piazza Navonna, my eyes were saluted by a magnificent church, called De la Pace. The porch, although adorned with the art of the architect, and the advantage of the purest white marble for its materials, yet not satisfied with these ornaments, which last all the year round, the priest had embellished it with a thousand curious pictures of the best masters, and an abundance of figures made in a kind of mosaic work, of silk of various colours, after the mode of Bononia, which city is exquisite in performances of this nature.

The pomp of the porch assured me of some solemnity within, worthy the view of a stranger, and always entertaining to a devotee of pleasure and music. On my entrance, I found that all this preparation was for a festival of gallantry, which some nobleman, or man of wealth at least, had exhibited at his own charge and expence, according to the custom of Italy, where the admirable music and harmony of ladies, always invited on these occasions, supply the advantages of the theatres of less sanctified countries.

The feast was in honour of St. Theresa; that is, the name of St. Theresa was the bawd of Count Luciano's addresses to Donna Theresa, the beautiful niece of Cardinal Cantelmi, archbishop of Naples, and favourite of the pope. For the saint who is chosen by the gallants, who are masters of the festival, bears always the name of their mistresses, to whom it is, in reality, devoted, consisting of first and second vespers and masses. For as the painters, in their Madonnas, always copy their most favourite mistresses, so these noble devotees, through the saint



Digitized by Google

triumphant, convey their addresses to the saint militant. A throne was erected exactly against the gate, for the view of all who entered the church; it was surrounded by a splendid company of gentlemen of quality, among the foremost of whom sat the Count Luciano, at whose expence this feast was exhibited, in honour of St. Theresa, or rather of the cardinal's niece, as four other young noblemen had done already in honour of their mistresses.

The constant ornaments of this church are as magnificent as most in this city, being painted and gilt all within, and every where adorned with statues worthy of observation. But on this extraordinary occasion, several triumphal arches were erected, adorned with the representation of the most important transactions in the life of St. Theresa.

On each side of the choir and the throne, a theatre was erected, one for vocal and the other for instrumental music; each band consisted of fifty performers, besides four solos in a little box near the altar, who were the best voices in Rome. Four hundred and forty-five white wax candles being now lighted, the music all ready, and the gallants impatient, the welcome message was brought, that the lady of the day and of their wishes was very near the church, and the signal being given on her entry, they began their first anthem.

Donna Theresa's arrival gave a new air to the faces of the gallants, over which she spread a joy and satisfaction, to balance the uneasy impatience they had felt at her delay. It would have been difficult for me to have discovered the fair idol of the solemnity, as so many ladies were entering with her, had not Luciano stept from the throne, led her to a reading desk prepared for her, covered with crimson velvet, and surrounded with a deep gold fringe; and a large cushion of the same, most richly embossed, was laid for her to kneel upon. Her dress was modest, and her head covered with a large black veil, which fell down behind and on each side, almost as low as her feet, entirely hiding her face. But that was an evil her goodness presently removed with a good deal of address; for, under pretence of sticking a pin, she contrived to gratify the gentlemen who were anxiously gazing at her, with a sight of some part of her face, and threw now and then a gracious smile, and darted as pleasing glances as they could desire. Thus, though her breasts were covered with the veil, she had the agreeable art, by playing

Digitized by Google

with it carelessly, to give her admirers an easy and full view of her charming bosom.

The music was incomparable, and the anthems, taken out of the *Canticles*, were far more applicable to the lady than the saint; and the picture of the altar-piece, where the mass was to be said next morning, I found to have the face of the beautiful Theresa.

*(To be continued.)*

## Theatricals.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This house opened with a novelty from the pen of Mr. Beasley, called, "Love among the Roses." It is a light, airy piece, but not possessed of sufficient merit to become a standard. A Mr. Bland, son of Mrs. Bland, of Drury Lane, made his *debut* in a trifling singing character, and met with tolerable success. Harley is not here this season, and Wilkinson took MATTY in the "Miller's Maid," but was not so happy in it as we should have expected. Little Clara Fisher has been a great attraction at this house during the last month, and we are happy to say the exertions of the proprietor have been better recompenced than last year. We have seen this little phœnomenon in fourteen or fifteen different characters, in all of which she gave great satisfaction, and in some met with the most rapturous applause. A new piece, entitled, "All in the Dark," has also been brought out here. It is attributed to Mr. Planche, but cannot lay claim to originality, the story being taken from Morton's "Henri Quatre." The scene lies at Dresden, and the characters are chiefly German. Miss Kelly appeared to great advantage as LOUISON, and Wilkinson afforded considerable amusement as her husband STOUP. This piece was well received. Miss Carew and Miss Povey are this year added to the company, and their talents are too well known to need our panegyric.

### HAY-MARKET.

A three act piece, from the pen of Mr. Kenny, but much inferior to his former productions, has been produced at this house,

Digitized by Google

entitled, "John Busby." It is certainly a laughable chapter of accidents and blunders, but has not sufficient stamina to last above a season. Oxberry and Mrs. Chatterly exerted themselves with success, but Liston thought his part beneath him, and threw it up in disgust. There was great opposition to its being given out for repetition, but the majority was in its favour.

"Peter Fin; or, a New Road to Brighton," a farce, borrowed from the French, has also been performed here with success, though not without more opposition than could have been expected. PETER FIN is a London fishmonger, who has had a fortune left him on some very peculiar conditions. Under pretence of being driven to Brighton, he is taken round Croydon, Hampstead, and Hackney, and is ultimately set down in Bedford Square, where he fancies he is already refreshed by the sea-breezes, and is not a little surprised, on a ramble, to find himself in Broad-Street, St. Giles's. Mr. Liston threw an unusual fund of rich humour into his character, and if the piece is curtailed, we have no doubt but it may continue to afford considerable mirth.

---

## SURREY THEATRE.

"The Solitary."—A new melo drama under this title, and similar to the one before reviewed by us at the Olympic, has been produced here with great and deserved success. Mr. Burroughs, the new proprietor, has augmented the artists of this establishment, and the scenery in this piece is far superior to any that has been exhibited at this Theatre for a considerable period. The SOLITARY is played by Burroughs, with a great deal of talent and effect. Bengough, in the BARON HERNSTALL, performs judiciously, and with much discrimination. Miss Huddart, who had the task of sustaining the character of the interesting ELOISE, possesses a good figure, and a tolerable portion of judgment; in the softer parts of the character, her voice (which is always badly managed) was far from being in her favour, but in the heavy scenes, she was very successful. This young lady has yet much to learn; her action is good, and were she well tutored, she would in time become a good actress. THE PRINCE OF PALZO was allotted to a Mr. Cooke, whom we never wish to see again. A thing called a desperate combat, was introduced be-

Digitized by Google

tween him and Ridgway, and like all those kind of exhibitions at this theatre, was completely botched, and excessively ridiculous. This same Mr. Ridgway, whilst fencing, is too partial to making faces and grinning.

"The Fortunes of Nigel."—This piece, like the novel of the same name has little to recommend it. Plot and interest are entirely out of the question. It, however, affords a few of the performers an opportunity of displaying some good acting, and upon that account alone, we have taken the trouble to notice it. Bengough is excellent in KING JAMES, a character quite out of his line. Burroughs plays NIGEL with a great deal of gentlemanly spirit. TRAPHOIS, the usurer, is pretty well sustained by Buckingham, though too much in imitation of Munden.—Miss P. Glover, who appeared so successfully in JULIET, at Drury Lane, sustained the character of MARGARET RAMSEY very well; both she and her sister, who is also engaged here, sung with much taste.—A Mr. Nicholson made SIR MUNGO MALGROWTHER, a very curious old gentleman, and if LORD DALGARNO was only half the stupid ass that Mr. Waylet made him, no woman could ever be found infatuated enough to throw away a thought upon him.

"The Three Fishermen."—This pantomime affords a rich treat to the lovers of such things, by the introduction of THREE HARLEQUINS, THREE PANTALOONS, THREE CLOWNS, and THREE COLUMBINES; the HARLEQUINS are Ellar, Ridgway, and Auld; the PANTALOONS, Blanchard, Bartlett, and Brunton; the CLOWNS, Paulo, Kirby, and Bradbury; and the COLUMBINES, Misses Cooke, Valency, and Lewis. Want of room compels us to notice this novelty as briefly as possible. Ellar is unquestionably the best HARLEQUIN now upon the stage. Blanchard's PANTALOON is astonishing, and in justice, we must admit, that he throws all other PANTALOONS into the shade. How he escapes without breaking his bones, is to us very extraordinary. The three CLOWNS are all excellent; more so they could not be; the great feats performed by them, must be seen to be believed.—We confess our inability to give any thing like an adequate description. Miss Cooke is the best of the three COLUMBINES; The rest of the motley crew deserve the warmest commendation, and the tremendous applause of the spectators nightly, crown their exertions.

Digitized by Google

## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

"Tom and Jerry," a speaking flash Pantomime, introducing the rambles and sprees of these personages, has been very successful at this house. Baker and Henderson were but middling in TOM and JERRY, and Herring in LOGIC was brutish. Pony races are introduced with very good effect.

"Frozen Regions."—A melo drama under this title has been produced, for the purpose of showing off a real bear, and two dogs, belonging to a Mr. Simpson, all of which perform in a very extraordinary manner.—BRUIN is a very sagacious animal, and though unmuzzled, appears to know very well how to behave himself. The fiddlers in the orchestra do not like him much, if we may judge by their countenances, when he visits the front of the stage.

"The Blood-Red Knight."—This excellent horse piece has been revived. SIR ROWLAND, is very badly played by a Mr. Villiers; ALPHONSO, is passably sustained by Makeen, and his wife in ISABELLA, is as effective as the part will admit of. The horses are as well tutored as ever, and the piece consequently goes off with eclat.

---

## ROYAL COBOURG THEATRE.

"Gilderoy."—This melo drama, which the bills most lyingly announce to be entirely new, is an alteration from "Gregarach, or the Highland Watchword," brought forward last year at Astley's. This stupid production is by Mr. W. Barrymore, who we are sorry to say, has succeeded to the management of this theatre, Mr. T. P. Cooke having gone to the English Opera House. There is not an original thought or incident in the whole piece, which is a jumble of things that every body has heard or seen a hundred times before. Of the performers, a little should be said. GILDEROY has been successively sustained by Huntley, H. Kemble, and S. H. Chapman from the Surrey. The part has not been made a great deal of by any of them. Sloman plays ANDREW CLOUT'EM, a blacksmith, in his usual way. H. Beverley as BAILLIE MACNAB'EM, has nothing to do or say, except "how very contemptible you look." The piece is got up pretty well, and the scenery is excellent.

"Salmagundi."—This is a compiled pantomime, got up by Grimaldi, with nothing but his humour in the CLOWN to recommend

Digitized by Google

it. Barnes, from Covent Garden, has appeared in PANTALOON, Blanchard having left the theatre, in consequence of Grimaldi's refusal to play with him. By the bye, this is a very paltry trick of Mr. Grimaldi, who, because he can no longer exert himself, and tumble head over heels as he used to do, refuses to perform with those who can, for fear they should eclipse him. The change of PANTALOONS is very much for the worse. Barnes is miserable, coming, as he does, after Blanchard. Howell is very well suited for HARLEQUIN, and Madam Le Clercq makes a most excellent COLUMBINE.

"Disputes in China."—In consequence of the departure of Blanchard, and since, of Paulo and Auld, who, with H. Kemble, have been engaged at the Surrey; the manager raked up another pantomime, and introduced young Grimaldi and his father, as the two CLOWNS, by way of novelty. This has nothing new or striking in it. Young Grimaldi is very active, and the father sings two comic songs with great talent. There is no change in the other characters. We understand, the reason of the above performers quitting this theatre, was a notification from the treasurer, that 25 per cent. would be in future deducted from their salaries.

Miss Blake from the Haymarket, and Mrs. W. Barrymore, are engaged here, and have appeared in the "Sisters; or, the Heroines of Switzerland," another of Astley's worn out pieces.

---

## VAUXHALL.

This elegant place of amusement has been very fashionably attended ever since the opening.—A looking glass has been placed in the rotunda, with a fountain, and variegated lamps in front, which have a very pleasing effect.—Water-works have been added, with a French theatre, and four cosmoramas; but, taking the whole together, there is not sufficient life. The fireworks are not curtailed, and there is no dancing whatever. A great quantity of vagabonds have been put in limbo for kicking up rows, and deservedly punished.

The prices of the refreshments are most extortionate:—a dish, containing two ounces of ham, 2s.—a penny lettuce for 6d.—and bread at the rate of 5s. a quartern.—We are surprised this evil is not remedied—it is disgraceful.

Digitized by Google

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

## BERWICK STREET.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27.—RENDEZVOUS—OTHELLO—IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

The "Rendezvous" was shamefully botched, the greater part of the performers hardly knowing a word of their parts. OTHELLO was respectably performed; a considerable portion of judgment was evinced in the delineation of the character, though the execution was deficient in spirit. IAGO though a great beast, rather approached to decency. CASSIO was wretched, particularly in the drunken scene; it was a great pity that his adversary, MONTANO, who was as great a fool as himself, neglected to crack his skull. RODERIGO looked like an ass, his performance and braying were both as bad as possible. BRABANTIO and the rest were miserable. DESDEMONA played in the regular milk and water style. EMILIA was despicably ignorant, and howled like a mad dog. A few of the characters in the "Irishman in London" were decent. EDWARD, and MURTOCH DELANY in particular.

## RAWSTORNE PLACE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11.—JANE SHORE—MILLER AND HIS MEN.

LORD HASTINGS capered about like a lame cur in a baker's oven. GLOSTER minced his words, as if he feared the spectators hearing them, and kept his teeth as tight together, as if he had been in the habit of drawing badgers with them. DUMONT, in height, reminded us of a cameleopardis, and opened his mouth frequently to an enormous extent,—a fine idea struck him in one scene, where he had to speak about the heart, which he illustrated by hitting his breast bone with a certain part of his body, called the fist. BELMOUR could hardly get his words out, although he bellowed like a bull. RATCLIFFE was in a situation quite as bad, if not worse, and CATESBY continually looked into his hat as if he had his part, like the BARON OF OAKLAND, written in it. ALICIA'S waist was about nine inches in circumference, and one of her hips appeared to be out of joint. JANE SHORE was in every respect miserable enough. As to the "Miller and his Men," the less that is said of any of the dramatis personæ the better. GRINDOFF, and the whole gang of them, were most execrable.

Digitized by Google

MONDAY, 15th.—SPEED THE PLOUGH—BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

The whole of the performances this evening, were of the middling description. The only characters we need name, are HENRY, and SUSAN ASHFIELD: the one was sour crout, and the other sky blue.

MONDAY, JULY 15.—TOM AND JERRY, OR, LIFE IN LONDON.

The less we say of this night's performance the better. It is much to be lamented, that in pieces of this description, the persons who take upon themselves to represent the foolish votaries of fashion, and dissipation render themselves complete blackguards—they are always, in this respect, greatly out of character, though we by no means admit, that there are not, as many blackguards in high, as in low life. We shall endeavour to say something more on this subject in our next Magazine.

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

On Saturday last, as a Dean was passing through a turnpike, towards Mary-le-bone, in his carriage, he was attacked, and hooted by the mob, because he looked like a Bishop.

SIR—As I only see one newspaper, I am under the necessity of asking you a question. It was stated, that Mr. A. attended as counsel for the Bishop of Clogher. You Mr. Editor, who see all the papers, may probably have seen some, with the name at full length; I wish to know if it was Mr. Adolphus, the counsel for the "Vice Society," who behaved so much like a bully, on the trial of Benbow. The Bishop being a member of that body, I thought it probable, they would immediately send their advocate to his assistance, and I could not think the patriotic Mr. Alley, would have persuaded the magistrate to take bail.

*Fairfield, Lancashire.* J. WILSON.

### A MATCH FOR ANY MAN.

"Come, come, my dear Polly, at the *Rose* let us sup,
I was always a devil for *keeping it up*,"
Poll answered with pertness, "I'll lay you a crown,
That the stoutest of men, I with ease can *keep down*."



Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.—A Bishopric to be disposed of with all its FUNDAMENTAL appurtenances, apply to the agent of the Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God P—— J——, Bishop of C—r, at the office of "THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF VICE," near Temple Bar.

N. B. Wanted a handsome young man, who will not scruple at Custom-House oaths, or object to a FOUL ENTRY being made.

## THE LADY'S CHOICE.

By a couple of lovers was Lucy address'd
And to marry with earnestness equally press'd;
The one was a youth piping hot from college,
The other a fellow replete with town knowledge:
To gain her good graces both studiously try'd
But in different directions their flatt'ry apply'd:
The classical lover paid court to her mind;
To her person the buck all his incense confined.—
Determin'd at length, to declare her fix'd choice,
For the latter she gave her definitive voice:
She rejected the scholar though *Master of Arts*,
And *stuck* to the man with his *natural parts*.

THE MARRIAGE OF STERNE.—Mr. Sterne, the whimsical author of "Tristram Shandy," was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning: his parishioners had timely information of the circumstance, and knowing he would preach next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out to their astonishment as follows;—"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT, AND HAVE CAUGHT NO FISH." The congregation looked at each other; some smiled; others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a parson: they attended however to his discourse which turned out as usual very instructive, and all went home highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers' ends, every step of her way to the house.

Digitized by Google

ANECDOTE.—The celebrated NAN CATLEY, who was the most charming Euphrosyne of her day, being asked how it was, that she had NO CHILDREN, while performing in Ireland, replied "I certainly had many very gallant and agreeable adventures with the Irish gentlemen; they are droll creatures! they are charming men! but there is a some peculiar in their manner; IT IS BEYOND CONCEPTION.

---

IMPROMTU.

Wives, Matrons, and Fillies,
Have you seen great Achilles,
So naked in Hyde Park erected;
Tho' they've lopp'd off his ——,
They've of hair left a lock,
Don't you think it should all be ejected. ☞

---

## Eccentricities.

### THE BISHOP.!!!

We should not have disgraced our pages with the name of this monster, did we not consider him a member of that Junta of canting hypocrites, at whose instance we have lately been prosecuted. It is not as a member of the National Church, or a professor of Christianity, that we would notice him, because we have no right to consider churchmen or Christains better than other persons; but when a party combine together, and erect themselves into a censorship of public morals, and procure hundreds to be immured in dungeons, for matters of opinion; we ought to be convinced of their sincerity, by the purity of their lives. Nothing can prove their hypocrisy, more than the circumstance of their dreading to expose their names. And the case of this Bishop, proves the soundness of their policy. We intend, by degrees, to publish the names of all the members of, and subscribers to this precious Society, with the memoirs of the most notorious amongst them. We shall feel obliged for any communications under this head, and commence our labours with the Right Reverend Father in God, the Honourable Percy Jocelyn, Lord Bishop of Clogher, Doctor in Divinity, one of the Commission of the Board of Education, &c. &c. &c. &c., was



Digitized by Google

the second son of Robert Earl of Roden, who married 11th Dec. 1752, Lady Ann Hamilton, eldest daughter of James Earl of Clanbrasill. He was brought up to the church, but gave no indications of talent, while at college. Indeed, he was only remarkable for retired, gloomy, and unsocial habits, and was raised to his present elevation, merely through the interest of his family. He was promoted to the Bishopric of Leighlin, and Ferns in Ireland, in the year 1809, and transplanted to that of Clogher, in 1820.

It turns out, that he has been charged with the crime of which he now (by his flight) stands guilty, a few years since, and prosecuted the person, who charged him for doing it with intent to extort money. This man, whose name was Byrne, was cast for death on the oath of the bishop, but got off with transportation, after being nearly flogged to death through the streets of Dublin, by a drummer, who was employed as more likely to do the business effectually than the common executioner.

The Bishop has been extremely fortunate, in being admitted to bail in so small a sum as 500l. for himself, and two sureties in only 250l. each,

He was taken into custody on Friday evening the twenty-eighth, examined, committed, and liberated at Marlborough Street Office on Saturday morning; and on Sunday, had the pleasing satisfaction of crossing the channel, to take a tour of France and Italy, for the benefit of his health, by the advice of his physician, who is of opinion, that the climate of England will no longer agree with his constitution, and recommends him to settle in the more congenial soil of Italy, and have his ecclesiastical affairs conducted by a committee. It is generally believed, that the Soldier will also be bailed by the Bishop's friends, that he may join his patron, and prevent a trial from keeping the affair longer in the minds of the public. To the best of our recollection, the Bishop's last subscription to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, amounted to 25 guineas. If we are wrong, Mr. Stiff, the Collector, who resides in the Borough, will perhaps, refer to his books, and set us right.

---

## LOVE IN CHANCERY.

Bow-Street.—Those of our readers who are in the habit of perusing the reports of proceedings in the Court of Chancery,

Digitized by Google

will recollect that the loves of two young people in the city of Exeter, named *Horatio Reeves* and *Drusilla Street*, were brought under the Lord Chancellor's notice the other day, and that his lordship thereupon issued an injunction, prohibiting the said Horatio from marrying the said Drusilla.* It has, moreover, been stated, that these youthful lovers, instigated, no doubt, by that "giant dwarf, *Don Cupid*," and not having the fear of the *Fleet* before their eyes, eloped from Exeter, with the intention of uniting themselves, in defiance of the solemn injunction above-mentioned.

Now it appears that they contrived to elude the pursuit that was made after them by the father of Miss Drusilla, and also by the officers of the Court, who were anxious to serve the enamoured Horatio with a copy of the injunction. In this perdicament, application was made to Bishop—"Indefatigable Bishop," as he is sometimes called—one of the principal Bow-Street officers, and he soon discovered their retreat. He found them, by some means or other best known to himself, in *Myrtle*-place, or Myrtle-grove, Hoxton. Perhaps it was the name of the place that led him thither, for where could a pair of lovers be more appropriately concealed than in a *myrtle* grove?

And "alas! that an *officer's* cruel eye
Should e'er go thither,
Such sweets to wither!—

But so it was—he did go, and of course he spoiled every thing—indeed, it would seem that he had no sooner made his appearance at the front door of the house, than "*love* flew out at window"—the *lady's* love at least.

It was about dusk, in the evening of Wednesday, when Bishop, armed with full powers for the capture of the lady's person, proceeded in a hackney-coach to Hoxton, and, alighting at a short distance from the house in which he believed the lovers were concealed, he left his coach in waiting and walked in silence towards the house. Not the slightest sound was heard from within, but he had no sooner lifted the knocker, than the door was opened by a young lady fully equipped for travelling—it was the fair fugitive, Drusilla herself! She was surrounded by trunks

* See our last number page 214.



Digitized by Google

and band boxes, and as it afterwards appeared, she was at that very moment waiting the return of her beloved Horatio, who was gone to call a coach to convey them to some other place of refuge.

"Your name, I believe, Miss, is *Drusilla Street*—and you are lately arrived from Exeter?" said Bishop, with his accustomed courtesy.

"O dear, no Sir!" exclaimed the lady, "I am Miss ——, the daughter of the mistress of this house."

Bishop remarked that he had no doubt she was telling a *fib*, and desired her to introduce him to her mother. No: she could not do this, and she was just going out; but if he would walk into the parlour her mother would come to him presently. Bishop was not to be *had* in this way, and so taking the young lady by the hand, he led her into the parlour, and, having rung the bell, the mistress of the house shortly appeared, who disclaimed all relationship to her, and declared she knew no more of her than that she was the "strange young lady" who came to her house with a young gentleman a day or two ago, and hired apartments for a week. Bishop now told Miss Drusilla his business, and she wept for at least a minute and a half; but she no longer denied that she was the identical Drusilla who ran away from Exeter with Horatio Reeves; and wiping away her tears, she put her handkerchief in her pocket—her *reticule* we mean, she declared she wss glad she was caught, and should be happy to return to her friends, if she was but "sure the *Lord Chancellor* would do nothing to her."

Bishop told her he had no doubt she would be very kindly received; and offering her his hand, she tripped lightly to the coach he had in waiting for her, The luggage was then put into the coach, and he was just about to drive off when another coach drove up, and out jumped Mr. Horatio Reeves—"Oh! Sir," exclaimed the landlady, who was still standing at the door—"Oh! sir, they have taken away the lady!" "*Who* has taken her?" demanded the astonished lover. "Why *I* have," replied Bishop, and ordered the coachman to drive on—crack went the whip, and away went the horses—

"But who could paint Horatio as he stood.
Speechless and fix'd in all the death of woe!"

—He did not stand so many seconds, however, but ran after the

Digitized by Google

coach like a greyhound, jumped up behind, and peeping in at the window called mournfully upon Drusilla. "Drusilla, my angel, where are you going?"—His angel sat snugly in the corner of the carriage, and made no reply; but Bishop, looking out at the opposite window, said, "come, come, young chap, don't be rude, or I shall be under the necessity of taking *you* somewhere—get down from the coach instantly, or I'll take you into my custody." Horatio took the hint and jumped down; but like a true Knight, he continued to follow, even on foot panting and puffing—and no doubt perspiring lustily, till the coach stopped in Bow-street; and then, his *Drusilla* having been deposited in a place of safety without seeing him—for he could not with all his fervour, keep up with the coach—he attempted a parley with Bishop. But all he could make of it, and, indeed, all he seemed to care about, was *his share* of the luggage carried off with the lady. Bishop told him if he would call at the Public Office in Bow-street next morning, he should have what belonged to him; and with this promise he departed, apparently pretty comfortable. Bishop is a shrewd sort of a subject—his main object, no doubt, in getting him to call at the office was to give the Chancery Solicitors an opportunity of serving him with a copy of the injunction; and, if so, he completely succeeded, for Horatio was punctual in calling for "his share of the luggage." He was shown into a private room, where, neither the copy of the injunction nor "his share of the luggage" being ready, he amused himself with a volume of "Coke upon Lyttleton"—instead of pacing the room with "distraction in aspect," and his arms folded across his breast to keep his heart down. In short, it was very evident that he was still more comfortable than he was at his parting on the preceding night. By the bye, notwithstanding the desperate adventure he had undertaken, he seems of a cool phlegmatic temperament, and how "the infant" could have fallen so deeply in love with him we cannot imagine; for, though he has a pleasing obliquity of vision in his eyes, his nose is embossed with very angry-looking pustules, and his person is remarkably spare and uncouth.—But —*de gustibus non est disputandum.*

At length, after he had pored over "Coke upon Lyttleton," and "The statutes at Large," for about an hour and a half, the Chancery Solicitor arrived, and served him with a copy of the

Digitized by Google

injunction; and, had it been a tavern bill of fare, he could not have taken it more comfortably. He opened it, turned it about in different directions, looked at it, (vacantly enough), both on the outside and the inside, played with the red tape that bound it, and then—thrust it into his coat pocket.—"I have sent for your proportion of the luggage, Sir, and it will be here directly," said Bishop. Horatio gave a nod, as much as to say "thank ye," and looked out at the weather. In a minute or two, "his share of the luggage" arrived. It consisted of some dirty shirts and cravats tied up in an old silk handkerchief, and a little band-box. Horatio opened the band-box. There was a well-worn hat in it, some dirty cotton stockings, and two or three pair of gloves, that, somehow or other, had lost the ends of the fingers; and there was, moreover, a very nice pair of yellow morocco slippers, nearly new. Horatio turned over these things for some time, seemingly in a sort of brown study; and at last remarked that there was a piece of Irish cloth which he did not see amongst them. Bishop said he understood the Irish cloth belonged to the lady. "No, Sir," said Horatio, "it belongs to me; it was to make me some shirts: but it is of no great consequence, let her keep it."

The cloth was sent for, however; Horatio tied it up in his bundle, put the bundle under his arm, and, balancing the band-box on the palm of his hand, he walked into the street, with the Lord Chancellor's injunction sticking out of his hinder pocket like the handle of a stew pan. Unfortunately, however, (for the picturesque), as he was crossing the street, the wind, which was rather high, blew the band-box from his hand; he attempted to catch it before it fell to the ground, but, instead of doing so, he struck it—up it went in the air, off flew the lid, and the old hat, the dirty stockings, the fingerless gloves, and the yellow morocco slippers, were scattered on the pavement. Horatio—the luckless Horatio—gathered them up as quickly as the wind, and the carts, and the coaches, would permit; but whilst he was busied in getting them together, the *injunction* dropped from his pocket. At last he managed to cram them all, not forgetting the injunction, into the band-box, and, calling a coach, he set off for the White Horse Cellar, with the intention, no doubt, of returning to his original occupation in Exeter.

The lady, in the course of the day, was delivered to her friends.

Digitized by Google

in town; and thus have ended the loves of Mr. Horatio Reeves, and Miss Drusilla Street.

## DIOGENES AND HIS TUB.

*(From the French of Rabelais.)*

[Every one has heafd of the celebrated French Wit, Doctor Francis Rabelais, though comparatively few of the present generation are acquainted with his writings; indeed, no one would dare to publish them in English at this day, when we are under such an infernal inquisition. It is our intention, from time to time, to cull such passages as are not likely to give offence, from his Garagantua and Pantagruel; at present, we shall give but a short specimen of his peculiar style, from his prologue to the third book.]

"When Philip, King of Macedon, enterprised the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corianthians, having received certain intelligence by their spies, that he, with a numerous army in battle array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and, therefore, were not negléctive of their duty, in doing their best endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach, and defend their own city.

"They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, zagages, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots, and trunchions.

"They set edges upon scymetars, cutlasses, bedalairs, back-swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandouslans, poigniards, whynyards, knives, skenes, sables, chipping knives, and raillons.

"Every man exercised his weapon; every man scowered off the rust from his natural hanger: nor was there a woman amongst them (though never so reserved and eld) who made not her harness to be well furbished; as you know the Corinthian women of old were reputed to be very courageous combatants.

"Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously (for many days together, without speaking one word) consider, and contemplate the countenances of his fellow-citizens.

"Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-ways, about his left

Digitized by Google

arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs, away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth, called Craneum; and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roul his jolly tub, which served him for an house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather; there, I say, in a great vehemency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, whirl it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, joust it, justle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it up-side down, topsy-turvy, arsiversey, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again, in a mighty bustle, he bandied it, slubbered it, hacked it, whitled it, weighed it, darted it, hurled it, staggered it, reeled it, swinged it, brangled it, tottered it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigured it, transposed it, transplaced it, reared it, raised it, hoised it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinced it, nailed it, settled it, fastened it, shackled it, fettered it, levelled it, blocked it, tugged it, tewed it, carried it, bedashed it, bewrayed it, parched it, mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gaged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, traped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Craneum; then from the foot to the top, like another Sisyphus with his stone, bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belaboured it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

"Which when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his spirit, and torment his tub, the philosopher's answer was, That not being employed in any other office by the republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his tub, that amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow."

---

We have to apologize for omitting our Poetical department. It was our intention to have given an extra four pages in this number, but time would not permit. We are for the same reason obliged to defer an exposition of the inquitous extortion carried on by the universities in the printing of bibles.

Digitized by Google

# THE MAN OF THE WORLD'S

# Dictionary,

## FOR THE USE OF THE COURT AND THE CITY,

### *BY A YOUNG HERMIT,*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE "RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE," BY THE TRANSLATOR OF THE "CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS."

---

### ABO

**ABBE.** No word has been more distorted from its original signification than this. It is well known that *Abbe* means *Father*, and yet those who bear the name are condemned to celibacy. It is true, that in those ages when morals were pure and religion respected, these gentlemen would sometimes recollect the origin of their names. We shall never see those happy days again, when they loved so much, those *lucky fellows*, those *gallant abbes*, and even *waggish abbes*, as they were called in good company. Alas! how every thing has degenerated amongst us!

**ABDICATION.** A virtue of circumstance. An act which a sovereign signs with as good a grace as a traveller yields his purse when a pistol is presented to him.

**ABORTION.** The epic poems of certain persons; the theatrical pieces of many others; the projects of conquerors, who dream of universal monarchy; the designs

### ABS

of those who would reduce mankind to such a state of slavery as to be managed like a herd of cattle; indeed, there is no end to *miscarriages* in this world! Bacon, when speaking of discoveries from which nothing has resulted, for want of favourable circumstances to develope them, says, "that we are very far from knowing all the children of time, and we are still more ignorant of his miscarriages."

**ABRIDGEMEMT.** An excellent plan to disfigure the productions of an author. We might say to a great many abreviators:

Vos abreges sont bons au dernier point
Faisons-les court en ne les lisant point.

Your abridgements are good, in the highest degree, but we will make them still shorter, by not reading them.

**ABSENCE** diminishes weak passions, but augments strong ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle, but gives strength to a fire.



Digitized by Google

ABSOLUTE. A character which men hate in a sovereign, and which women seem to admire in a lover, because it serves as an excuse for their weakness.

ABSOLUTION. A remission of sins committed against God or man; a speedy and convenient method of becoming white as snow, when we were black as a coal.

ABUNDANCE. The germ of disgust. The thermometer of the people's love for their princes.

ABUSE. A word very often abused. To do away with abuses; to remedy abuses; in the mouths of certain persons, means no more than: "Your place would suit me;", or, "Give me a place." *Abuse* is a leprosy in the government which is continually increasing under the hands of the empirics who pretend to cure it.

ABUSE OF WORDS. A traveller, being arrested in his progress by a torrent, inquires of a villager on the other side where he shall find the ford: "Take the road to the right," cries the countryman. He does so, and is overwhelmed with the waters. The other runs after him, crying, "Oh, unhappy man! I did not tell you to turn to *your* right, but to *mine*.

ACADEMY. A little dormitory. An academy, in its highest signification, may be compared to a beauty who is courted by every one, and against whom they make epigrams, when they cannot obtain her favours.

ACADEMIC STYLE. A pompous, assuming, pedantic style, which an academician should avoid.

ACCENT. The soul of discourse, which gives it feeling and precision.

ACCESS. The approach of a fever is not so much to be feared as a fit of self-love, of anger, of abuse, and above all, of devotion.

ACCESSIBLE. A rare quality in a minister of state.

ACCLAMATION is often a very equivocal sign of approbation; and it frequently demonstrates the weakness of a party.

By applauding a placeman, we claim the right of hissing him.

ACCOMMODATION. A bad accommodation is more desirable than a better lawsuit.

"Il est avec le ciel des accommodemens."

There are accommodations with heaven.

Devised by false devotees, and all who have a wide conscience and a narrow heart.

"They compound for the sins they're inclined to,
By damning all those they've no mind to."

ACTOR. A man who is continually studying to assume a character different from his own; to be in a passion while cool; to say what he does not believe, as naturally as if he was sincere; in short, to forget his own place by taking that of another. Be upon your guard against great actors in great offices.

ADEPT. A madman, who pursues a chimera, which will conduct him to bedlam. *Vide* Alchymist. Lottery.

ADHESION. An act of convenience, by which we sanction what displeases us; a transaction between conscience and interest.

ADMIRABLE. Every thing spoken by a man in power.

ADMIRER. Synonymous with fool.

'Une juste critique instruit, forme le gout,
Et l'on n'admire rien, quand on admire tout.'

A learned and impartial critic forms the taste; and those cannot duly appreciate any thing who admire every thing.

ADOPTION. An act which repairs the errors of nature, of fortune, and of love.

ADORATION. The homage which men



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*The Lover's Kiss.*

*Published by Benbow.*

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] SEPTEMBER 1, 1822. [No. 9.

" *Perdutto e tutto il tempo*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" All time is lost
" That is not spent in love."

## PERCY BYSHE SHELLY.

It is with no little regret that we have to announce the death of this highly-gifted individual. On Sunday, August the third, the following account appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper:

" Those who know a great mind when they meet with it, and " who have been delighted with the noble things in the works of " Mr. Shelly, will be shocked to hear that he has been cut off " in the prime of his life and genius. He perished at sea, in a " storm, with his friend, Captain Williams, of the Fusileers, " on the evening of the 8th ult., somewhere off Via Reggia, on " the coast of Italy, between Leghorn and the Gulf of Spezia. He " had been to Pisa, to do a kind action, and he was returning " to his country abode at Lerici to do another. Such was the " whole career of his life. Let those who have known such " hearts, and have lost them, judge of the griefs of his friends. " Both he and Captain Williams have left wives and children. " Captain Williams was in the prime of life, and a most amiable



Digitized by Google

" man, beloved like his friend. The greatest thing we can say " in honour of his memory is, (and we are sure he would think " so,) that he was worthy to live with his friend, and die with " him. Vale dilectissime hominum! Vale dilectissime et nos " ama, ut dixisti, in sepulchro."

Thus hath perished, in the flower of his life, one of the brightest geniuses of the age: one who united to a rich, powerful, and highly poetical imagination, a love of independence and of freedom—and an abhorrence of slavish prejudices, and corrupt institutions, which alike insured him the applause of the good, and the scorn and contumely of the bad. In the short period of his life, he has been assailed by every calumny that corruption's agents could invent; he has been repre-represented as something monstrous in the shape of man; his writings have been condemned, and the name of Shelly was sufficient to justify them in their infamous libels. We know that he entertained opinions concerning those sublime mysteries—the existence of a Deity, and the origin of all things—hostile to the prevalent doctrines; and though we do not now approve of his sentiments, yet we cannot but admire the intrepid manner with which he avowed and made them known to the world. Philosophers of the highest eminence have held the same opinions; they have been written upon, and justified by some of the greatest sages; and when we consider that the proofs of the contrary doctrines appeal not to our reason—are not evident to our senses—but are merely abstract and hypothetical deductions, we may surely make some allowances for errors into which so many have fallen. Yet, because Mr. Shelly has embellished his ideas with all the charms of poetry, the whole fury of the Quarterly Reviewers, and the minor host of critics have been poured in lavish torrents upon his name; every thing connected with him has been degraded, and the fears, the prejudices, the selfish interests of men, have been acted upon, in order to load his name with every species of obloquy and reproach. Let those who have thus stigmatized him as an Atheist shew, by

Digitized by Google

their superior holiness and purity of life, the truth of the cause they advocate, and then they will have a firm hold for the rest of their arguments. Shelly obtained the hatred of these servile critics from more reasons than one; the first effusions of his muse, like theirs, were in support of the civil and intellectual rights of man; but, unlike them, he scorned to be bought, and he lived a witness of their shame and degradation, disdaining to sing the praises of the pampered of the earth, and refusing to mix with the servile herds that worshipped the golden image set up by the great king. In this age, how few of our bards are free from the benumbing influence of corruption! ever afraid, and ever watchful of the first symptoms of rising genius, and eager to crush it in the bud, or kill it by treacherous kindness. Shelly was a noble instance to the contrary. Throughout the whole of his poems breathes the same spirit of daring liberty and independence; and though, unfortunately for us, he has not lived to produce what his genius promised, yet they are sufficient to insure him a niche in that immortal temple, where are congregated the great, the good, and the illustrious of every age and nation, proud monuments of what human genius, unshackled, can perform. His poetry was of the most lofty kind, and shewed that he had deeply studied nature in her multiform appearances, and had drank of the true fount of inspiration. Like Milton, an earthly guest, he soared into the empyreal heaven of heavens; he saw how little and insignificant man is among the universe, and he scorned those narrow prejudices, founded originally in ignorance, and upheld by tyranny, to consolidate its tottering power, and which he regarded justly as ensuring only the misery and unhappiness of man. His poetry is too abstract and refined, in many instances, to suit the taste of a cursory reader; but those who study it in the spirit of its author, will find a rich reward for their trouble. He possessed a richness and variety of language rarely known. His works, seize hold of our imaginations, and carry us to the end, with an intense and burning passion:



Digitized by Google

full of noble and instructive ideas, of the most exquisite sensibility, and true pathos. He opened the fountains of the heart, and unveiled to us the hidden springs of the actions of men. His elegy on the death of Mr. Keats, showed that he could feel for the woes of others; and that he would not permit such a spirit to descend to the tomb silently and unrevenged. May some kindred genius now defend his name from the slurs of envy and disappointed malice! The subjects of of his poems were generally chosen from amongst the miraculous or monstrous, and teem with the most sublime images and conceptions. Like one or two other poets, he seems to have created a world of his own; to have embodied it with strange wondrous things, and to have regulated his conduct, thoughts, and every action by its influence. His works bear throughout, the stamp of originality: the most atrocious actions of man he could depict; he could paint villany soaring beyond, and scorning all semblance of justice; and he could describe, in fearful words, that dark, treacherous, and brooding tyranny, which, under the veil and mask of sanctity, has so long desolated and divided the world. His writings were tinctured, perhaps, with too much of the gloomy mannerism of the age, and though they shew the powers, and high wrought passions of man, yet they make us despair, when we see such pictures of tyranny, wretchedness, and desolation, that man will ever arrive at that blissful state, so long and fondly promised by legislators, prophets, and bards; and the very hope of which prompts to virtuous actions, and is the source of so many noble emotions. Mankind, it is to be feared, will ever remain slaves to superstition and prejudice, however diversely modified; yet it is good to cherish thoughts and sentiments which evidence what man can perform, and which shew that he is capable of something greater, and can aspire beyond his own circumscribed atmosphere—and, like a mighty eagle, renew his strength and youth at the source of life, and light, and liberty. Shelly has written of man as he should be, not, perhaps, as he ever will be. His morality, religion, and justice, are pure

Digitized by Google

and uncorrupt; unlike any thing on earth; knowing no other author than the God of Nature; and seeking only the happiness of his species. Allowing, then, that he was in error, we may say, that he was not therefore necessarily vicious, but that he acted according to the degree of light the Creator had vouchsafed to give him; to whom only he was accountable for his conduct. Peace to his ashes! for his name will ever remain an honour to his country, and an example to youthful bards!

Mr. Shelly was the eldest son of Sir John Shelly, Bart. He was educated at Oxford, where he gave great offence to the heads of the university for his want of hypocrisy. He married very early in life; we believe about seventeen; but it was one of those thoughtless connections of youth which frequently turn out unsatisfactory when the characters of the parties are formed. By this lady Mr. Shelly had two children, Henry and Ianthe, which names are introduced into his celelebrated poem of "Queen Mab." After the death of his wife, Mr. Shelly married Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin, daughter of William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams," &c. whose wife was the celebrated authoress of "The Rights of Woman." This marriage, contracted at a period when his character was formed and his judgment matured, has been altogether as productive of happiness as the former was of the unhappy differences which led to a separation. Mrs. Shelly is the daughter with which Mary Woolstoncraft, then Mrs. Godwin, died in childbirth, and springing from such a philosophical source, has received an education and turn of mind, which rendered her, in every respect, a congenial companion for Mr. Shelly. He had some children by his last wife, but we know not how many. Sometime after the peace, Mr. Shelly travelled through Switzerland and France with Lord Byron, and has generally been residing with or near him ever since.

His principal productions were, "Queen Mab, a Philosophical Poem;" "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude;" "Henry and Ellen, a Poetical Tale;"



Digitized by Google

"The Revolt of Islam;" "Prometheus Unbound, a Lyrical Drama;" "The Cenci, a Tragedy;" and "Adonais," an Elegy on the death of the young poet, Keats, which is one of his latest works.

It has been stated for sometime in the newspapers, that Lord Byron, Mr. Shelly, and Mr. Leigh Hunt of the Examiner, meant to publish a literary work, which should be conducted on independent principles, and free from the slavish servility of their cotemporaries. Such a work is much needed at present, to unmask the slanderers of the North, and to redeem literature from the clutches of its treacherous friends, and for which we think Mr. Shelly was peculiarly qualified. This, perhaps, will now be abandoned. Mr. Shelly was about the thirtieth year of his age at the time of his death.

He lived, a man that never bent the knee
To power—he fell and left a name,
Still fondly cherished by enduring Fame;
Worthy of honour 'midst the good and free,
He shewed to us what Man should ever be;
He scorned the proud, he felt for human woes;
He paints our wrongs, our spirit with him glows;
He lifts the veil, when horrible we see
Oppression, Priestcraft, with their ghastly train
Stalk o'er the land with desolating stride,
While their attendants, Treachery and Pride,
Destroy, deform, and ravage all the plain—
He lived the terror of the mean and base,
He died, and left a track that ages long will trace.

Digitized by Google

# The Rambler;

## *Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

*(Continued from page 347.)*

### CHAPTER IV.

The indisposition of Madam St. Clair must not be attributed to mere affectation; it was the result of constrained desire, which really overcame her, and her naturally artful disposition led her, in this instance, to turn her weakness to advantage. The constant contemplation of the object of her passion, the bold steps she had already taken to prepare him for her purpose, and the promising symptoms she now perceived of speedily accomplishing her object—all combined to flatter her hopes, and raise a conflict in her ardent temperament, which her policy could with difficulty combat. In asking Gregory to support her to her bedroom, she had no view of consummation; it was only a preparatory step. Judge, then, what pleasure the tender and respectful gallantry of Griffin must have afforded her, when, to prevent her sleeping in her clothes, which she was unable to pull off, he offered to undress her, and pressed his services in so pretty a manner.

By suffering him to perform, what he considered a delicate, tender, and confidential office, and which he said, would yield him a sacred pleasure, she calculated to facilitate the progress of her schemes, although she was well aware, that he did it out of a kind of enthusiastic and filial respect.

She knew it would pave the way to a closer familiarity, and in conjunction with the book she had just given, serve to inflame his youthful imagination.

Do pray let me assist you, repeated Gregory, as she sunk faint and languid on her bed.—No, my child, retire.—I thought my dear mamma loved me too

Digitized by Google

well to refuse me the pleasure of serving her.—Surely I do, my child; I love thee too well to refuse thee any thing, and it is because I love thee so much that I refuse thee, lest thou shouldst think me immodest or indelicate, and lose thy respect and esteem for me, and that is what I could not endure.—Impossible, mamma! because the more confidence you place in me, the more I shall feel bound to you, and love you still more.—Well, Gregory, I cannot refuse thee,—Our hero then proceeded to fulfil his delightful task; to him it was an act of pure devotion, and we do not expect those of our readers who are become hardened by gross and sensual ideas, to enter into the feelings with which our uncorrupted youth performed his dangerous and critical task; we can most solemnly assure them that none but romantic and Quixotic sentiments filled his bosom; not a single emotion or impure desire towards Madame St. Clair was felt by him,—he performed his undertaking with a kind of religious veneration, and while unveiling the charms of his mamma, he looked forwards to the happy day when he might legitimately be indulged in a similar manner with his charming Amelia.

We shall not enter into a glowing description of the scene which now took place, because it would only gratify those who would deduce no moral from it; we shall therefore leave the imagination of the reader to fill up a blank of at least six pages. * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

Gregory, having acquitted himself of his sacred office, and taken a farewell kiss of Madame St. Clair, retired to his own room; but, alas! not to sleep—for the fatal present she had given him now occurred to his mind, and restless curiosity would not suffer him to recline upon his pillow, without looking into what his dear mamma had called an "invaluable little book." It was intitled "The Philosophical Theresa: being memoirs to furnish the history of Father Girrard and Mademoiselle Decaire: to which is added the life of Madame Bois-Laurier:" and embellished with twenty

Digitized by Google

engravings, most of which were rather calculated to disgust the delicacy of our hero, than to excite his passions, as likewise many parts of the work itself; but, taken as a whole, it was calculated greatly to seduce and corrupt a youthful mind, not so much by the scenes of voluptuousness and debauchery which it describes, as from the sophistical reasoning introduced in defence of giving way to our passions. The very motto in the title-page indicated the dangerous drift of the work—implying that "We can neither augment nor diminish our passions—that when we think we have conquered them, they have only changed their object." Thus completely deterring us from the practice of all those restraints which are so beneficial to morality, and to the general and individual happiness of society. The principal actors in the Paphian orgies described in this book are priests, and they are represented as defending the indulgence of their carnal propensities with a plausibility and ingenuity well calculated to confound our novice, To aid their jesuitical subtlety, the doctrine of *necessity* is introduced, and other seductive arguments, to free the mind from the salutary checks of religion. She had shook—nay, completely overturned his faith in Christianity by "Parny's Guerre des Dieux," and had given him this paragon of infamy to undermine his chastity—to weaken his scruples—and to inspire him with sensual desires.

The sun broke in upon him by the time he had finished his book, which he found was only a first volume; he therefore resolved to take a short repose, and at breakfast time, to enquire of Madame St. Clair for the second. He embraced the first opportunity of asking his dear mamma for the remainder of St. Theresa's legend, but she put him off until the evening.

In the course of the day, the Reverend Doctor William Poynter, formerly of Douay College, in France, but then President of St. Edmund's College, in Hertfordshire; (and since the death of Dr. Douglas, Vicar Apostolic or Bishop of the London district) called on father Baldini, and invited him to accompany him on a visit to the seat of Sir Henry Titchbourne, an old

Digitized by Google

Roman Catholic Baronet, at Basing Park, and from thence on his annual tour through Portsmouth, Havant and Chichester. The old Jesuit accepted the offer of the amiable and accomplished Dr. Poynter, and after dinner took a seat in his post-chaise, leaving his pupil to the care of Madame St. Clair.

Nothing could have happened more opportunely for the amorous widow, than the absence of Father Baldini at this critical period, because it left herself and Gregory in the entire possession of their little house. It made her more anxious than ever to bring her plans to perfection, and rendered her so restless that she could not work at her needle, or sit down to read, after the Jesuit had quitted the house. She kept continually going up into Gregory's study, on a variety of frivolous pretexts; and at last she seated herself by him, and requested him to translate to her some of the amours of Ovid, of which she well knew the nature, having read a version of them in her own language. He could not find the works she wanted in any of his school books, from which they were expurgated, but she presently rummaged among Father Baldini's library, and found an old Elzevir edition, containing the complete works of that beastly poet. Gregory immediately complied with her request, and thus passed the time until the hour for supper.

When the table was cleared, she brought out a bottle of her favourite Monte-Pulciano, and made him take several glasses. She next introduced the subject he had read over night, and related to him the real history of Father Girrard, the Jesuit, and his seduction of Miss Decaire, on which the work was founded: she canvassed all the arguments, and professed to be convinced of their solidity. She, however, made some exceptions against the very extended licence which that work advocated. She told him, although she did not deem it necessary, either for the health or morals of a young man, that he should abstain from all commerce with the opposite sex until he was married, yet she would wish him to be on his guard against making free with innocent young girls; because, when once

Digitized by Google

rendered acquainted with forbidden pleasures, they could not cease to long for them, and their partaking of them contrary to act of parliament, was always attended with great inconveniences to themselves. But, continued she, a young man whose passions are warm, may always allay them without doing any mischief. It should ever be his principle to spare the tender maid, and go where he can do no harm. There are thousands of widows to be met with, who would gratefully receive the favours of an interesting youth; and there are, likewise, many antiquated virgins, to whom his assistance would be a real charity. The widows, said she, are greatly to be pitied; their feelings are as acute as those of persons of rank or wealth, who are suddenly overwhelmed with adversity. The lot of him who hath always been poor, is not so hard as that of one reduced to poverty from affluence; and, in the same degree, a state of virginity is far more supportable than a state of widowhood. A generous, noble-minded youth should have a tenderness for that sex who have all the pains of bringing his own into the world, and of rearing them afterwards. He should be considerate over their weaknesses, and charitable towards their *wants*. When he leaves the delicate rose-bud of sixteen, whose bloom he feareth to blight, he can always repair, with unrestrained delight, to some full-blown rose, fearlessly open to his embrace.

After having given him this figurative invitation, she pulled from her bosom the second volume of "Theresa," and told him he might read it at his leisure. She would willingly have brought matters to a close previously to her retiring to rest, but notwithstanding the extreme sultriness of the evening, and a freer use than usual of her favourite wine had given her additional excitement, she could not stoop to make the first advances towards a consummation she so much desired. Feeling that her sensations were of a very poignant nature, she thought it prudent to separate from Gregory earlier than usual, and bidding him an affectionate good night, withdrew to her

Digitized by Google

room. She calculated that our hero would go to bed and indulge his curiosity with the seductive work she had just put into his hand. The night was so excessively hot she could obtain no rest, but rolled restless in her bed, ruminating on schemes for the accomplishment of her darling object. While ransacking her frenzied brain for expedients, an accidental circumstance occurred, which her ready imagination instantly turned to good account. The intense heat of the evening had brought on a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning. The windows of her chamber were particularly exposed, and such was the raging war of the elements, that a timid woman might easily be driven to seek shelter from the incessant flashes of lightning, which illuminated her room. The thought struck her—she leaped from the bed—uttered the most piercing cries—flew towards the chamber of Gregory, and plunged against his door with such violence, that it burst suddenly open.

Gregory, who only heard it thunder, as his room was dark and protected from the lightning, sat calmly in bed, with a candle by his side, reading the "Philosophical Theresa." He happened to be at one of the most fascinating passages in the whole work, and the sudden apparition of an interesting female, with no other covering than her chemise and night cap, could not fail to have a peculiar effect on him at this critical juncture, when more than usually warmed by wine, and rendered particularly susceptible by the contemplation of the most luxurious engraving the book contained.—Oh! Gregory! I am terrified to death!—the heavens are on fire! I cannot stay in my room! I bore it as long as I could, and was compelled to fly to you for shelter; let me sit down, I tremble so I cannot stand. She sat down on his bed side, and sank breathless in his arms.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

## BLACKWOOD'S *alias* BLACKGUARD'S MAGAZINE.

Get that great gift and talent, IMPUDENCE;
Accomplished mankind's highest excellence;
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone, wealth, titles, and estate;
Gains place at court, can make a fool a peer,
An ass a Bishop, can vil'st blockheads rear,
To wear red hats, and set in Porph'ry's chair.
'Tis learning, parts, and skill, and wit, and sense,
Worth, merit, honour, virtue, innocence.

In the last number of the above Magazine, appeared an article, which we think ourselves bound to notice, respecting the conduct of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, and Mr. Benbow, the publisher of the Rambler's Magazine. We have, as yet, taken little notice of the periodical critics of the present day, as we happen to know a little of the machinery behind, which moves the puppets in front, and can accordingly estimate their merits. Blackwood's Magazine, is not inaptly characterised by our motto; for impudence, we may say, has conducted it throughout the whole of its career. Ultra-Tory in its politics, devoutly adoring the powers that be; abusing with might and main, every one that stands opposed to it in politics; the founder of a new school of quack literary politicians, whose only weapons are calumny and abuse: what else could we expect from their hands. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, was an essay on the decision of the Lord Chancellor, respecting the piracies of Don Juan, Lawrence's Lectures, Southey's Wat Tyler, &c. The Quarterly there complained of the strange laws of England, which sanctioned, by his lordship's decision, the circulation of works, on the very ground, that those works were impious, and unfit for circulation. The Quarterly, that worthy coadjutor of Blackwood, that



Digitized by Google

guardian of the public morals, that defender of our Church and State, on this occasion asserted that, "*The common law of England is the barbarous invention of a barbarous people,*" and deprecated as unjust, the decision of his lordship. The avarice and cupidity of booksellers, and the hypocrisy of such journals as the Quarterly, never received such a complete exposure. Mr. Murray publishes a work which he deems immoral, which contains sentiments that other men would have been prosecuted for—that work is pirated, and diffused in a cheap form, and he then complains of the law which refuses to sanction his avaricious proceedings. Blackwood's Magazine then takes up the cudgels, abuses Mr. Murray for publishing works liable to be pirated, for thereby the exorbitant gains of the booksellers in general are exposed. This is the true key to Blackwood's and Murray's conduct; this the grand lever that moves all the rest; this, the cause of their attachment to church and state. Thus, for instance: "Don Juan," published at two guineas by Mr. Murray, has been sold in thousands for half-a-crown; "Cain," published at the average price of five shillings and four-pence, has been sold for eighteen-pence; "Lawrence's Lectures," at half the original price, and several other works in the same proportion. The Quarterly may talk as it will of the injury such works do to the lower orders of society, and that their circulation ought to be confined to the rich; Blackwood may deny that such works as "Don Juan," "Cain," "Lawrence's Lectures," &c. have any influence upon the lower orders, while the "Age of Reason" is to be procured; yet they all tend to unmask those systems of corruption and hypocrisy which the Quarterly and Blackwood so devoutly adore. It is not from the higher classes of society that information is derived; but when we see such men as Gibbon, in his Decline and Fall; Lord Byron, in his *Cain*, and other works; Lawrence, in his *Lectures*, and many other writers of the same station and rank, aristocrats though they be, write as they have done, the populace are confirmed in the truth of those general doc-

Digitized by Google

trines which writers like Paine have only familiarized to their comprehension. In short, all the blasphemy and obscenity circulating among the lower classes, have flowed from the rich and great. The revolution in France was sanctioned by the rich Atheists, who knew the abominations of the priesthood; even the clergy themselves are not free from the imputation of infidelity; and it surely is too much to expect, now that men are taught to read, that they will only peruse such books as the Quarterly and Blackwood may approve, and shut their eyes to the folly and vice of the higher orders. Mr. Benbow has done more to expose the cupidity of these monopolizing booksellers than all that have gone before him, and he will not rest here. They may well prate of their attachment to the existing institutions, when they receive two guineas for what may be sold for half-a-crown. The publication of *Don Juan* and *Cain* by Mr. Murray, has exposed those abominable hypocrites, the Suppressors of Vice, who are panders to the lusts of power, and who enumerate on their lists, men whose actions are a disgrace and abomination to their kind—the pious gentlemen of the Vice Society well know to whom we allude.—Hypocrites, living on the labour of the community, they have passed over the fashionable Mr. Murray, and attacked Mr. Benbow, because they thought him alone and unfriended. The oppression and profligacy of the great have been the source of all revolutions; it is they who despise the religion they think needful to perpetuate their power; they who are the first preachers of atheism, infidelity, and sedition; and then, because the lower classes believe them, and examine seriously into government and religion, they turn round and exclaim against the degeneracy of the times. No; they have taught us to read, and they shall find that we will make good use of the knowledge we have acquired. Blackwood may write and attempt to bully the public, but he will convince no one that he writes from pure and disinterested motives—that our clergy are free from any taint or vice—that the public authorities are to



Digitized by Google

revered as the legitimate rulers appointed by heaven—and that we must kneel and adore those mysteries we cannot comprehend, while they take advantage of our folly and credulity, to revel in luxury and indolence, and revile the slaves that support them in their power and ostentatious grandeur. Those days of ignorance are passed away.

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### YORK ASSIZES.—CRIM CON.

WORRALL *v.* SANDERSON, BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOT AND A SPECIAL JURY.

Mr. Scarlet opened the case for the plaintiff. Mr. Worrall was a Lieutenant in the Navy, and married his present wife in 1800. They had several children by the marriage, and as in all cases of Crim. Con., the utmost harmony was observed. At the birth of her last child, in 1816, Mr. Worrall first suspected her infidelity, but had not sufficient proof for a court of justice. They then separated, and the visits of the defendant became more frequent. He was a schoolmaster, and the acquaintance had originated in Mrs. Worrall sending her children to his school. They lived at this time, near Leeds, and the defendant resided at Aberford, where he kept his school. Mr. Worrall's circumstances were not affluent—and when they parted, Mrs. Worrall took her youngest children with her, and soon after, she gave up the letters of the defendant, on condition of having her youngest daughter to live with her. The defendant had had recourse to soft terms, voluptuous expressions—united to powers of great persuasion and eloquence, and relied on these for winning the affections of a lady of great accomplishments, which Mrs. Worrall certainly was. From the tenor of some of these letters, it was evident that she was afraid of dishonour; and that he was fearful that she would disclose the whole to her husband. On the back of one of the letters to her, on an unimportant subject, was the following note, dated the 11th of January, 1817, written with lemon juice.

Digitized by Google

"My Dear Love,—I intend to set out for Halifax in the morning, and shall return in the evening; will you meet me on Tuesday morning, before Mr. Gott's mill, at twelve o'clock, as I much wish to speak to you.

Your's ever, W. S."

When connected with other circumstances, there could not be the least doubt of his intention at this interview. In 1815, Mr. Worrall suddenly returned from London, and found a hot supper prepared. He was surprised, but Mrs. Worrall persuaded him that it was a mark of her affection, she having thought that he might come that night. Till she met with this pious schoolmaster, there could be no doubt of her innocence, and honour, and good qualities as a wife, and as a tender and affectionate mother. According to the constitution of the female mind, chastity seems to lock up every virtue, and when a woman dishonours her husband's bed, all shame is lost, and she yields herself up to unrestrained profligacy.

In the evidence, it was proved that Mrs. Worrall had been in the habit of going from Leeds to Aberford, where the defendant met her, and spent many hours in her company. Two of Mr. Worrall's former servants proved they left his service on account of Mr. Sanderson's visits. On more than one occasion, the defendant and Mrs. Worrall were locked in the parlour together; and once Mr. Sanderson brought his daughter to take tea with Mrs. Worrall. The defendant was a married man, and had children. At another time, Mr. Sanderson was seen in his shirt, to open the window curtains of Mrs. Worrall's bed-room window, in Mr. Worrall's absence.

Sergeant Hullock, for the defendant, contended, that if the plaintiff had entertained suspicions of his wife, he ought to have prevented her rambles. Mr. Sanderson had been in the habit of negociating bills for Mrs. Worrall, and in one of the letters from the plaintiff to the defendant, he made use of this phrase, "please to tell Mrs. Worrall" and concluding with "I am your's." That is, I leave you to supply the—&c. The Learned Serjeant concluded with contending, that Captain Worrall was ignorant of his wife's conduct, or approved of it.

Mr Scarlet replied, and the Lord Chief Justice summed up—the Jury returned a verdict of 50l.

The following, is one of the letters alluded to by Mr. Scarlet:—



Digitized by Google

"You have—O dreadful, torturing recollection, you have indeed—Oh that it was not so—that I could still proudly imagine the contrary—that I could forget the sad idea—you have—I feel the pain of ten thousand daggers planted in my bosom while I repeat it—you have lessened yourself in my estimation; and she for whom I would have sacrificed my life, has forfeited the high regard which I formerly entertained for her. In fine, from your conduct to me this day, so unkind—I will not use a more harsh expression—you have broken the links of that chain which seemed to connect my existence with yours. *Yet still I love you*, and, perhaps, for ever shall; but I cannot think so well of you as I once did. If you feel a repugnance to continue my acquaintance, why not candidly and ingenuously avow it, and I should have knelt at your feet in adoration of your virtue and your goodness. I should still have cherished an elevated remembrance of your character, and you cannot imagine what I feel at this moment to suppose that I have been mistaken in my opinion of you. You are not aware of the thousand remarks I have made upon many of your expressions and your actions: shallow as I may be thought, perhaps my penetration extends farther than you or any other woman so circumstanced would wish; but my passion for you deprived me of my judgment, nor would I allow a derogatory idea to dispossess the bright tints and rich colouring of that picture my fond and intoxicated imagination had pourtrayed. My regret at this discovery will be everlasting—oh, that you would, that you could obliterate this unfavourable impression; but I feel as if I was assured that it is impossible. I plead not for myself, I plead for the interest of society—where now can I turn and find felicity? Deceived in one who had my soul in keeping, where the firmest confidence, the highest opinions were reposed, where now can I look for consolation? If you, who was exalted in my esteem, and upon whom it has been so fatally misplaced, could act thus, must not I become either a misanthrope or a villain? and the last, however much you may think me entitled thereto, I hope I have virtue sufficient remaining to save me from becoming, —it is not my disposition to be treacherous. I have retraced, in the sad and melancholy chronicle of my mind, the various scenes in which we have participated: and oh! how many now crowd upon me, conveying sensations of the bitterest nature! Have you not acted with disingenuity; with falsehood? But I will not upbraid you—I will stifle the many reproaches which, upon a re-

Digitized by Google

view of your transactions, irretrievably flow to my mind. Shall I say that truth is my polar star—my deity; and could I expect you to trample her sacred mandates beneath your feet, and profane her hallowed rites? No, I did not; perhaps I am yet mistaken—would to God I was—for should I never see you more, I should then remember you with respect, with esteem. If there is a pang more than another which can rend my heart-strings asunder, it is this forfeiture of my confidence. How happy do I always feel to think well of mankind in general, to have it in my power to form favourable opinions of individuals, and how severely I feel the disappointment: what, then, must be the present state of my mind—no pen can describe it—let it then rest. Were I to transcribe the fullness of my ideas, as connected with our acquaintance, and scrutinize the whole of your behaviour at intervals to me, you might then know of what I am capable—how various, correct, and copious, they are; but I dare not trust myself with the recital: it must now suffice, that all my hopes of your being restored to my confidence are destroyed—that the pleasing intercourse must cease—that the delightful moments I have shared with you must return no more. I cannot express myself further—my bursting heart must speak farewell. Oh! that I had found you true to me, or thought you so; but it is over: let me close our intimacy by one last request—allow me the education of your children—suffer them to remain under my care. I ask not from interest—you know I am above so mean a motive; yet I cannot explain myself—it is complicated—various—it is connected with remaining affection for you—my gushing tears testify that it is so. Oh, farewell! and may you be happier than I am—God bless you."

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—CORNWALL ASSIZES, BODMIN, AUGUST 6.

### COCK *v.* MOSS.

This was an action to recover compensation for a breach of promise of marriage. The damages were laid at £2000. The plaintiff was the daughter of a respectable farmer in this county, who has eight girls and two boys, and is now in the 73rd year of his age. The defendant is in his Majesty's service, and commands the Eagle revenue cutter. At the time he gained the affec-

Digitized by Google

tions of Miss Cock, he lived with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Whitehead, at whose house the family of the plaintiff were constant visitors. When the defendant paid his addresses to the plaintiff, she was in the 20th year of her age; the flower of her prime, and possessed of many accomplishments, both of person and mind; and the defendant, by his letters, professed the most ardent affection for her. This continued until he formed an attachment with a Miss May, when he most cruelly left her (the object of his former care) to pine and lament her misplaced affection on one who returned it in a manner degrading to a man, and especially an officer in the navy. Several letters were read, in which he expressed the warmest attachment for the plaintiff; and breathed out his whole soul to his "dearest, dearest Harriet;" in which he writes to her, that he could not leave home "without writing to her in whom his soul found all repose, and to soothe her mind at the agonizing hour of their parting; and but for that divine Providence, under whose protection he left her, he should be the most wretched of men in the world; and concluded by praying, that the Almighty God would protect her in his absence, and declaring himself her devoted lover, Charles Moss." Various other letters were read, in which the same love strain prevailed, and wherein the poets, and even the Scriptures, were quoted to illustrate his love. At one time he would write, that he looked forward to that sacred hour when God should unite them, and make them as one, and boil the pot for a dozen. The plaintiff kept a little school, and was, compared with the defendant, in an humble situation; her health had been materially injured, and medical assistance was obliged to be called in to her aid. It was admitted, that the defendant had married the daughter of a captain in the navy, in July 1821, to whom the brother of the plaintiff had sent a letter, acquainting him with the defendant's conduct. This letter was afterwards returned by the defendant, enveloped in another, in which he stated, that her brother's letter had no weight with the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and that her brother "fancied he played the organ, when he only blew the bellows;" with other insulting observations. In defence, it was said that the defendant was not able to pay heavy damages, but was willing to make the *amende honorable*, and, with the honesty of a sailor, confessed his crime. It had been justly said, that "absence is the grave of love," and he was sorry for the young lady, whose virtues he should ever revere. Mild

Digitized by Google

and temperate damages would therefore best suit the justice of this case.

The Jury consulted for a short time, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff of £200.

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.
## OXFORD CIRCUIT.

THOMAS *v.* JONES.

This was an action by the plaintiff, David Thomas, Esq. against the defendant, Miss Hannah Jones, for a breach of promise of marriage. Mr Taunton stated, that it was rather an unusual circumstance for a gentleman to appear as plaintiff on such an occasion, but his client had to complain, not merely of injury to his feelings, but injury to his pocket, by the caprice of the defendant. She could not plead in defence the levity of youth, as she had attained to the ripe age of 46: had his client been guilty of the same levity, that excuse might have served as he was but 38. This bachelor and old maid were respectable, and possessed of property; and it was under the sanction of Miss Jones's mamma, that he courted her heart's affections. The plaintiff lived in an old fashioned house, with old fashioned furniture; Miss Jones had a dislike to *old things*, and £250 was bestowed upon the old house inside and out; Miss Jones was an Anabaptist, and did not like to walk far to chapel, a chapel must therefore be built on his grounds. Miss Jones jilted him at last, and when he sent a message to her to come and be married, she would not, which caused this action. Mr. Taunton proved the promise of the marriage, and of the settlement agreed upon, by which David Thomas, Esq. upon condition of receiving £700 with Miss Jones, consented to settle the estate; first on himself and wife for life, then to the survivor, then to the children, after them by entail male; and as the usual consequences of marriage might be expected, a provision was made for both sons and daughters: and a term of 1000 years was to be carved out of the freehold for the younger children; so that a large family was very likely to be the result of this union. The jury should protect him, or other ladies might treat him in the same manner.

Mr. Campbell said, a more ridiculous and trumpery action was never before brought into a court of justice. The plaintiff should

Digitized by Google

have worn the willow in silence, but now he would be pointed at as one who wished to marry an old woman for the sake of her fortune. She certainly was of the age of 46, and one witness had said she was very beautiful, another, bloated, and seemed to indicate some doubts of the beauty. Now he was instructed to say by the lady, that she was plain, not to say ugly; that she had no accomplishments—for she had made her mark to the deeds; that no love letters had passed, because she could not write; and that she must have been a woman of weak understanding, if she had not been astonished when the conveyancer talked of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and every other, the sons &c. of their marriage. Such being the case, he hoped they would send the plaintiff back to the county of Pembroke, with the contempt and disgrace he so justly merited.

The jury consulted for a few minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff of £100.

## Miscellanies.

### THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

About the middle of the prayers, two of the gentlemen took each a charger of flowers, to present every lady with a nosegay of carnations, rose-buds, and orange-flowers, tied with a golden twist; to which was added, a fair knot of ribbands, of about three or four yards. The first was presented to the cardinal's niece, the sovereign of the day; and in those flowers I perceived a billet nicely conveyed, which immediately, and with great dexterity, she removed to her prayer-book, and there read it; all I could discover of its contents was, *mia diva*, my goddess. The flowers were no sooner delivered, than from the galleries of the church fell a shower of painted papers, containing the praise of St. Theresa, though that of Donna Theresa was intended by the verses.

The next morning I returned to the church, no less charmed with the lady than the solemnity, and placed myself as near her

Digitized by Google

as I had the day before. Many abbots and monks said mass at the altar, adorned with the picture of Donna Theresa, to honour the Count Luciano and his mistress. At the beginning of high mass, another shower of sonnets fell from the galleries, in praise of the saint and the young nobleman who was at the expence of the entertainment, and was master of the festival.

It was one o'clock before high mass was done, and vespers were appointed for three. I took care to be at my post on the return of the ladies, whose appearance filled the place with gaiety and pleasure; but I found a pain in my breast, peculiar to myself. Not but I suppose a great many of that assembly were companions in my passion for the charming Theresa; few, however, if any, could labour under the difficulties of despair which my person and circumstances conspired to throw on me. They were all men of quality, and the favourites of fortune; comely and well-proportioned, and furnished with the advantages of folly and impertinence, to render them agreeable to a woman. On the contrary, I was a child in my appearance, a beggar in my condition, divided in my mind between ambition and love, and deficient in those slavish and trifling manners to make a successful address. It is true, both love and ambition might find in the person of Theresa matter enough for my hopes; yet, destitute of friends and money, and wanting that necessary impudence, more prevalent with the fair than merit or dignity, despair was the only and terrible object of my thoughts. Yet fortune, who loves to make sport of our assurances, and rules with an absolute sway in human affairs, turned all my defects to my advantage, and gave me that success which her more happy minions sighed for in vain.

The last ceremony being over, and her flowers and sweetmeats tied up in a handkerchief, she laid them on the desk until she adjusted herself for her departure, and had given the Count Luciano a return for the honours he had done her, while turning too quick at a noise on the other side of the church, she threw down her cargo of flowers and fruit; they hit me on the head in their fall; I caught them in my arms before they could reach the ground, and, with no small eagerness, kissing their cover, I met her fair hand, and returned them to Donna Theresa.

The address of my delivery seemed too gallant for my age, which the smallness of my person would persuade could not exceed eleven years; my hair was of a lovely auburn, and in

Digitized by Google

wanton ringlets fell down on my shoulders, while my forehead was crowned with a wreath of smaller curls; my face, though naturally fresh and blooming, was then made more ruddy with a conscious blush of desire and love. As my locks were of gold, so was my complexion of alabaster, which received a heightening warmth from the perfect vermillion of my cheeks; my eyes were black as sloes, and as sprightly as fire, though qualified then by a languishing look on so celebrated a beauty. Altogether, I was an object too striking for Theresa not to notice my person and address. Infinitely pleased with my person and officiousness, and privileged by my childish appearance, she raised me to her seat, where she was pleased, by a thousand agreeable questions, to inquire into my parentage, circumstances, and name; and finding me a wanderer in the wilderness of fortune, she promised me her patronage in my addresses to her uncle, the Cardinal Cantelmi, whose service I acknowledged myself ambitious of obtaining.

The prayers being over, and the festival performed, the young Luciano was not a little proud of, and delighted with, his magnificent discharge of all parts of the solemnity; and, with pleasure in his eyes, received the congratulatory applauses of all his companions. Every lady now returned home loaded with flowers and sweetmeats, and, what they valued more, the billets and vows of their lovers; for these festivals are the rendezvous of the gay and the amorous; where the ladies, confined by the too rigorous custom of the country, by the indulgence of the church, and its useful devotions, have the uncontrolled liberty of seeing their gallants, making assignations, and ingeniously contriving how to consummate their amours. Hence our Italian proverb says: "Chi manda la suo figliuola ad ogni festa in poco tempo ne fa una putana." He that sends his daughter to every festival, in a short time will make her a whore. For while the married and single ladies are arranged in their seats on each side the church, the cavaliers walk in the midst, and by that means have the opportunity of looking them in the faces, and of conveying *billet-doux* into their hands. But I have no cause to quarrel with the liberties and indulgence of the church, since to that I owed a joy so transporting as my acquaintance with Donna Theresa, the saint of my vows, and the agreeable inlet to ambition and love. Charmed with my conversation, so unequal to my seeming years, she took me home with her, and with no small

Digitized by Google

earnestness, recommended me to the cardinal, telling him the extent of my fortune, and my orphan condition, as unable to expect any support from my parents. She assured him that he would find something in me far beyond the boys of my age, and expressed her hopes that his eminence would admit me into his train and her protection.

The cardinal was not a little surprised at my discourse: pleased with my person, and indulging his niece's innocent inclinations, he easily admitted me into his family, and gave me in charge to the beautiful Theresa.

The splendour and luxury of the cardinal's palace, gave me a bewitching earnest of those joys I desired. Grandeur and affluence went round in a circle, and every hour was crowned with pomp and with pleasure; while each satisfied that appetite which variety created, and enjoyment could not destroy. Happy in such blessings, I looked down with pity on the insipid retreat of my parents, and smiled at their choice of a lazy inactivity, incapable of giving delights so transporting as cities and courts; applauding my own judgment in quitting so supine an existence, I hugged myself in the thought of my lucky resolve, which had brought me to pleasures, I could never else have known, and opened such delightful prospects to my sanguine expectations.

Here fortune seems to have declared on my side, in placing me directly in the road to preferment, where I might give loose to my ambition, since imagination could scarce form any thing so extravagant, that I might not have some hopes of, from the fondness of the cardinal, and the indulgence of his niece. But fate, that had designed me for adventures more uncommon, and destined me to misfortunes as peculiar as extraordinary, roused up that fire of love so inconsistent with ambition and glory. To this end, she made use of the height of my favour to begin my disasters, while Theresa's eyes, and those other charms which the privilege of my place and juvenile appearance discovered, smoothed the easy way to the precipice down which I was to fall. For though ambition put in no small claim to my heart, yet the national folly of my country commanded the greater share; for few have been born in the province *di Parnasso*; who have not betrayed so peculiar a tendency to love, as to surrender all other considerations to its satisfaction; an amorous constitution being the natural product of the place.

How was it then possible for me to see perpetually the daz-



Digitized by Google

zling beauties of Theresa, without a passion proportioned to the cause which was every day heightened by the liberties she took of dressing and undressing before me? who, without the agonies of desire, could see breasts, round and hard as an apple; a skin whiter than the driven snow, suffused with a glowing warmth that brightened the colour, and heightened the temptation, softer than the down of swans, and sweeter than all the balmy spices of Arabia; how beautifully proportioned were her legs? in short, every limb and part so perfect, that had she sat to Apelles, she had saved him the pains of consulting such a variety of beauties in composing his picture of the Queen of Love; Theresa alone would have reached the painter's most sublime conception.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## VICE SOCIETY.

Sir,—Having been solicited some years since to join "the Society for the Suppression of Vice," I conscientiously became a subscriber, under the idea that it was composed of pious and honourable characters; but the late affair of the Bishop of Clogher, and the circumstances which came out on the prosecution of Mr. Benbow, inducing me to inquire into the private life of some of the parties I had become connected with, I found, to my shame and mortification, that I had enrolled myself among a gang of crafty hypocrites, whose object was to gloss over their individual infamy, by pretending to combine for public good. I have, consequently, determined to subscribe no more to a Society whose object is to oppress individuals, rather than reform abuses: and think it but justice to inform you, that many others have entered into a similar resolution.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. Smith.

London, 12, August, 1822.

---

## THE CHURCH IN DANGER; OR, THE ROT AMONG THE CLERGY.

The present age has been very properly denominated "the age of innovation:" for, though it is a moot point, whether men have been benefited by the general diffusion of education

Digitized by Google

and religion, either in their moral or political condition, still no one can doubt but that the bias of the times is in favour of revolutionary doctrines. The outcry, at present, is against the clergy; nor is it without foundation. So many instances of personal and moral depravity have lately been brought to light; so eager is their avarice; so hypocritical their conduct; so persecuting to their opponents—that we should wonder if there was not such an outcry. The affair of "The Bishop," as it is emphatically termed, has done more to pull down the clergy and the church, than all the writings of all the infidels that ever lived. The very word, "Bishop," has changed for ever its meaning; has become a by-word of reproach among men; and is a disgrace to whoever uses it. And, as if Fate had ordained it, this conduct of "The Bishop" has unveiled a scene, unparallelled in the annals of villainy. A "Bishop" assaults a man to accomplish his beastly purpose, and when that man accuses him publicly of the crime, all his influence of rank and character is employed to crush him—and perjury is added to the list of crimes. The man is condemned, and suffers the most horrible punishment. Here is a Minister of the Gospel—a vessel which received the Holy Ghost at its ordination—a "Bishop," to lead us in the way we should go—and, to crown the whole, one of our persecutors of the Vice Society!

The *Reverend* William Eyre is now in Newgate, to take his trial for a rape on a girl under ten years of age, attended with many aggravating circumstances.

A *parson*, of the name of Hadwen, in Lincolnshire, exposed himself, stark naked, on the sea-shore, before a numerous crowd that were there walking, excused himself as being drunk at the time, and the next Sunday ascended the pulpit, to edify the people with sermons against sedition and infidelity.

Another drunken priest squared himself, and offered to fight any one in the parish.

A clergyman has been placed, by the bayonet, in the pulpit at Ashton-under-Line, against the will of the inhabitants.

At Manchester, two clergymen, Hay and Ethelstone, are the principal agitators.

In London, the *Reverend* Gilbert Beresford, and the other clergy, are fleecing their flock, and reviving an old claim of two shillings and ninepence in the pound on the rack-rent, nearly one-



Digitized by Google

seventh of the whole property of the parish—and are now at law, to enforce their right, as they call it.

The clergy throughout the kingdom are in the daily practice of fleecing the poor of the charities left by our ancestors: even our loyal politicians begin to talk of confiscating the revenues of the church to discharge the national debt, and no doubt but that it will be the first property that will be wrested from the higher classes.

A pamphlet has lately been published, in which it is proved, that the Church of England has more wealth than all the European churches put together. And no one can deny but that Christianity would be better taught, if the parsons were reduced to the condition of the Apostles, having neither "scrip nor purse." Spain and France have shown what good may be effected by degrading the clergy, whose avarice, cruelty, and luxury, caused the reformation in England some centuries ago. We pray earnestly that this change may happen in our day, for then the Gospel will be preached in its purity—then we shall neither know dissenters, nor heretics, nor infidels—and the whole world will jog on quietly to heaven, and all sins and iniquity shall be heard of no more, as the Homilies say.

---

## LOVES OF LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

This illustrious lady did much good to the cause of Great Britain, when she was ambassadress to the court of Naples, and she did much harm. Sir William Hamilton was, for many years, in a state bordering on imbecility, and her ladyship conducted all the negociations with a masterly hand. Her attachment to Lord Nelson is well known: it was one, on her part, of ambition: and at the time she admitted him openly as a favoured lover, she had others who shared her favours. This, on the coast of Sicily, was no scandal: from the queen to the beggar, all were incontinent, and it was thought no crime. If it had not been for Lady Hamilton, there would have been no "battle of the Nile," nor would Buonaparte ever have seen Egypt. She delayed the flag, sent in by Nelson to Naples, so long, (it was carried by Captain, now Sir Thomas Hardy,) in the *Mutine* brig, that the British missed the French fleet near the Isle of Candia, where they could have

Digitized by Google

destroyed the whole, and captured the army on board the transports.

Why Lady Hamilton detained the brig, may be guessed. Captain Hardy was a great favourite, and her ladyship delighted in his company. She did it, not from any idea of injuring the British interests, to which she was decidedly devoted. When the British fleet were in the harbour of Syracuse, all supplies were withheld. The French interest was predominant at the court of Naples, and Ferdinand absolutely signed an order to expel the British fleet from the port. This he put in his pocket, and, as usual, retired to rest. Lady Hamilton, aware of the contents of the dispatch, abstracted it from his pocket, and substituted another in its place, directing every facility to be given to the British Admiral in equipping his vessels for sea. The forged dispatch was sent off next day; the governor of Syracuse received it; and the British fleet, amply supplied, sailed to Egypt, and completed the most glorious victory history bears upon record.

Thus, as the battle of the Nile was gained by means of Lady Hamilton: so that of Trafalgar would never have been fought had she not been in existence.

In the year 1800, the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and appeared off the Island of Maritimo, near Sardinia. Of this, Lord Nelson was soon apprized, and sailed from the port of Palermo with his squadron instantly. Next day, when about thirty leagues from land, the signal was thrown out for the fleet to lay-to; and the *Foudroyant*, the Admiral's ship, returned to Palermo—for what purpose?—to land Lady Hamilton. She had sailed with the Admiral, but getting sea-sick, Nelson detained the whole expedition, to reconduct her back to Palermo. The event was, that the French fleet escaped, and Nelson returned to Palermo, where joy and pleasure were again the order of the day. Voluptuous and intriguing, Lady Hamilton was never at rest. She used to perambulate the streets with her paramour, Lord Nelson, in men's apparel, and enter the wine-houses where the British sailors resorted. On one occasion, they encountered a boatswain, and drank with him. He was a fine handsome fellow, and caught her ladyship's eye. She slipped a card into his hand, and the next day he attended at her ladyship's palace. Night after night he did the same—finally, was introduced to the King, and had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him.



Digitized by Google

These things soon came to the ears of Nelson, and he dismissed the man from his majesty's service. It was all very good: Lady Hamilton procured him a wife in the person of a maid of honour, celebrated for her debaucheries; he was appointed superintendant of the Neapolitan dock-yards, a place worth two thousand pounds per annum; and he divided his duties betwixt his wife and Lady Hamilton so religiously, that both admired him, and jealousy was out of the question.

---

## CHARACTER OF AN EX-SHERIFF.

An ex-sheriff is one of the most bustling and insignificant animals you can meet with in a summer's day: perpetually in agitation, like a puddle in a storm; he thinks the whole world is occupied with him and his proceedings, and swelling up himself, like the frog in the fable, he struts about and says 'how big we are grown.' He is continually veering to all points of the political compass, as the wind of his own whimsies drives him; and like the Apostle he proves all things, but holds not fast that which is good. He is Whig, Radical, or Tory, just as it suits him, for, being a great genius, he scorns to be tied down to this, that, or t'other; but as a good Christian ought, becomes all things to all men. He is only happy when he is meddling with other people's affairs, and is continually praising himself in the public journals, whom he pesters eternally with his nauseous and long-winded epistles. He is his own great parallel, or as the Smithfield showman stuck over his caravan "the largest elephant in the world, excepting himself." He is here and there and every where, and as one might say, always looking behind him to see how he looks. He thinks himself the wisest man that ever was, and of such importance to the world, that plots and conspiracies are ever forming against him, which he is certain to defeat by his marvellous sagacity. To hear himself talk, he lives only for the good of the nation, whom he assures he will never leave, to their great consolation. His great aim is to be popular, and he likes nothing so much as a shout from a mob, which, however, he rarely receives, and therefore sets more value by. Notoriety is his hobby; and he is constantly scheming how to obtain it. He boasts of his humanity, yet would persecute to the death. What little good he does, is more than counterbalanced by the mischief

Digitized by Google

he occasions. Even his amours he bruits forth to the public, to the delight of every pot-boy. He is humane, when he can gratify his favourite propensities; and he has always a large stock of charity for felons and jail-birds. He will join in the chase, and add his howl to the chorus of brother dogs, but lolls his tongue out, and slinks away with his tail between his legs, when he comes up with the enemy. He would be thought a flaming patriot, could he but persuade honest John Bull to believe all he said. Yet John, in his good nature, often gives him a shout, more in ridicule than earnestness, while our ex-sheriff snuffs up the applause, and scarce deigns to tread upon the ground. With the rich, he inveighs against the poor; in his harangues to the mob, he abuses the rich: like the ass between two bundles of hay, both have equal attractions for him. He belongs neither to heaven or to hell, and purgatory will surely be his destination. He is of the irritable species, soon provoked, and as soon subdued. He says the world is mad, the world says he is crazy, and both have an equal contempt for each other. He can mouth about rights and wrongs, placemen and pensioners, like your true demagogue: nevertheless, he is not a demagogue, having not the necessary courage. He is a wandering planet, continually popping upon us when not wanted: a Mar-all that frustrates the best intentions; a mushroom, that has all the vices of the poor with the meannesses of the rich; and is, in spite of himself, perpetually betraying his origin. He is proof against all ridicule; incorrigible to all correction, and it is throwing powder away to fire upon him, as his carcass, after all, would but cumber the ground, and occupy the place of better stuff.

## Theatricals.

### THE DRAMA.

We understand that the whole of the interior of Drury Lane theatre has been pulled down, in order to be rebuilt on a more contracted scale, that the audience may see and hear properly from every part of the house. This, with the addition of some good performers, will certainly turn the scale of their affairs, which have lately been very unfavourable. At Covent Garden they

Digitized by Google

have made a very great reduction in the salaries of all the performers, with a view, it is confidently reported, of opening the house next season at the same prices for admission as were paid previously to the last rise, viz ; Boxes 5s. and the rest in proportion. It was certainly full time that this reduction took place ; and we have no doubt the state of their own treasury has convinced them of its necessity. The bulk of the people have not so much money to spend in theatres as formerly, and the managers have been at extra expence in producing pompous novelties to draw those who have money. How much better will it be, then, to accommodate themselves to the distresses of the times ; and like all other venders, reduce the price of their commodities. We are not actually sanctioned by any private hints from their committee of management, in asserting that such is to be the case, but from the universality of the report, and the reasonable justice, and even necessity of the thing, we verily believe it. In fact, down the prices must come, in spite of every thing, and we are confident that on the re-opening of the large theatres next season, the public will expect it as a matter of course, after what has appeared in the newspapers regarding the salaries of actors. The public will say, are men and women who so industriously labour to amuse us, to be curtailed in their emoluments, merely to put a few thousands into the pockets of the proprietors, and are we to derive no benefit from such savings ?—No ! after what has taken place, John Bull will no longer be bilked out of high prices. Should the avarice and impudence of the proprietors cause them to open their houses without a reduction, and a very great one too, we are certain it will ultimately be to their cost; because, however stupid John Bull may be, there is a certain pitch of imposition which he cannot bear, and when he once begins to bellow, he will have his own way.

---

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

An attempt has been made at this house, to dramatise Le Sage's celebrated novel "Gil Blas," a work which though abounding in adventure, and containing a fund of wit, and humour, does not afford the same scope for dramatic effect, as many other novels.

As the incidents of this work are so well known, we shall not draw out the Plot of the piece ; but merely state that a curious experiment has been tried of introducing, "Gil Blas," at the ages of 17, 25, and 52 ; by means of Miss Kelly, Mr. Pearman,

Digitized by Google

and Mr. Bartley. The piece was shockingly tedious at first, and does not go down smoothly, though considerably curtailed. They have however, by playing it with another new piece, contrived to draw pretty good houses. The music and scenery are by far the best part of it; for notwithstanding the whole strength of the company are engaged in it, the paucity of materials they have to work upon, renders them inefficient to give it a lasting interest.

---

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new musical farce has been produced at this house, and met with more general approbation than its intrinsic merit deserved. Mr. Terry, a Master China-man, and Mr. Liston, his servant, have each an only son, Messrs. Leoni Lee, and Oxberry. These fathers have wives in prospect for their heirs; but it turns out that these heirs have already furnished themselves with such articles. Fearing discovery, each begs the father of his companion to mediate with his own father, and when the seniors are each instructed of the matter, the sons leave their wives to pacify the enraged old codgers; and hence arises much equivoque, and subject for laughter. Terry meets with Oxberry's wife, a vulgar Irishwoman, takes her for his daughter-in-law, and is shocked at the strange taste of his son. Liston finds, in Mrs. Garrick, an accomplished woman, and is charmed that his booby should have made so good a choice. The lovers are ultimately pardoned, and the curtain falls. The plot had some merit, but the dialogue was deficient, and its success in a great measure is to be attributed to the talents and popularity of the actors.

We are sorry to find fault wtth the management of this agreeable little theatre, but we have of late observed so many instances of negligence and slovenliness, that we are compelled to express both our regret and surprise that such things should happen under the superintendance of a gentleman of so much judgement and experience as Mr. Terry. We could enumerate some twenty peccadillos; but, in hopes that more attention will be paid in future, shall content ourselves for the present with alluding to the conduct of the musicians, who instead of studying to give effect to the charming singing of Miss Paton, were only endeavouring to try the strength of their arms and lungs, in scraping and blowing. Thus exhibiting a contest of physical strength, at the expence of science, and of the voice of

Digitized by Google

the fair singer, which was entirely drowned by their brutal outrage.

---

## SURREY THEATRE.

"Zenaldi."—This melo-drama has been produced by a Mr. Amherst, the manufacturer of various of the Cobourg pieces. Skilful dramatists generally contrive to keep the audience in the dark till the conclusion, but in this, Mr. Amherst has (perhaps wisely.) kept them in the dark, all the way through. ZENALDI is nobody knows whom, he is taken up, nobody knows what for, and he gets off nobody knows how.—A lost son, a gouty jailor and a jealous gondolier are introduced; together with a spy to fish out things that he is well acquainted with; and a turncoat to change sides without knowing why. ZENALDI, (who we are kindly informed by the bills, is a Venetian Noble, otherwise we might have mistaken for a Lieutenant on half-pay,) was performed with some effect by H. Kemble; Blanchard in LORENZO, the lost son, managed for once in his life to be well dressed, he is evidently an improving actor. ROBERTI, the Goalor, (a kind of Captain Bertram) was sustained by Bengough very naturally, and Wyatt, in the GONDOLIER, did all that he could with a part.—There are a couple of good combats, one by Blanchard with Auld, and the other with Hartlett and Ridgway, who might do pretty well, if he refrained from imitating Bradley—he should drop his Harlequin capers, the same remark applies to Mr. Auld.

"The fortunes of Nigel."—We are surprised that Mr. Burroughs, who ought to know better, should attempt to cram this stupid production down the people's throats.—Does he really think that they will throw away their money on such rubbish?—The empty benches that have always cast a gloom on its performance, should have convinced him of the contrary.

"The Murderer."—Want of room prevents our saying all that we could wish of this piece—the scenery is good, the plot interesting, and the acting of Bengough, Burroughs, and Henry Kemble respectable.

"The Innkeeper of Abberville."—CLAUSON, the innkeeper, is well performed by Bengough.—Blanchard does justice to OZZRAND, the ostler, and Mr. Cooke does great injustice to DYNEILL, the robber.—Mr. Baker's TYRTILLO is good—Hemmings' is wretch-

Digitized by Google

ed in CHARLES, and MissHuddart, in LOUISE, speaks as if she had her mouth full of Periwinkles.

We observe, that a stud of HORSES are to be introduced here in the course of a month, and the bills announce that £1000. will be laid out on the Trappings.—If Mr. Burroughs studied his own interest, he would have engaged a stud of good performers,—his company being sadly deficient, particularly in women. We imagine from this horse advertisement, that he takes his audiences to be little better than asses, but he may, perhaps, find himself mistaken some day or other.

## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

"The Sisters, or the Heroines of Switzerland."—Mrs. Makeen and Miss Price play the SISTERS pretty well; Mr. G. Raymond is too rough for WERNER; Mr. Slader is too fat for ERIC, and Mr. Villiers is too bad an actor to be fit for any thing.—A standard combat, in the last scene, by Mrs. Makeen and Fillingham, was well managed and much applauded.

"Alexander the Great,"—next month.

## ROYAL COBOURG THEATRE.

"The Amazon Sisters."—This is the before mentioned production, transplanted from Astley's by the author, or reputed author, Mr. W. Barrymore, as we presume, merely for the purpose of letting the Cobourghites see his wife kick up her heels; Miss Blake, from the Haymarket, performed CARELIA, the other sister, middling, Sloman, in ERIC took too many liberties with the audience; H. Beverly, in MARGARET, an old woman, contrived to render a stupid part very amusing, a person named H. George. in WERNER, rendered a good part very ridiculous.

"Philip Quarll."—The shortness of this piece is its bestrecommendation.—Smith is very effective in PHILIP QUARLL; the ENGLISH CAPTAIN, by Howell; and ABDALLAH, the Turkish Pirate, by Bradley, are both good specimens of melo-dramatic acting. S. H. Chapman has since made a miserable attempt of the latter character.—The part of the CAPTAIN'S WIFE is well suited to Madame Le Clercq, as it affords her an opportunity of shewing her legs off to advantage. We cannot blame her, for such good things are not to be seen every day.

"Perouse, or the desolate Island."—The Hero of the piece, the unfortunate PEROUSE, as well sustained by Smith. Grimaldi

Digitized by Google

in KANKO, and Mrs W. Barrymore, in UMBA, were excellent, PEROUSE'S WIFE was pretty well played by Madame Le Clercq, and Howell did every thing possible with CONGE.

"The Lear of Private Life." We must do Mr. Huntley, who had the character of FITZARDEN allotted to him, the justice to admit that if he did not act exactly like a madman, he bellowed exactly like a mad Bull.

"Edward the Black Prince." next month.

---

## VAUXHALL.

The old system is still carried on, notwithstanding our exposure of it. The puffers, so fond of poking their noses into every thing, deserve a severe castigation, and they shall have it from us. In addition to the extortionate price of some of the refreshments, given last month, we subjoin the following:

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| A pulled chicken the size of a small partridge - | 5 | 0 |
| A sixpenny tart - - - - | 1 | 6 |
| A twopenny cheese-cake - - - | 0 | 6 |
| Biscuits, three a penny - - - | 0 | 1 |
| A penny lemon - - - - | 0 | 6 |
| A penny cucumber - - - - | 0 | 6 |
| A plate, containing about three half-penny worth of sugar - - - - - | 0 | 6 |
| Eggs, about twenty a shilling - - - | 0 | 2 |
| Three farthings' worth of cheese - - | 0 | 3 |
| A mug of stout (about as good as a pint of small beer) - - - - - | 0 | 8 |
| The use of a couple of candles - - - | 2 | 0 |

In order to force parties to submit to the impositions practised upon them by the lying waiters, the door keepers are ordered not to allow the company to return into the Gardens after the fire works, (or about half past 12 o'clock,) the very time they wish for refreshment—the meaning of this cannot be mistaken: it is to force people to sup in the Gardens. A system like this should be reprobated by every person, having the least regard for truth, and we are sorry to see a set of vagabonds, gadding about the town, telling the most barefaced lies, as to the reasonableness of the articles, no doubt remunerated for their trouble by parties who shall be nameless here.

Digitized by Google

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

## RAWSTORNE PLACE.

TUESDAY, JULY 23.—THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

COUNT DE VALMONT was metamorphosed into a crack-brained old fool, and occasionally reminded us of a broken-knee'd stallion, with a touch of the rickets, but looked too miserable even for that; his nose bore a strong resemblance to the proboscis of an elephant, and his voice to the roarings of a bull dog, smothering in a mud cart. FLORIAN, in appearance was like a Jew boy selling oranges about the streets, and in physiognomy like an Esquimaux savage, under the scalping operations.—LE CLAIR and GASPARE were wretchedly poor; and, to conclude all, SANGUINE and LENOIR were too beastly and brutish, even for cut-throats.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST, 7. MOUNTAINEERS. LOVERS' QUARRELS. AMATEURS AND ACTORS.

In the Mountaineers, OCTAVIAN, instead of being an insane Spanish nobleman, was more like a hired bull fighter; his voice resembled the screechings of an owl. BULCAZINE MULEY, occasionally gave imitations of the grins of a dying Hyena, but was too ignorant for a slaughterman; SADI was a complete lazy vagabond; and KILLMALLOCK the most horrid of all, he richly deserved scragging. FLORANTHE and AGNES were both wretched. In "Amateurs and Actors," MR. O. P. BUSTLE was decently performed, but WING was horridly butchered.

# Literature.

## SELECT BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

AMONG those productions which unite with the high-wrought interest of romance the truth and precision of history, a Biographical Dictionary claims a distinguished niche; for in its pages are chronicled the furious ebullitions of ambition, the sacred fervour of patriotism, the calm indefatigable force of study, the marvellous perfection of art. But in order to possess all the merit which belongs to this species of writing, biography should patiently permit oblivion to seize upon a host of names; she should scrutinize, select, and criticise with sincerity. The world



Digitized by Google

has been too indulgent towards the common tenants of biographical dictionaries; it has permitted hollow unmeaning shrines to be erected in memory of ancient or modern folly, while the site of those of virtue and genius has been narrowed or obscured. To remedy this evil, nothing more is requisite than the courage to omit. Let only those names that have deserved immortality be recorded, and memory will have no difficulty in committing them to her cell. Actuated by this spirit of discrimination, a translation of select articles from the French "Biographie Universelle" is now preparing for publication. The translator, we understand, had meditated an original work, but finding that one published at Paris to be written with impartial accuracy, and much real taste and genius, he laid aside his former intention, and commenced translating. But he did not at first perceive the finished elegance of the original, for, as the authors are numerous, the work is unequal, and thought the immense compilation would have required reduction, as well in the length as number of the articles: further acquaintance, however, convinced him that nothing short of presumption could curtail the productions of a Cuvier's, or Tollendal's pen. Conscious of the comparative feebleness of his powers, he has not dared to disturb the connexion of their narrations, or to omit their perspicuous and candid criticisms. Yet, a Select Biographical Dictionary being his aim, he has omitted those names which, with similar views, he thinks they themselves would have rejected. A work of this kind has long been a *desideratum* in the English language. Of the vast compilations of Chalmers, and others of the same stamp, it may with truth be averred, that they are nearly useless; for, besides that they contain an immeasurable catalogue of works and authors, whom nobody either knows or ought to know, they are literally the offspring of unkind prejudice or unforgiving bigotry; and the youthful mind that should imbibe the opinions they contain of books and men, would come forth into the world perverted, narrowed, or corrupted at its source. From this censure, that usually published in fourteen volumes, without the compilers' names, is tolerably free: but its voluminous details of the thoughts and actions of worthless or obscure men, render it an undesirable work to put into the hands of ardent and fickle youth. What man requires at that age in which biography is most useful and seducing, is true and well-delineated example; and no example of this kind can

Digitized by Google

be extracted from a naked skeleton of irrelative actions, where the fine fillings-up of life are neither seen nor indicated. Authors of immoral and despicable lives have ever been solicitous to shroud, as much as possible, from public view, the actions of their private career; but by hiding these, the moral of their lives is lost; and they who threaten others with the severe judgment of posterity, are screened from the operation of the same tribunal. But this is neither justice nor policy. Let every man of genius be arraigned at the bar of posterity, and let the meed he receives be apportioned by an impartial sense of the virtue or immorality of his life. The specious apologies which have been made for the deviations of great men, have operated evil in a direct ratio to the ingenuity with which they have been written; and biographical dictionaries have afforded an easy and unsuspected vehicle for malignity and fraud. The "Biographie Universelle" appears untainted in this point, and it is not its least merit.

The important articles in it are written in a lively, *naive*, and piquant manner; and life and manners are depicted with a free and exquisite pencil. The literary society that produced it, composed of more than seventy persons, contained men of all professions, and of every variety of accomplishment; thus no one stepped out of his circle when he wrote; but, circumscribing his productions by his knowledge, and selecting through actual preference, gave up his whole mind to his task, with that felicity and enjoyment which accompanies unforced composition. The effect has been answerable to the cause.

Yet, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellency of the above work, it has been judged proper, in the "Select Biographical Dictionary," of which we speak, to resort occasionally to a more antique and classical fount—to the "Historical and Critical Dictionary" of M. Bayle, one of the best of men, and, perhaps, the first critic, says Lord Byron, that ever lived. Why this has been done will appear from the articles chosen, which will bear his signature.

It remains to speak of the manner in which the work is executed. The volumes are in octavo, and the price, an important consideration, is low; while the goodness of the paper, and clearness and elegance of the letter-press, make the work equal to any of the finer productions of the press. The number of volumes has not been fixed, because it is intended that every article of general interest shall be translated; but the public is



Digitized by Google

far less solicitous of brevity than of elegance and use; therefore, it is unimportant to decide the extent of the work.

## BIBLES AND BIBLE SOCIETIES.

Passing a few days since, up St. John street, Clerkenwell, we were attracted by a crowd entering a Quaker's Meeting, situated in that neighbourhood. On approaching the door a placard informed us that the annual meeting of the subscribers to a Bible Society, was about to be held there, and that Mr. Butterworth, a Member of Parliament, a Bookseller, and a Wesleyan Methodist, would take the chair. As we entered, a lad put a bill into our hand, with the following singular motto: "In giving to God, take care you do not lend to the Devil." We stopped to read it before proceeding further, and found it to be a copy of a Petition presented to Parliament, complaining of the monopoly and extortion carried on by the Universities, in the printing and sale of Bibles. That, notwithstanding the invention of stereotype plates, and the wonderful reduction in the price of paper and labour, Bibles were still sold at the same price, as when manufactured at three times the expence. When some of the managers of this meeting arrived, they felt offended at the circulation of these bills, and endeavoured to intimidate the youth from distributing them. We were greatly astonished at this, because if their object was to facilitate the diffusion of Bibles, they ought to have been pleased at detecting any obstacles to their good intentions, and instead of calling upon the meeting to subscribe money to purchase Bibles of monopolisers and extortioners, have begged their assistance in applying to Parliament, to remedy the evil in order that the public might have the word of God as cheap as possible, that the poorest might not starve without it. We were still more astonished when they told a person who defended the youth for delivering the bill, that he must not speak at that meeting.

Now we presume that any Christian zealous for the glory of God, and for the propagating of his word, should have been acceptable to such a meeting, and entitled to deliver his sentiments. The person so rebuked, might, for ought either they or ourselves knew to the contrary, have been a regular subscriber to the institution. Shortly afterwards, we strolled into the Cloak-room, where the managers of the meeting were in the greatest possible consternation lest this incendiary, whoever he was,

Digitized by Google

should attempt to speak, and bring forward the subject of the Petition. This again seemed very queer to us, because we thought if these men were sincere Christians, and lovers of truth, they ought to have rejoiced in such a subject being brought forward, and courted free discussion.

The meeting, however, passed off without their taking the slightest notice of a paper so generally circulated, and so closely affecting the interests of the cause they pretended to espouse.

This singular occurrence, and the nature of the Petition, has caused us to suspect that all is not right regarding these Institutions. "There is something rotten in Denmark!" We shall hereafter feel an interest in these meetings, and attend them regularly, not forgetting to supply them with a copy of the documents, extracted from the Parliamentary reports, as we mean to reprint them, and give them away to any one who likes to apply for them at the office of our Magazine.

We therefore earnestly call upon all good Christians, who sincerely desire that the poor should have the word of everlasting life, to look into this subject, and put their shoulders to the wheel, in order to remove these pick-pocketing impediments.

At the foot of the printed paper in question, we found the following queries: Will the worthy chairman, who is a bookseller, publisher, and Member of Parliament, be kind enough to inform the meeting what was said in the house regarding this petition. He must be able likewise to speak on the merits of the case from his own judgment and experience.

May not these Societies be set on foot by crafty knaves, whose object is to fill their pockets by imposing on the zeal and good intentions of the pious?

Would it not be better to administer to the distresses of deserving Christians, than subscribing to fill the pockets of extortioners?

Does not Joseph Butterworth purchase Bibles for his own purposes, from Scotland, at 2s. 6d. per copy?

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

The Duchess of Devonshire.—This lady, well known for her literary talents, had invited a select company of fashionable



Digitized by Google

to dinner, and to enjoy the pleasures of music and of literary conversation. Amongst others to whom she sent invitations were, the Messrs. Smiths, brothers, one of whom is the author of "The Rejected Addresses," and both well known in the literary world. The invitation was so worded, that they were not to arrive until the dinner was over—for, being plebeians, they were scarcely fit to mingle with the patricians, and were to enliven the noble company by their brilliant flashes of wit. To the Duchess' note, Mr. George Smith returned for answer—"That he was very sorry, as was also his brother, that they could not avail themselves of the honour her Grace had done them, but both having accepted prior engagements, his brother to grin through a collar at Peckham fair, and he himself to eat tripe for a wager with the dogs in Clare Market, they were obliged to decline attending." The Duchess, upon the receipt of this note, instantly dispatched her steward with another, apologizing for the first note, and hoped they would honour her with their company; which they did—having thus, by their spirit, asserted their equality.

---

Dutch Cleanliness.—Sir William Temple, observing upon the extravagant neatness of the people of Holland, mentions a circumstance of a magistrate going to visit the mistress of a house at Amsterdam, where, knocking at the door, a tight strapping, North-Holland lass, came and opened it. He asked whether her mistress was at home; she said, "yes," and with that he offered to go in: but the wench, marking his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there, and all this without saying a word; but when she had done, she told him that he might go to her mistress, who was in a room above.

---

Nan Catley.—While Miss Catley was performing at Covent Garden theatre, some years since, two of the stones flew out of a fine pair of shoe buckles, which had been presented to her by Sir Blake Delaval. Upon her going into the Green-Room, Mr. Tenduci condoled with the lady on the accident she had met with; whereupon she said, with a look of uncommon archness and significancy, "What, sir, two stones gone? Alas! I perceive you

Digitized by Google

have told me truth; my buckle is utterly ruined; yes, it is actually *Tenducified!*" "How, madam," said the eunuch, "do you compare *me* to your buckles?" "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the lady, "and confess myself to be wrong, for the ingenuity of my jeweller can make my buckle perfect again, but I fear your misfortune admits of no reparation!"

---

ROYALTY AND LITERATURE.—That the king is by no means favourable to the proceedings of the Vice Society, may fairly be inferred from the following anecdote; for it is impossible to believe that his Majesty would countenance the prosecution of a work which finds its way to the royal library. When his Majesty was in Ireland, we well know to what an extravagant pitch arose the loyalty of the honest Hibernians—bookworms and all were seized with it. One of the latter, no very inflammable article, half by loyalty, and half by curiosity, was induced to visit the cabin of the royal vessel, and to inspect, with eagerness, every mark of the king's literature. ONE book was seen on the table, but that book was—"THE CHEVALIER FAUBLAS!"

---

EPITAPH ON A SPEND-THRIFT.

Bill Rant has paid dame Nature's debt,
The first the fellow ere paid yet;
He noted was, for art to shun
A Bailiff, Constable, or Dun.
But nature's cunning tipstaff, Death,
At last has run him out of *breath*.

---

GALLANTRY AND TENDERNESS.—A few days since, a young man, the servant of a counsellor, at Jarret, in the county of Meath, having received a gun-shot wound in his leg, a mortification was expected, and amputation recommended. The poor fellow refused, alleging, that if he survived, he should outlive the affections of his sweetheart, whom he feared would never marry him with a wooden leg—and he would rather die than live without her. This being communicated to the young woman, she declared, in the effusion of her joy and pity, that she would marry him, if he recovered, even though he should be deprived of both legs. We certainly admire the tenderness of this amiable girl, but doubt whether she could have consented to any further sacrifices.

Digitized by Google

# Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

## THE LOVER'S KISS.

*(See Plate.)*

There is a sweet and pleasing death,
A soft suspension of the breath,
Replete with tenderest bliss:
I find it in my Lucy's arms,
I taste it in her ripen'd charms,
And in her murmuring kiss.

Wild fancy riots in the thought
Of rapture with endearment fraught;
What mortal sense like this!
For you can catch my fleeting breath
To share in that delicious death,
Which hovers on your kiss.

SECUNDUS.

## THE FABLE OF THE BEES;*

OR, PRIVATE VICES, PUBLIC BENEFITS.

*By Dr. Bernard de Mandeville.*

VERY SCARCE.

*(Continued from page 335.)*

The soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got honour by't;
Tho' some that shunn'd the bloody fray,
Had limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant gen'rals fought the foe;
Others took bribes to let them go:

* We deem it necessary to inform those who are unacquainted with this book, that these quaint verses are only intended as pegs to hang notes upon; and that it is the commentary upon the text which has obtained the "Fable of the Bees" so much celebrity. We shall endeavour, when the poem is concluded, to give the essence of the notes.

Digitized by Google

Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a leg, and then an arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by
They liv'd on half their salary;
Whilst others never came in play,
And staid at home for double pay.

Their kings were serv'd, but knavishly
Cheated by their own ministry;
Many, that for their welfare slaved,
Robbing the very crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
Yet boasted of their honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strain'd their right,
The slipp'ry trick a perquisite:
And when folks understood their cant,
They chang'd that for emolument;
Unwilling to be short or plain,
In any thing concerning gain:
For there was not a bee but would
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But then he dar'd to let them know,
That pay'd for't, as your gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair play, ne'er will own
Before the losers what they've won.

But who can all their frauds repeat?
The very stuff, which in the street
They sold for dirt t' enrich the ground,
Was often by the buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing stones and mortar;
Tho' Flail had little cause to mutter,
Who sold the other salt for butter.

Justice herself, fam'd for fair dealing,
By blindness had not lost her feeling;

Digitized by Google

Her left hand, which the scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with gold;
And, tho' she seem'd impartial,
Where punishment was corporal.
Pretended to a reg'lar course,
In murther, and all crimes of force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for cheating,
Were hang'd in hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the sword she bore
Check'd but the desp'rate and the poor;
That, urg'd by meer necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched tree
For crimes, which not deserv'd that fate,
But to secure the rich and great.

Thus every part was full of vice,
Yet the whole mass a Paradise!
Flatter'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
They were th' esteem of foreigners,
And lavish of their wealth and lives,
The balance of all other hives.

Such were the blessings of that state;
Their crimes conspir'd to make them great:
And Virtue, who from Politics'
Head learn'd a thousand cunning tricks,
Has, by their happy influence,
Made friends with Vice: and ever since
The worst of all the multitude
Did something for the common good.

This was the state's-craft, that maintain'd
The whole, of which each part complain'd:
This, as in music harmony,
Made jarrings in the main agree;
Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety
Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.

*To be continued.*

Digitized by Google

pay to the Creator, and too often to the creature.

ADORERS. The first things wanting to a pretty woman, a man of letters, and a great lord.

ADULTERY. (See Marriage.) The most petty thefts are punished with severity, because they are injurious to mankind, and interfere with their interests; while adultery, which wounds honour and probity, goes unpunished.

ADVENTURER. A bold man, who knows how to take advantage of circumstances, and who sometimes brings about the circumstances themselves.

ADVERSITY. The crucible of man; by which he is either evaporated or purified.

ADVICE. A remedy for the ills of the soul and the mind; it is frequently very mortifying and repulsive to our self love.

AFFABILITY. A powerful auxiliary to wit and sentiment; a vicious habit; a cruel art, by which a courtier sacrifices his fellow-creature while smiling at him.

AFFECTATION. In language is weakens our thoughts; and detracts from the grace and beauty of our manners.

"L'ignorance vaut mieux qu'un savoir affecte."

Ignorance is preferable to affected knowledge.

AFFECTION. A disinterested feeling, less ardent than love, but more tender than friendship.

AFFRONT. It is by affronts, more than any thing else, that tyranny causes people to revolt. The violation of Lucretia, the hat of Gesler, the imposition of a degrading service, destroyed the power of the Tarquins in Rome; that of Austria, in Switzerland and Genoa. They did what the



most horrible oppression and exorbitant taxes would never have effected.

"On pardonne une offense, et non pas une affront."

We can pardon injuries, but not insults.

AGE. The only secret that women keep inviolable.

"Et je sais meme sur ce fait
"Bon nombre d'hommes qui sont femmes."

And in this respect, I know many men who are as weak as women.

AGREEABLENESS. A symmetry of which we know not the rules; a secret affinity of features with another, either in complexion or manner.

AGRICULTURE. An art, the use of which many persons do not discover until they are in want of bread.

ALCHYMY. An art without art, which first renders you a sage, next a liar, and lastly a beggar. A chaste courtezan, who invites all the world, and yields to no one.

ALLIES. An ingenuous foreigner once said to a Frenchman, "I am now dwelling with you as an *ally*, when may I come as a *friend*?"

ALMANACK. A solicitor's breviary. A memorandum, by which we know what idols we are to worship.

ALPHABET. Its characters, when united have instructed men; when divided, serve for signatures to the productions of folly and calumny.

AMATEUR. One who is neither poet, painter, or actor, but who, nevertheless, makes verses, judges of pictures, and is punctual at the sittings of the academy.

AMBASSADORS. Titled personages, which courts send to each other, with the



Digitized by Google

laudable intention, that they, act religiously as spies.

" —— Innocent, sous un titre honorable,
Qui vient, rempli d'orgueil et de desserite.
Insulter ou trahir avec impunite."

An enemy, fraught with pride and cunning, who comes under an honourable title, to insult or betray with impunity.

AMBITION. A divinity adored with the same fervour, and almost in the same terms, by heroes and highwaymen, by ministers of state and jugglers, by pickpockets and contractors, by grave-diggers and by bishops.

AMIABLE MAN. One desirous of pleasing all companies, and ready to sacrifice each individual. He loves no one, nor is loved by any; and though he please all, is frequently despised by all.

AMNESTY. An act which ought always to be prescribed by humanity, but which a false policy often spoils by humiliating stipulations. It is a crystal cup, which is worth nothing when broken.

AMUSEMENT, with a great many, is the cheating one out of his money at play; the seducing the wife of a friend; or injuring his health, by causing him to commit excesses.

ANARCHY. The state of a society when it is approaching dissolution; the cause of a thousand evils whose remedy is never sought after. Convulsions which a people must experience in arriving at despotism or liberty.

ANATHEMAS. Dreadful curses, which the ministers of religion pour forth against those who offend them, devoting them to eternal torments, when they have not the power to inflict on them temporal punishments.—(Vide Inquisition.)

ANCESTORS. Dead persons, whom proud people frequently summon from the tomb, to identify with themselves.

ANCHORET. A very holy man, who, that he may become more perfect, has retired from all commerce with human beings, for fear he should have the misfortune to do them some good.

ANECDOTES. The spirit of old age, the delight of women and children.

ANNALS. Registers of crimes, in which tyrants search for example, poets for tragedies, and minor authors for melo-dramas.

ANNIVERSARY. A ceremony of mourning or veneration, where nothing is wanted but grief and respect. An epoch which recalls the remembrance of a good action, and oftener of a great crime. It is customary to celebrate the birth-day of a rich relation, but that of his much wished death is soon forgotten.

ANONYMOUS WRITER. A man who borrows the mask of modesty, because he has not sufficient impudence, or because he has a great deal of vanity.

ANTHROPOPHAGI. Civilized people have also their anthropophagi, or man-eaters, who, though they do not actually devour them alive, yet suck their blood by degrees.

ANTI-CHAMBER. A place where servitude consoles itself by insolence, and amuses itself by malignity. It is the limbo of courtiers, and the purgatory of petitioners.

APOTHECARY. A charlatan, who mixes up drugs which he does not understand, to administer them to bodies of which he is still more ignorant.

APPEARANCE. A curtain, behind which you may do what you please, but you must be careful to draw it close.

APPLAUDING. The art of deceiving rendered legitimate, by the vanity which requires it.—(Vide Acclamation.)



Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.

Vol. 1.] OCTOBER 1, 1822. [No. 10.


"*Perdutto e tutto il tempo*
"*Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
"All time is lost
"That is not spent in love."

## LORD BYRON,

WITH AN ENGRAVED LIKENESS OF HIS LORDSHIP.

AMIDST the multitude of candidates for immortality, who are continually presenting themselves and their productions before the public, no one makes so conspicuous a figure as Lord Byron; no one has been more lauded and praised, and none have attracted such interest or obtained such a name, in so short a period of time. So much has been written on, and of him, that the subject seems almost exhausted; the name of Lord Byron having been used and abused indiscriminately by all parties. A peer of the realm by inheritance, an aristocrat by birth, endowed with wealth sufficient to support the dignity of an English nobleman, possessing talents of the first order, it is no wonder that he should create bitter enemies, when he abandons all these advantages, and upholds by his writings, principles which they deem injurious to the state establishments, and of which they consider him one of the natural defenders.



Digitized by Google

The present age is not as the past; the rapid circulation of intelligence throughout the community, the diffusion of education among the lower orders, and the general spirit of enquiry among all classes of society, cause the opinions of poets and philosophers to have an influence, not merely over the present generation, but perhaps over ages yet to come. Many circumstances concurred to raise Lord Byron to his present towering eminence, besides the merit his works possess in themselves. In the first place, he was a peer of the realm, and there was something so strange and surprising in one of noble blood giving evidence that he was possessed of sense and genius, that he was regarded as a prodigy, which men gaze at in wonder, and the like of which they never expect to behold again. There was also something so romantic and chivalrous in the commencement of his career, in the undaunted manner that he met, challenged and defied the northern band of critics, that the public could not but loudly applaud him, especially when he manifested talents that entitled him to their highest approbation. The circumstance, likewise, that caused his lordship's separation from Lady Byron, and his departure from England, becoming matter of public notoriety, have still more strongly rivetted the attention of the public to his movements, and made them seize with avidity every production of his pen. It may be said, that his fame belongs more to his personal proceedings than to his writings, and that it will remain for posterity, free from the influence of prejudice or party-feelings, to decide upon the situation prescribed for him by the present age. We would not wish to be understood, however, as calling in question the decision of our contemporaries respecting the superior claims of his lordship; we admit them, and most cordially agree in the situation they have assigned to him while living, as the greatest poet of his day. We have perused his works with as intense a pleasure as they have afforded to any of his readers, and are convinced that they will survive both the lavish applauses of his friends, and the slandering

Digitized by Google

insinuations of his enemies. Yet, if we were called upon to say by which of them he would be best known, we should not hesitate a moment in pronouncing "Don Juan," as the master-piece hitherto of his lordship's genius. There the eccentricities of his lordship's character are fully developed, and there he gives full scope to the unrepressed imaginings of his heart. Throughout the whole of his writings is a prevailing melancholy tinge, which makes him look on men with feelings too morose, and causes him to delight in depicting characters solitary and exiled from man, and breathing nought but war against their kind. As his domestic misfortunes have arisen from the influence of woman on his too susceptible heart, so his heroines shine in grace, in charms, in majesty and beauty, beyond those of any other poets. In describing women he is unrivalled; yet he does it in the true spirit of an epicure, and a libertine, whose mind is occupied with every pretty face he meets, and who can only feel pleasure in variety. He views them only as creatures ordained to contribute to the gratification of man, and affects to despise their accomplishments, only as they give a high relish to the pleasures of enjoyment. This may be attributed to his disappointments; he entered life with high expectations and fond imaginings; he had known men but through the medium of books, and he found them deceitful, avaricious, and selfish. He plucked the rose of pleasure, but perceived not till then that it was guarded with thorns; he flew into the arms of beauty; he found them too intriguing, overbearing and cunning; he saw politicians, patriots and preachers concealing their deformities under the mask of virtue, and he retired from the world in disgust, a prey to melancholy feelings, and fled from man as though from an enemy.

"Ambition was my idol, which was broken
"Before the shrines of sorrow and of pleasure;
"And the two last have left me many a token
"O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:



Digitized by Google

" Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken;
" 'Time is, time was, time's past;' a chymic treasure
" Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes,
" My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes."
DON JUAN.

And too much cause, certainly has his lordship so to decide, for, as he himself declares, *cant* is the order of the day.

It seems as though society had made a tacit compact, by which every member was allowed to indulge himself in corruption and licentiousness, provided he outwardly respects the principles he doth not practice. The patriot loves his country, and feeds on its vitals. The preacher inveighs against infidelity and heresy, and lives in contempt of God's precepts, anxious only to fleece his flock; and the prosecutor of blasphemy and obscenity lives himself in the commission of the worst of crimes. In such a case, who can not agree with the sentiments of Lord Byron?

## PRIMITIVE INNOCENCE.

Ladies, you will take this (we doubt not) for an odd kind of whim, and unfit to be ranked with more serious matters; but being brought to us by a young lady, just as the fit of anger with her dress-maker was upon her for spoiling her a new dress, by bungling it into a shape that put a deformity upon her delicately proportioned body, in making her seem hunch-backed; we could not forbear gratifying her earnest request, that it might have a place in this work, though we do not believe it will answer her expected revenge in spoiling the dress-makers' trade, or that you will follow her directions. Look upon it then as a paradox, and it will not be unpleasant in the perusal.

Woman's beauties, (says she,) and rare perfections are such, that ornaments rather cloud and shadow, than add to their native lustre. To be huddled up, and as

Digitized by Google

it were, buried in clothes, is a kind of deformity; or as if guilt or shame made lovely woman shroud herself up in covertures of obscurity. The sun seems to mourn and lose his brightness, as to our sight, when he is muffled up in clouds. Nakedness was the primitive ornament, when Reason was not depraved with long and traditional customs, nor tinctured by any prevalescent humour. What is most consonant to the law of nature, ought most to be followed. Adam and Eve, we know, were so far from being clothed, that it was the greatest mark of their liberty and uprightness; and the first brand that stigmatized them after their fall, was their making themselves aprons of fig-leaves, which implied a guilty shame upon the forfeiture of their naked and native innocence. However their garments were so few, that they skreened but a small part of their majestic comeliness from the wondering eyes of the creatures; nor, indeed, did the ages that presently succeeded, grow up into garb or fashion, but continued with a very little variation; and possibly what their progenitors did only with fig-leaves, they supplied with kid-skin, or some such thing. Our historians tell us that upon discovery of the Indies, the natives were found clad in the beauteous robes of nature and naked innocence, who living merely among themselves, and by their own peculiar customs, it is to be supposed they retained among them that which nature desired to be kept pure and unvaried, not to say that all people naturally desire to go naked: yet certainly it is a shrewd suspicion of it, that when the sun returns to this side of our horizon, they know no better way to congratulate the approach of that glorious light so near them, than by putting on thin or open garments, and cooling themselves by frequent bathings; which seems no other than a desire of nakedness. And since the tyrant, Custom, absolutely prohibits it them, they will approach it by such ways as near as they can; and it must be either an happiness or excellent duty that they strive to perform on that occasion. But in women we have seen these desires far more intense, they, having made it their delight to uncover



Digitized by Google

the parts of their chiefest beauty, as their faces, swan-white necks, soft rising breasts, ivory shoulders, and alabaster hands; so that they endeavour in part to break that restraint that hides the rest of their glory, and to set forth their delicate tresses, curled and frounced in the most curious inviting manner. And though possibly jealousy may cause all these to be hid, yet it is a violation of their wills, and the weather's coldness sometimes may oblige them to it: yet this is but providence, or possibly the company may distaste it; and that is but compliance: for what beauteous woman is there who could not wish all her garments of lawn, and so transparent, that their delicate shapes might charm the wondering spectators in love and longing desires, rather than lie hid in rich and gorgeous apparel? For if, as Plato saith, souls unwillingly depart out of our bodies, that must needs be a curious mansion which so fine a substance as the soul is, is in love with. Who then can blame the owner to delight in it?

I know it will be here objected, nothing discovers lightness so much, as to make strange eyes familiar with the knowledge of naked breasts. No serious judgment can conceit less than lightly of such exposed beauty; which that epigrammatist glanced at happily, when seeing one of these amorous girls, who had no meaning to lead apes in hell, but would rather impawn her honour than enter any vestal order, attired in a light wanton habit, with breasts displayed, and this in lent time, when a graver attire and a more confined bosom might have better become her, he wrote these lines:

> "With breasts laid out, why should I shambles tempt?
> "'Tis held unlawful to buy flesh in lent."

Dainty nipples, (said that excellent moralist to a wanton gallant,) why do ye so labour to tempt and take deluded eyes? Must not poor wormlins one day tug you? Must those enazured orbs for ever retain their beauty? Must nature in such ample measure

Digitized by Google

shew her bounty, and you recompense her love with laying snares to purchase fancy?—In short, there is nothing that impeaches civil fame more than these outward fantastic fooleries, where the eye gives way to opinion, and a conceit is conveyed to the heart by the outward nakedness. For, as by the countenance piety is impaired, so by the eyes is chastity impeached. So this is and hath been ever held for an undoubted maxim: "immodest eyes are messengers of an unguarded heart." The principal means then to preserve reputation, is to avoid all occasion of suspicion.

I own here is a morose sermon against ladies shewing their white skin; but still I assert that modest women (for I have nothing to say to the harlots) may and ought to go stark naked; for do not we give to all the virtues the habits and visages of women? and of all the virtues Truth is the best: for Truth is the mother of Justice, who, they say, comprehends them all: yet she is painted naked, and naked Truth is always in high esteem among the good and virtuous. And is it not very fit that all the sex should imitate so excellent a pattern and mistress? It may be objected, indeed, that this would produce infinite provocations and enticements to lust. But I say, no; for I dare affirm, what by painting and washing, the looseness and change of garments, what by gaudy inventions of dressings, gaiety of air, port and mien, there is much more fuel added, than if all went with no more mantles than nature thrust them into the world withal; their hair hanging loosely down, or carelesly gathered up into a fillet, and at most, perhaps, a little apron to hide the pudenda from being too much gazed at and blown upon. Those men that have been often among the naked Indians, confess, there is a less temptation in nakedness, than in the most elegant artificial adornments and embellishments. For if indeed it be considered aright, there is nothing that does so much puff up lust as the circumstances of rich apparel, curious dressings, and pleasing scents and perfumes, which screw up the apprehension, and fix the imagination upon somewhat that is great; so that by this means a

Digitized by Google

number of great persons are zealously courted to have their appetites satisfied; whereas if they were either left naked, or reduced to a vulgar garb, the temptation would vanish. How does the dressing of all nations disguise them, that they must put off their masking habit, or like watches be taken to pieces e'er they can be enjoyed? And to what other end I pray were they made, as to their worldly felicity? The customs of countries are different, and that garb is majestic at one place, which is sordid and ridiculous at another. All people have not the same conceptions of beauty; white is as hateful to an Ethiopian, as black to us. But once unclothe women, and according to their complexions they are all the same; but the conception about the harmony and measures of a body differs not. And what greater right can I do my sex than to bring women to be judged by one rule? And since every woman judges herself the fairest, she that would be backward to this arbitrament, would be diffident of herself, and consequently a renegade from her sex. The three beautiful goddesses, we find, stript themselves on mount Ida, when they came to Paris to pass his judgment upon them which was the fairest. And Corinines tells us of a princess, who permitted the ambassadors who came to demand her in marriage, to see her only in a lawn chemise, that they might give a better report of her beauty, telling them she would even put off that too, if they were not satisfied. For as there is an inextinguishable jealousy and emulation among some women, so there is an unmeasureable pride; and pride which arises from confidence, will not decline judgment. And what better way than these rules which the voices of all conclude on? For a woman may paint a blue or yellow cheek as well as a red one; but the sweet composure and measure of her body, her limbs, and comely shape, cannot alter. And how imperfect are they to be seen through clothes, which may hide and falsify many things, which in a veracious nakedness may be truly discerned? Men have cast two great blemishes on our sex; first, uncertainty and change of judgment; and secondly, inconstancy in clothes and

Digitized by Google

carriage; and how can either be better removed than if the fair ones were reduced into such a posture as they should all necessarily agree in, and that they had not liberty to change? And I pray, what other way is there, unless they be brought to be all naked? But then they may complain, take away their arts and their ornaments, and they shall want of their complacency and provocations to their husbands. But notwithstanding, they have liberty enough left them: they may dye, or pounce, or figure their skins, after the manner of the ancient Britons. In a word, since the sun, the moon, and all the glorious battalia of heaven, appear as nature made them, and every thing but men and women are contented with what nature allotted them: why should woman, who is the masterpiece of nature, hide her beauty, out of mere humour and fancy to enrich taylors, weavers, and sempstresses, who, if the naked fashion was followed, might hang themselves?

## LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN TOWN, TO AN ACQUAINTANCE IN THE COUNTRY, ON THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

Dear Coz.—When you left town, you told me to give you a relation of the wonderful things that might happen in your absence, and be sure not to forget all the tales which we women like so much to tell of one another. The whole talk is now about the Marriage Act, and has served much to enliven this dull season of the year. For since the affair of the Bishop, as the saucy impudent men call it, (I wonder what they mean by it,) we girls have been laughed at every where, as it is said, that a law is about to be made for Bishopping to be general, which the fellows say will do away with all the women, except for the purposes of breeding, and that we are all to form a colony by ourselves, as it was in old times, and never to see the face of a man but once a year. I was in father's library the other day, when he was gone into the city,

Digitized by Google

and I took up a book which he had been reading, and which turned out to be about, the "Wars of the Amazons." These Amazons, my dear Coz, you must know, were a nation of women, that had lived near the kingdom of *Prester John*, and had no men among them having queens, prime ministers, chancellors, judges, counsellors, members of parliament, soldiers, bishops and parsons, like it is now, only that all were women. And they did not stand upon nice matters, for they had regiments of calvary,* where they rode astride, from which time the account says, the women have always been fond of riding. And the history says more, (for do you know, I took the book into my chamber, and read it all through that night,) for it gives a long account of the wars between queen Thalestris and Alexander, and of the stratagems they used, and the hard battles they fought, and what I think the most curious is, that when the women happened to make a slip, in struggling, they were always sure to be undermost, the natural consequences of which you may guess. But the brave women were not conquerors then, for Alexander died, and queen Thalestris went back with her troops, many of whom had got the dropsy in these unwholesome climates. So they were at peace for two or three years, till the men, in a neighbouring kingdom, having given some offence, the women again took to arms, and prepared to meet the enemy. Both ranks were drawn up in silence, waiting for the word of battle. The sight of the lovely women riding with their breasts uncovered, their hair flying about, inflamed the passion of the men, who stood with their pistols cocked, and their long arrows ready to make a general discharge. This, when some of the male officers saw, who had some pity in their hearts and wished to spare the effusion of blood that might take place, they rode over to our side and proposed a truce, inviting some of our officers to their camp for which they would give hostages, in order to draw up a

* We suspect that the fair writer means cavalry.

Digitized by Google

general treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. Now comes the treachery of the men, which they have ever since retained, as well as us poor women in bondage. For this was all a deep scheme. The truce was agree on to last for nine months, and coming to no settlement, at the end of that time, the women found themselves laid up in the straw, both officers and privates, and unable to make any resistance, and so fell an easy prey to the men. So that if the law, I was telling you of, comes to pass, we women shall do as the Amazons did of old, and recover our lawful rights.

But this is nothing about the Marriage Act, only I thought you would like to hear, as I did to read, all about that wonderful nation of women, and I shall perhaps tell you more of them in my next letter. The whole talk, as I said before, is about the new Act, and my mother says, that if ever I marry, my name and that of my husband, must be stuck lovingly together on the church door for three weeks, to be laughed at by every body. I am sure of one thing, however, that I shall never get married this way, and whoever has me, must take me away to Gretna Green, or some other place where we can do the thing privately. All the girls are agog about this matrimony act, and they say, that it is only to prevent their getting husbands, and that they would tear his eyes out that made it, if they could get at him. I can't think why they make such a fuss about these husbands, but I overheard my mother say to my father, that many girls would die of the green sickness, as marriage used to be a cure for such diseases. And a young impudent fellow asked me, if I would not rather jump over the broomstick, and take the word of a man, than be made the jeer of every blackguard in the town. But some say, that it is a good act, and is made to promote truth. For marriage before a priest was only invented, say they, when men and women could not take each other's word, and this act is to restore this good old practice. And I think myself it is almost as well, for as Heloise writes to Abelard

Digitized by Google

**Love, free as air, at sight of human ties**
**Spreads his light wings and into ether flies.**

and when a woman knows she must leave when love flies out at the window, she will be more desirous of pleasing him and securing his affections. Others again say, that this act is to prevent bastardy, which some deny, and say, it is to cause bastardy, and that a parson is at the bottom of it all, and that none but rich men will have the privilege of getting children, as there are too many people already in the world, and if we go on as we have done, there will be nothing for some folks to eat, which is partly the case now. So what with one, and what with another it is really quite perplexing. But what won't ingenuity do, for the other day, at Whitechapel, a young woman suggested that the names be stuck behind the door, and as the act did not say which side they were to be put, they had as much right to be on one as the other. And so the women have got over this dreadful exposure. And if the poor must not now marry with the rich, my father says the rich will become all fools for it is only by crossings that they keep up the breed, which is the reason that kings in general (legitimate kings I mean) are such stupid fools; excepting always our own gracious sovereign And this is proved, says he, from the fact of the affairs of government being all managed by adventurers and beggars, the Jenkinsons, the Scotts, the Cannings, the Stewarts, the Leach's, and some score or two of others. So the rich will become quite *imbecile*, and soon fall an easy prey to the poor. And this is further confirmed by the fact, that the breeds of dogs, horses, and all other animals degenerate, when not crossed by other breeds, and so will the breed of the rich.

But what is the most aggravating upon this occasion is, when our virtuous ladies had erected a man in Hyde Park, as a model of what we expect, from those whose motto is "England expects every man to do his duty," and when they had all determined to stand or fall by it, poor Achilles should at once be maimed of

Digitized by Google

his distinguishing attribute, and rendered incapable of shedding any more blood; and this odious Marriage Act, passed to prevent the legal gratification of our favourite propensities. For my part, I have gazed on it with silent rapture, and hugged my pillow to my breast in the night when thinking of this amiable hero, no less noted for his exploits in love than in war; and no doubt but it is a duty of our brave defenders, to endeavour to supply the place of the slaughtered people during the wars, and thereby add to the glory of their arms. And I cannot but think, that the world is about to return to its state of original innocence, and do away with all marriage ceremonies, for his M—y, as the fountain of honour, and the head of the Church, was once very anxious to wear the horns, and has long been known to have a *penchant* or a sort of love for some other men's wives, thereby setting a gracious example to his loyal and obedient subjects. And it is well known, that the king can do no wrong, being as he is the vicegerent of heaven, and the legitimate of earth. In some countries, indeed, the men are very much offended if strangers refuse to have intercourse with their wives; so we see matrimony is but a fashion after all, and no doubt but that women love variety as well as men; and many great philosophers besides me have said the same; and one of our great poets even said,

> Blest be the bastard's lot, through thousand ways
> He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze.

And we know well, that natural sons possess most genius, which makes me think, that the Act ought to be called 'an Act, for the encouragement of natural genius.' Rome was built by two bastards. William the Conqueror was the same, and many others: and so is one at least of our ministers at present: so that I think there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

This is a long letter but I have a great deal more to say, about the Achilles, or ladies' man, in Hyde Park, which has been so dreadfully mutilated of its noblest



Digitized by Google

parts. The ladies have done their duty in giving a model of what man should be, and the men should now do theirs in freeing us from this abominable Marriage Act. Expecting to hear from you soon,

I am your's, dear Coz.

FANNY B.

---

# Fashionable Gallantry.

## EXETER.—CRIM. CON.

### SEALEY v. MOORE.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover damages for the seduction of his wife. The damages were laid at £5,000. Captain Sealey was of the Bombay Artillery, and married the subject of the present action, Miss Mary Price, in 1812, a young lady of great beauty, and of mind and accomplishments sufficient to win and retain the affections of any man. As usual, they were very happy, and she bore him three daughters. Various letters were read from Mrs. Sealey to her husband, while he was on an expedition to the Persian Gulf, as proof of her affections. In 1819, the health of Mrs. Sealey and her daughters became so much impaired, that she embarked for England, in a ship commanded by the defendant. The voyage was rather long, and during their passage, Mrs. Sealey was delivered of a daughter. Unfortunately, said the counsel for the plaintiff, they could not shew by what train of artifices he had succeeded in estranging her affections; but sailors were inflammable matter, and easily ignited at the touch of a woman. From several witnesses, it appeared that she had lived in terms of intimacy, after the voyage, with the defendant, and had taken lodgings in different places, living both in the same houses, and having access to each other in the night time. On the part of the defendant, it was contended, that the fact of sending so young a wife such a long voyage without a protector, did not entitle the plaintiff to heavy damages—Verdict £1000.

Digitized by Google

## LIMERICK ASSIZES.

### ABDUCTION OF MISS GOOLD.

Daniel Dooly, John Cussen, and five other Irishmen, were indicted as the principal co-operators in the abduction of the prosecutrix. Miss Goold, who is a young lady of delicate figure, was dressed in mourning, and appeared about sixteen years of age. She stated, that she lived with her brother on the 4th of March last, when a party of men broke open the house, and entered her bed-room in the night time. They enquired if she was the eldest sister, she said no. They then went out, and in a few minutes returned, and declared she was the elder, and made her get up and dress herself. They then put her on horseback with a man named Browne, and she was taken to the house of Browne's father. From thence they proceeded to Freemount, and then to a public-house, which belonged to one of the prisoners, Leahy. He told her not to cry, for that she ought be thankful that it was no blackguard that had taken her away, but a gentleman, and a man of education. She went into a room where Mrs. Leahy was, and asked leave to sleep with her. The whole party followed her, and had breakfast together, and after that they all went out, leaving her and Browne alone; he brought his chair close to hers, she rose and ran towards the door; he then proceeded to pull off her clothes, when she screamed out 'help,' and, 'save me.' He then wanted her to go to bed, and threatened to expose her to the outside party, and then * * * * * * *

(Here Miss Goold communicated something to the Bench of a delicate nature. It completely established the completion of the outrage by Browne.) She was kept by these men till the 24th of March, every night of which Browne slept with her. The whole of the time she was kept against her will. She was forced also to sign a paper, stating, that she voluntarily resided with Browne, but in court she declared that she did that act through fear.

It appeared that Browne has since fled. The participation of the defendants was fully established by several witnesses, and the jury found them all *Guilty*.

---

## ABDUCTION.

Charles M'Carthy, and Patrick and John Sullivan, stood charged with the abduction of Mary Farrell, with intent that one Daniel M'Carthy should marry or defile her.

? P ?

Digitized by Google

Mary Farrell proved the abduction to have taken place on the 24th of March, at her father's house. They knocked at the door about two o'clock in the morning, when it was opened, and they rushed to her bed-room, and dragged her down by the hair of her head. She was placed on a horse, behind Daniel M'Carthy, who attempted to take liberties with her, but she told him to stop till night, and he desisted. He soon after fell asleep, and she made her escape. Her evidence was confirmed by her brother and father, and the prisoners were found guilty, and ordered for execution.

## NORWICH.—RAPE.

John Parker, *alias* Atmore, a married man, with three children, was convicted of a rape on Susan Ripper, a little girl about fifteen years old, living at Wilby. The judge, Best, on passing sentence of death, thus addressed the wretched prisoner. "You pretend to be a religious man, and ought to have recollected, that your offence was equally heinous in the sight of that God whom you profess to serve, as it was in the eye of the laws of your country; but I am afraid you belong to one of those sects, by whom the fashionable doctrine of a mere show of religion is inculcated, while the duties it enjoins are totally neglected; and should you have been a dupe to these most detestable doctrines, I trust it will be a warning to others, and that they will be induced to study that book, from which they pretend to preach."

(To what sect did his lordship belong in 1802, when Colonel Despard was tried.)

## YORK ASSIZES.—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

FRANCE *v.* POWELL.

The plaintiff was a servant girl, formerly living with a stable keeper in London, and the defendant had been stable boy there, but had since succeeded to some property in Derbyshire, and become master innkeeper, and married another lady.—Damages £100.

## NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—SLANDER.

BELL *v.* HILL.

This case lay in a nutshell. The defendant is a young lady, residing in North Shields, and was courted by a Mr. Wm. Sis-

Digitized by Google

sisson. He was on the point of marrying her, when he received two letters from the defendant, a pious methodist parson, which were couched in terms the most ambigious, containing imputations the most infamous.

The trial was nonsuited, on the ground, that the letters only conveyed insinuations, without decisively affecting her character.

---

## LANCASTER ASSIZES.—CAUTION TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

Martha Milns, aged 31, stood indicted, for maliciously cutting and maiming her husband, with intent to murder him.

George Milns, the husband, stated—I have been married to the prisoner 15 years, and she has had eight children; there had been no quarrel between us for several days before; she thought that I had been with another woman nine or ten days before; she charged me with it; I came home in the afternoon of the 14th of June; I wanted supper, she said there was no water, I went for water to make tea; she made none, so I went to bed. The bed had not been made, so I made it myself. She was not in liquor; she had a glass of rum-and-water. She had not been in the habit of getting liquor since she had been married, until she had her last child, in April; she has drank since; I awoke about three o'clock, with a violent pain, which struck to my heart; she stood at the bed, with a razor in her hand; I said, "Oh, dear! what hast thou been doing now?—thou hast killed me!—thou hast killed me!" I turned the clothes down, and found that a part of my ——— was cut off. (Here witness described the nature of the wound, which we must omit.) Much blood issued from the wound; I did not observe whether there was blood on the razor; she had gone down stairs; I got up, and went to the surgeon in my shirt; my wife was in the street, with the youngest child in her arms; when I came back, I went to bed, and was afterwards in the infirmary at Manchester. I thought she was not in her right mind; I believe she has not been in her right mind since her last child.

Robert Chadwick stated, that when he took her into custody, she said, "I have done it!—I have done it!" She pointed out the garden into which she had thrown what she had cut off.

The surgeon said the wound was a dangerous one. She repeatedly cried, "It was not me; he came home in that state."



Digitized by Google

Her delaration before the magistrate was proved, and read. It charged acts of the most barbarous cruelty on the part of the husband.

Her husband was called, and denied the facts stated.

The prisoner said she had never been well since her last child, and did not know what she had done. She hoped they would forgive her this time, for the sake of her dear little infant. She wept most bitterly, and while his lordship was summing up, she dropped off the place where she stood, apparently in a swoon.

Verdict, *guilty*—but *insane*.

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

THOMAS SEYMOUR *v.* LUCY GARTSIDE.

The parties in this case were both respectable. The plaintiff had fought his way to a lieutenancy, and was thirty years old. The defendant was a widow, handsome, accomplished, rich, and twenty-eight—in the very hey-day of her blood. They became acquainted in the end of last year, and the promise was given in last April. Such intimacies might appear strange to the jury, but they were very common at Bath. Mr. Seymour's father had died, and his mother had married again to a spirit-dealer, who, he admitted, likewise kept a house, well known by the sign of "The Bunch of Grapes." These grapes were sour grapes to the plaintiff; they caused Mrs. Gartside to change her affections. Such a defence was most unholy, for there was nothing dishonourable in that traffic. The defendant had talked of taking a new house, mentioned where she would choose to be married, engaged a lady to attend her to church, chatted, gossipped, arranged, and, in short, had gone through the whole course of fidgetting ceremony, in which ladies so much delight upon these occasions. The jury should now look at his wounded feelings, and imagine him walking about the streets of Bath, a mark for the finger of scorn, and of the whisper of malice; pointed at, and ridiculed by all as a rejected lover.

The master of the ceremonies proved that Mr. Seymour was a gentleman.

Sarah Slark, a witness, proved several conversations, which she had with the defendant, on the subject of marriage.

On her cross-examination, the following curious dialogue took place:—

Digitized by Google

Have you seen Mr. Seymour lately?—I have seen him to-day.

Is he in court to day?—No, he is not.

How do you know?—Because he told me he could not come.

Is he ill?—Not that I know of; he did not complain when I saw him.

Did he look very dejected?—No; he looked very well.

Did you ever, Mrs. Slark, see a broken-hearted, desponding lover?—Not that I recollect.

Did Mr. Seymour look like a man whose heart was withering under disappointed hope?—I am not enough acquainted with men's hearts to answer that question.

Did he seem "all crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love?"—He did not seem cross at all, that I saw.

In the defence, Mr. Serjeant Pell was very satirical. The plaintiff's case was an amusing one, and had lost none of its *gout* from the testimony of the witnesses. First came the master of the ceremonies from the "lower rooms" at Bath, all air and lightness, dancing even in his discourse, pirouetting at every period—a man who might, lover-like, bestride the gossamer, or trip with spirits, at midnight, over the grass, yet leave no foot-mark on the dew at morning. And next came on, in solemn pomp and slow, of metal heavier, and with step more staid, Mrs. Hark, once mistress of the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly, but now dwelling at Bath, a portly, thriving, lusty widow. Mrs. Slark, it appeared, had met Mr. Seymour and Mrs. Gartside, walking in the streets of Bath—and, without more ado, asked the former if he had made her any offer of marriage. In fact, it was Mrs. Slark that was the chief manager in this affair, and was queen of the notables throughout the transaction. Mr. Seymour was stated to have obtained his promotion in the services by desperate enterprises, and he did not, on retirement, seem to have abandoned his professional habits, for he proposed to carry Mrs. Gartside, not by a seige, but by a *coup de main*. The plaintiff had not been put to a farthing expence, and therefore was not entitled to large damages. Verdict—*Forty Shillings*.

---

## COUNTY OF DOWN ASSIZES.—SEDUCTION.

THOMAS DALY *v.* GEORGE HENRY SERRATT.

The defendant is a lieutenant in the navy, the plaintiff a linen dealer, and resides in Killough. He has three boys, and three

Digitized by Google

girls, and the witness produced was the oldest of his daughters, and is seventeen years of age. On his return from England in March last, he learned that the ruin of his daughter had been accomplished by the defendant. His frequently passing her father's house attracted her attention, and she was, after some time, induced to walk out with him. Upon the 23d of March last, he got her into his house, when there was no other person present, he gave her punch, which he had prepared himself, and afterwards some lozenges, similarly prepared, which produced trembling and shivering, and threw her into a state of stupefaction. The counsel for the plaintiff remarked, that he was sorry so to say, but that no doubt some deleterious mixture had been put in the punch and lozenges. When he had reduced her to this state, he forced her up stairs, under the pretence that she should have a chamber to herself, but remained with her, and effected his purpose, sleeping with her all night.

This was confirmed by her own evidence, and the jury gave a verdict of *One Hundred Pounds* damages, and costs.

---

## CLOGHERISM.

The proselytes and followers of this new system in England daily gain ground and confidence under the sanction of its venerable founder—a holy father of the church. Since our last, several of its members have been prosecuted and imprisoned, and are now awaiting their trials in the ensuing spring. Our magistrates reflect not—that to persecute and imprison any body of men, is the sure way to spread and confirm their opinions the more. To Grantham gaol, in Lincolnshire, four *gentlemen* have been committed, charged with this offence, on the evidence of a youth about sixteen years of age, who has been in keeping by a valet of the Duke of Newcastle, and let out by him to gentlemen, for a reasonable remuneration!! Such is the depravity of the higher orders! such their demoralizing tendency! such their blasphemy against the God of Nature! It is a vice that belongs only to the higher orders, and, no doubt, is practised but among the legitimate rulers of the earth, and those whom God has appointed to receive the Holy Ghost and to preach the glad-tidings of great joy.

> "But in these vicious days, great Nature's laws
> "Are spurned; eternal Virtue, which nor time

Digitized by Google

" Nor place can change, nor custom, changing all,
" Is mock'd to scorn, and lewd Abuse, instead,
" Daughter of night, her shameless revels holds
" O'er half the globe, while the chaste face of day
" Eclipses at her rites."

# Miscellanies.

## PORTRAITS OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

### No. I.—C——tt.

C——tt is a character, the like of whom, for the good of mankind, seldom appear on the surface of the habitable globe. Like the bonassus, he is the only one of his species ever discovered, and it is a doubt with thinking men whether there be any more of his kind in the world. Like the bonassus too, he possesses a great deal of brute strength, which is well enough when looked at in a cage, but which is dangerous when let loose upon mankind. He delights in nothing so much as to live in hot water, which, being his native element, he freely throws upon his opponents, careless of any injury that may befal them. He is the most selfish being that ever lived, and he would move the globe, like a second Archimedes, if he had the power, and it would afford him a moment's gratification. He is incapable of friendship, for his friends he would make subservient to his wills and pleasures; for, like a pick-pocket in a mob, he considers what they have as belonging to him. He is mercenary to a proverb, and would lick the devil's cloven feet for a single guinea. Mammon is the god of his idolatry, and a part of his morality is, not to pay his debts till his own wants are gratified. For his love of wealth, he would outrage all friendships, ridicule the nearest acquaintance, cheat his poorest neighbours, and then turn round and bid us thank him for his forbearance. He is the very god of impudence and assurance, and the good nature of men makes them give credence to his monstrous assertions, making them pause before they decide upon his character, scarcely believing that such audacity could exist. He has been on all sides of the political world; ever the

Digitized by Google

same while Ultra-Royalist, Buonapartist, Whig, or Radical. He is a mad bull, bellowing in the impotence of his anger; face him, and, like the devil, he will flee from you. He boasts of his courage, yet runs on the first appearance of danger. On his fate, kings and parliaments consult, for he thinks himself a great ogre, that can swallow all his opponents at once, making no boggle at trifles. Yet he is never found in the front ranks, but is always urging some poor creature forward in the thickest of the battle, to stand the brunt of his adversaries. In prosperity, he is the haughtiest tyrant in the world; in adversity, the most abject of slaves; witness his begging for pence for his trip to Coventry. His love for freedom is a hollow pretension; and it is more than suspected that he is not inaccessible to bribes. He ridicules those qualities he himself does not possess, and what is gospel with him one day is heresy the next. His *Register* he boasts to be a universal panacea for all disorders of the constitution, and like all quacks, his medicines are sold in small quantities, for a deal of money. He is at one time philosophising among his turnips in the country, then giving lessons in the pure English Grammar, as exemplified at Billingsgate; but amidst all his qualities, his avarice, like oil among other liquors, is continually floating uppermost. He despises the mob, while he pretends to advocate their rights; he insults the monarchy, while he says he is repelling its adversaries. His religion sits lightly on his conscience, and his conscience is so elastic, that it will stretch or compress just as conveniency dictates. He is grown hoary in the practice of his iniquity; he has no friends to console him in the decline of his life; and his only employment is to spit out his venom upon the passers-by. With more honesty, less audacity, and something like consistency, he might have been quoted as an example, held up as a model, and been regarded as an ornament of his country. But he is now irreclaimable, nor will the talents which he possesses ever redeem his name from the just obloquy attached to it.

---

## THE PURITANS.

The items we have here given, will we think account, in some measure, for the loyalty and patriotism of our canting Puritans.

Digitized by Google

We have a long arrear against these religions humbugs, we have a vast mass of iniquity to oppose in the deeds of these gospel-mongers. Here is an annual sum exceeding £341,000 drawn from the pockets of the deluded, by pious knaves who think it is a godly cheat thus to persuade souls to be saved. Yet this sum is scarcely a tithe of what the dissenting ministers of grace exact. In impudence and robbery, hypocrisy and knavery, the church compared to them, is a model of spotless purity.

Well may they preach up passive obedience and non-resistance, for they live and fatten by corruption. They retain the abominable vices of the puritans of Cromwell's days, without that sturdy honesty, which enabled them to bring Charles to the block. Look at the Bible Society, with their £100,000 per annum, and then say, is it for nought that they preach up these things? We have a charge of monopoly and extortion, which at the proper time we can substantiate against this unwieldy monster. Another £11,000 per annum, for converting the Jews!! Have eleven Jews been converted per annum, since they began, and if they had, would they be any better, gentle reader? And for what are they all; for preaching English Christianity to the Blacks, whom we enslave; to the Irish, whom we murder and starve; to give tracts to him that wants bread, and to propagate Geneva gin and Gospel all over the world.

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The Devil is sure to build a chapel there,
> And 'twill be found, upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

RECEIPTS OF CHARITIES IN 1821:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| British and Foreign Bible Society - - | 103,802 | 17 | 1 |
| Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge - | 53,729 | 9 | 3 |
| Church Missionary Society - - - | 82,975 | 9 | 7 |
| London ditto - - - - - | 29,437 | 13 | 4 |
| Wesleyan ditto - - - - - | 26,683 | 5 | 5 |
| Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts - - - - - - | 19,513 | 11 | 0 |
| Baptist Missionary Society (about) - - | 12,000 | 0 | 0 |
| General Baptist do. (about) - - - | 1,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Moravian Missionary Society - - - | 7,192 | 18 | 5 |

Digitized by Google

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Society for Conversion of Jews | 10,689 | 13 | 9 |
| Naval and Military Bible Society | 2,040 | 4 | 2 |
| Religious Tract Society | 9,961 | 3 | 0 |
| Prayer-Book and Homily Society | 2,056 | 15 | 8 |
| Hibernian Society | 5,372 | 5 | 6 |
| Church of England Tract Society | 514 | 11 | 10 |
| Society for Relief of poor pious Clergymen | 2,219 | 0 | 5 |
| Continental Society | 1,074 | 12 | 6 |
| London Female Penitentiary | 4,075 | 19 | 0 |
| African Institution | 1,124 | 0 | 0 |
| Sunday School Society for Ireland | 3,193 | 6 | 6 |
| Hibernian Bible Society | 5,679 | 11 | 10 |
| British and Foreign School Society (about) | 1,600 | 0 | 0 |
| Irish Religious Book and Tract Society | 2,913 | 0 | 0 |
| Sunday School Union ditto | 1,762 | 4 | 5 |
| | £341,141 | 12 | 8 |

## THE CHURCH IN DANGER; OR, THE ROT AMONG THE CLERGY.

To that part of our readers, who are members of the Establishment, we must once for all make this explanation, that we do not wish to degrade in the least, the church, but that our object is to promote its real dignity. We are members ourselves, we admire its doctrines, and we wish well to its prosperity. Yet the contempt to which it has been brought, is to be attributed to the profligacy and debauchery of its teachers. Pimps for spiritual and carnal love, pointing to heaven with one hand, and to hell with the other, undoing one day what they said the day before, they are now become the scoff, and the scorn of every infidel and atheist in these shameless days of degeneracy. Indeed, some say, that they are but panders to the whore of Babylon, that sitteth upon seven hills, and filleth the earth with her abominations; and though I admit that our glorious church has sprung from a monstrous union, and is but a bastard of that same whore, and even now licketh her chops and wisheth to return to her vomit, yet it is a protestant one, it must must needs be the only true church, out of the pale of which you must expect eternal

Digitized by Google

damnation. Indeed when we reflect on the riches and enormous wealth of our righteous fathers, we cannot doubt a moment but that these riches have been given by some enemy of the church, who wished to behold its degradation,

> For Satan now is wiser than of yore,
> And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
>
> POPE.

And when we see pride, avarice, haughtiness, envy, hatred and all uncharitableness; sodomy, beastiality, cheating, lying, perjury, murder, fornication, and seduction practiced daily among them, who can doubt the truth but that riches are the gifts of the devil to debauch the church. For riches produce laziness, corruption, and a thousand other vices, which industry prevents other men from thinking of. This reminds us of an anecdote of Dean Swift, who was walking with another clergyman near a church, and both were boasting of the celerity with which they could read the service. The Dean laid a wager that he would go into the church, open his book at the Lord's prayer, which he would read through and get to 'ever and ever, amen!' before the other could get to 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' No sooner said than done, away they both started, and it is needless to say, that the Dean won his wager. Bishop Atterbury once said, and he knew the clergy well, that we should treat the laity as honest men, till we found them rogues, and the clergy as rogues till we found them honest. And another great man said, the priests were all of them either hypocrites or knaves, pretending to be honest and were not so. Thus having clearly shown that money is the root of all evil, and the source of the profligacy of the clergy, we may say, that if they were reduced to the state of the apostles of Jesus, without purse or scrip, they would be more holy and more esteemed. For no one can doubt but that as land in heaven is of more value than those paltry bits of *terra firma* they possess here, so the clergy will rejoice when the former, as their birthright, is ceded to them, and we take possession of our own again. For they have a dwelling eternal in the heavens, a tabernacle not made with hands. Let some kind friend of the church alienate their temporalities, take away the temptation of evil from them, and though thousands of our clergy may become as wandering stars, trees torn up by the roots, yet they will find great consolation in the gospel, and in the thoughts of a blessed inheritance



Digitized by Google

hereafter. For tribulation and anguish are given unto those that love him, and they are to be despised of all men, which is in a great measure fulfilled already. We could multiply instances without number of the abominations of the sons of mother church, and in some future number shall collect them together for the edification of the ungodly. From the depravity of the church, like weeds from a rich dunghill, have arisen sects and schisms without end. Quakers, Shakers, Rakers, Canters, Ranters, Mumpers, Jumpers, Dunkers, New-Jerusalemites and Old-Jerusalemites, Wesleyans, Southcottians, Muggletonians, Sandemanians, Antinomians, stretching and retching the scriptures to their own purposes for base lucre; blaspheming God and blackguarding the king, leading souls into endless perdition and damnation through their heresies, and sowing division and distrust throughout the land, multiplying the altars of Moloch and of Baal, and making this the burden of their song:

> Do put some money in the plate,
> Or I, your preacher, cannot eat.

And from the filth of the church has arisen missionaries, tracts, societies without end, preaching English Christianity in Ireland, and threatening to make the whole world as bad as themselves; so that all the evil which is in the world has arisen from the church, which should be the source of all that is good, which, in one sense, is very natural.

> He preached against sin,
> With a terrible grin,
> In which some may think that he acted but odly,
> Since he lived by the wicked and not by the godly.

This, the philosophers say, is the age of experiment, and we could be no worse off if an experiment were tried for a time, if we could not do without a church, for the Lord will own his sheep at the last day.

## Theatricals.

Since our last, few occurrences of any note have taken place in the theatrical world. Drury Lane theatre still gives note of preparation, and the town is threatened with a vigorous campaign in

Digitized by Google

the ensuing season. The hints we threw out, last month, respecting the high prices, have had good effect, and we must again bring them before the notice of the public. During the war, when every necessary and luxury of life was at a high rate; when there was a greater circulation of money than at present; and when trade and commerce could not complain of the depressions to which they are now liable, seven shillings admittance to the boxes, and three shillings and sixpence to the pit, could not be complained of. But money has now become twice as valuable, the prices of necessaries have become what they were before the war, and why should not the theatres conform to the general circumstances of the time. To this may be attributed, in a great measure, we think, the difficulties under which they have laboured; the high prices deterring many from going to these places of rational amusement, when inclined for an evening's recreation. And, in our large houses, who can doubt but that at five shillings the boxes, and the other parts in proportion, their average receipts would be greater, at the end of the season, than at the present prices? They would also affect, materially, the minor houses, which now attract a great portion of the theatrical public; for we can by no means join in the cry of many of our cotemporaries, that the taste of the public is vitiated in respect to dramatic amusements. We are true lovers of the drama, for we conceive it to be the most effectual barrier against the cant and hypocrisy of the age, and view it as the only place where men can throw off the shackles of society, and exhibit themselves in their native humours, reckless of the ills and evil destinies that await them. We therefore say, let the cry be "OLD PRICES;" let the triumphant "O.P." remind the managers that the public are not to be imposed upon; and, that their interests, and those of all connected with the theatres, are best secured by timely meeting the public wish, and which the general exigencies of the times, and the reduction of the actor's salaries, so loudly demand.

---

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new comic opera has been produced at this theatre, since our last, entitled "Morning, Noon, and Night; or, The Romance of



Digitized by Google

a Day:" and is one of those pieces which seldom survive the summer, having their "little day, and then are seen no more." It is produced by that indefatigable playwright, Mr. T. Dibdin, and is very fertile in incidents. The EARL OF AVADAVAT, (Tayleure) and SIR SIMON SAVEALL, (Williams) on parting, early in life, the former to proceed to India to repair his fortune, agree, that if the former succeeds, his eldest son, LORD SCRIBBLETON, (Liston) shall marry LYDIA, Sir Simon's daughter; and the play commences at the period they are about to be united. Lord S., who has written two romances, "The Deluded Wife," and "Deserted Children," and is a great traveller in search of incidents for his future productions, determines to visit them secretly, as being more romantic. SIR SIMON is informed of his coming, and prepares his mansion to do honour to his guest. His lordship, however, is detained upon the road, under suspicion of being a highwayman; and, in the mean time, a CAPTAIN SANGUINE, (Johnson) who is hastening to a sea-port to meet his wife and children, knocks at SIR SIMON'S mansion, and is received and treated as LORD S., and when he speaks of his wife and children, is supposed to allude to his romances. LORD S. is brought in during this, and confined in SIR SIMON'S cellar, to undergo examination. MRS. SANGUINE, (Mrs. Johnson) with her children, is shipwrecked on the coast, and is rescued from the ferocious villains who infest it, by SHARK, a notorious old smuggler; and who thus makes atonement for his former bad conduct. MRS. SANGUINE is conducted to SIR SIMON'S, where she finds her husband, and where the EARL OF AVADAVAT recognises his son in the highwayman, and all parties join in the merriment occasioned by his self-embarrassment.

Such are the materials of this piece, original and excellent in themselves, but which betray nothing that developes any great genius, but exhibit rather the marks of one accustomed to such doings, and who follows in the old-beaten track of the age. It has been said, that the present generations of men exhibit no longer any of those peculiar and eccentric characters, which it is the province of comedy to represent, and which so distinguish the productions of our immortal Shakespeare. True it is that the refinement of the times has penetrated into every class of society, but still those very refinements will produce eccentric and re-

Digitized by Google

markable men, which he, who can "catch the manners living as they rise," will never fail to represent. It is an excuse which mediocre genius has invented to conceal its own deficiencies. Man is the same every where, and those dramatists who expect to see, as in a mirror, the various shades of the human heart, its foibles, its excellencies, and its affections, amidst the crowded court, and encircled by what is called "high life," will find themselves woefully deceived, and that they will survive the duration of their own fame. Puns, and unmeaning play upon words, are the chief features in our modern productions, and characterise the play under our review. Mr. Dibdin possesses not that masculine mind, which is the chief requisite for a comic writer, and we must be content with his manufactures, and others of the same stamp, until some heaven-born genius shall arise, and sweeping stars and suns aside, show the present race how little they appear when contrasted with real worth.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A very lively farce, entitled "Gretna Green," has been produced at this house, and promises to be very attractive; for, since the passing of the new marriage act, the views of our spirited young ladies have been particularly directed to this port of matrimony, where they can throw off their spinster state without being the gibe and jest of every low-lived fellow. A young couple arrive at the hardy son of Vulcan's habitation, but they are anticipated by the ward of the young lady, who has bargained with the worthy priest to betray them to him before the fatal knot is tied. A footman and a chamber-maid, that have deceived each other as to being of high rank, arrive next, and exchange clothes with the first couple, in whose service they have been, and are palmed upon the old gentleman as his daughter and her intended, while the real objects of his care are uninterruptedly united, in the dresses of the footman and chamber-maid. The old gentleman soon finds his mistake, which is the source of much pleasant equivoque. This piece has been received with great applause and laughter, and does credit to the author, as the best that has been produced for a long time. Another, entitled "The Fair Gabrielle," has also been successful, and is founded on one of the love adventures of Henri Quatre of France. This house has had a very brilliant season.



Digitized by Google

# Literature.

## WIELAND'S AGATHON.

The book, the name of which stands at the head of this article, is one which every person is not calculated to enjoy. It assimilates with one order of minds only—with those who to a love of refined pleasure, unite the habit of reflecting on the passions and operations of their minds. The tale is finely conceived, and exquisitely told; but the characters are, Plato—Hippias—Danæ—Psyche—Philosophy—Impiety—Love—Chastity, personified. The hero, Agathon, breathing his first aspirations amidst the shades of a consecrated grove, is a dignified and endearing character. We love him from the first page; and the first ebullitions of his youthful heart, attached with amazing constancy to the beau ideal of the soul, have a fresh, wild, yet classical romance in them, that excites and rivets the attention of the reader. He is no vulgar hero; he is the offspring of a vast and fervid mind, dealing forth its conceptions with a fertile audacity that carries every feeling of the reader along with it. No one but he who has read "Agathon;" would imagine that shades of the shadowy land that Greece is now, dragged from the mouldered urn, and warmed with the fancy of a German, could delight and interest him so strongly, as the fairy, ghost, and goblin-beset personages of every day romance. But so it is. Psyche and Danæ are women of the olden time; the former, "chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple;" the latter, a courtezan—but such a courtezan! To believe that a creature so frail—a courtezan so lascivious—apparently as debauched in mind as person—to believe that such a one could, by the power of love, be transformed to a model of delicate and enthusiastic constancy, it would be necessary to have seen the wretched Lais fly from the embraces of Athenian noblemen, and princes, scarcely more magnificent, to follow into Thessaly an apparently indigent lover.

The Danæ of Wieland is a creature of beauty, light and love; and, wavering between contempt and enthusiastic admiration, the reader is pained how to lean, and what to feel. Step by step, she grows, as we advance, upon our esteem; till, in the

Digitized by Google

end, we almost forget that she has not always been the most virtuous as well as most fascinating of heroines. For strong delineations of rapturous passion, "Agathon" stands almost alone; and the scene in which the Platonic hero falls beneath the deep impassioning wiles of his mistress, is the finest portion of all. Nothing we have ever read comes up to this; the sickly tone of modern sentimentality, compared to it, is like the current of a sleeping breeze opposed to the furious rush of a whirlwind. The mind is here dashed down from its seat, tossed to and fro, and at last overwhelmed by the resistless enchantment of voluptuousness. Danæ reigns, like another Calypso, over subjugated heart and senses; and, in order to secure her sway, steeps her lover up to the ears in the unnerving current of pleasure. She afterwards plays the general; but, taken in the net she had spread for another, as he relapses from virtue she approaches it. All her former opinions fade—she abandons licentiousness in proportion as her passion increases—and her only solicitude, at length, is to fix the regard of one heart, chosen from among the hundreds that had been devoted to her.

In drawing this beautiful but difficult picture, Wieland has evinced a thorough knowledge of the secret foldings of the human heart; his aim was to imprint notions, rather than to excite feelings; but while his success in the former point is doubtful, nothing can be more complete than his triumph in the latter.

Like all others, the book has faults; but whoever can read it without confessing that they are hidden by its beauties of the first class, may be sure that he is fit to be a Quarterly Reviewer.

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

MODERN PREACHERS.—The Rev. W. Gadsby, a preacher of evangelical principles at Manchester, is notorious for the coarseness of his expressions and ideas, and is a sort of a second coal-heaver. Inveighing against the prevailing fashions, and the thin dresses which were then worn by the ladies, "Yea," said he, "they are so very thin, that upon close inspection," (pulling out a pound note, and holding it up to the light,) "like this, one can almost see the *water-mark*."

Digitized by Google

## TO BE LOST AND FOUND.

O'er Liffy's high tide as a boatman was rowing,
The waves mountains high, and the winds loudly blowing,
A passenger cried, by the hurricane tost,—
"Oh, shall we not, boatman, be all of us lost?"
"Botheration," said boat, "be at *aise* on that matter,
"You'll be after being found, sure enough, at low water."

---

THE VETERAN CAPTAIN.—There was in Asia a temple consecrated to Venus Anaitis, famous on account of the devotion of the people and the high value of their offerings. Amongst other precious articles, there was seen a statue of the goddess in *solid* gold. When Marc Antony marched against the Parthians, the temple was plundered by his troops, and the golden statue carried off. Ten or eleven years after, the Emperor Augustus, on his arrival at Bologna, was sumptuously treated by a veteran captain, who had accompanied Antony in the aforesaid expedition. Augustus, who knew of it, asked him whether it was true that the man who first laid his hand upon the gold statue had suddenly been struck blind, and was become paralytic? The captain replied: "I am the very identical man whom you are speaking of; I have been very well ever since that day. That sacrilege has made my fortune: had it not been for that occurrence, I never could have afforded to treat your majesty; nay, give me leave to inform you, that you have supped upon the last piece of the goddess's second leg." What surprises me is, not that one of Marc Antony's soldiers laughed at having committed sacrilege; but I wonder at Augustus enquiring whether the prodigy had taken place.

---

## THE STATE TAILORS.

Not men, but measures, every day
You hear each politician say,
If this, indeed, is John Bull's pleasure,
Each tailor's ready with his measure;
Of these enough he's sure to meet
In every shop in Downing Street;
But though they strive the most they can,
Nine tailors will but make a man;
And nine apprentices of Pitt
Would never make a statesman yet.

Digitized by Google

PROFESSOR JURIEN.—This celebrated divine, who could see so many things in the Apocalypse, did not see that Bayle was making love to his wife, Mrs. Jurien, a lady of great wit, who piqued herself upon knowing and having learned the Koran by heart, and who, besides, was not destitute of personal attractions, and did not listen with indifference to the philosopher, who was only twenty-seven years of age. Jurien, at last informed of this intrigue, flew into a violent passion. A soldier would have challenged his rival; a lawyer would have brought an action against him in some court of justice; a poet would have written a satire; but Jurien, being a divine, informed against Bayle, and had him prosecuted as an atheist.

## EPIGRAM

*On a Methodist Chapel near Bristol, the lower part of which was made into Wine Vaults.*

There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is a spirit divine,
The spirit below is a spirit of wine.

M. HUET, BISHOP OF AVRANCHES.—M. Huet, travelling with another gentleman through Holland, experienced at Warcum what he had often heard of, but always looked upon as an improbable and ridiculous fiction, viz. that the inn-keepers there charged their guests not only for what they ate and drank, but also for the noise they made; for when the landlord brought in his bill, they found he had put down in it the barking of their little dog, and the laughter of his waggish servant; and on their laughing still more at this, as intended merely for a joke, the choleric host was much enraged, and calling to his assistance some neighbouring boors, his townsmen, of a gigantic make, and armed with large hatchets, he brought them to his guests, crying, "See, here are some who will oblige these shameful Frenchmen to pay their lawful debts." Upon this, M. Huet chose to pay rather than to fight.

MR. SERJEANT MAYNARD.—It was a fine answer which the venerable Serjeant Maynard, who lived to an extreme old age, made to William III. "I think," said that extravagant prince,

Digitized by Google

"you have survived all the lawyers in my dominions." "Yes, sire, and if your majesty had not come over to our protection, I should have survived the law itself."

---

MARIE ELEANOR DE BRANDENBURGH.—Boudoir, a count of Flanders, renewed and embellished several towns, erected many fortresses and castles, in consequence of which he was surnamed the "builder." M. E. de Brandenburgh, the widow of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, and mother to Christina, had a similar passion for building, which, however, she gratified in a more expeditious, and less expensive way. She was attended in all her travels by two Italian architects, whom she paid pretty liberally, and who, availing themselves of her fondness for their profession, never found a pleasant prospect but they would have the princess's carriage stop. Marie Eleanor alighted, examined, bade them take a drawing of the town or castle that pleased, but neither she nor the artists thought of them afterwards. The high price of these plans, her other extravagant expences, and the smallness of her dowry, frequently reduced her to great embarrassment, although she had not one single stone or brick to pay for. "It is somewhat novel," said Christina one day, "that a person should get ruined for not building! If the queen my mother is inclined to continue building castles in the air, that is no reason why I should pay for them!"

---

THE PRIEST AND THE PERUVIANS.—Garcilasso de la Vega relates, that a Spanish priest, finding that several Peruvians preferred hanging themselves to working in the mines, said to them: "Hark ye, children, you hang yourselves not to work: well, I am going to hang myself likewise: I shall only warn you of one thing—there are mines in the other world, the same as in this, and I give you my word that I shall make you work during the whole eternity." The poor people fell on their knees before him, and beseeched him, for God's sake, not to hang himself. If two thirds of those unfortunate Peruvians had persevered in their former determination, would not the babbling impostor have been very much embarrassed how to keep his word with the rest?

---

THE BOOKSELLER.—The Count de D***, son to the Duke de C***, governor of Paris, was in the habit of thieving. He would go to tradesmen's shops, ask to be shewn various goods, and,

Digitized by Google

whether he purchased or not, was always sure of pocketing some article or other. He one day played the same trick at a bookseller's, who, being aware of his vile propensity, had kept a watchful eye over him, and had seen him purloin a volume. The count, after having looked over all the new publications, was making his exit, when the bookseller, approaching him in a most respectful manner, said: "My lord, I beg you will observe, that it is the last edition, adorned with most beautiful copper-plates, and that I cannot let you have it at that price!"

---

EPIGRAM.

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's *something not correct* between us,
And you're in fault as much as I:
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie!

---

When Moliere's "Tartuffe" was acted in France, all the churchmen complained of it. The "Festin de Saint Pierre," though a lewd beastly piece, went down without the least wry face. At so much easier a rate may a man expose religion than hypocrisy.

---

Mr. Henry R***.—This was a gentleman of great learning, and very much esteemed. He travelled over different countries, under the protection, and at the expence of one of the most eminent German princes, to acquire such knowledge of political economy as might prove beneficial to his native country. After having given, monthly, returns of his discoveries to the minister of foreign affairs of his court, he returned to the town where his sovereign resided, but thought it most proper first to wait on the minister, from whom he had received repeated promises of preferment. Through a mistake, he knocked at the door of the master of the horse, and asking the porter whether his *excellency* was at home, was answered that his *excellency* was gone to spend a fortnight in the country. Mr. R*** left his card, paid several visits, and went to spend the fortnight with some of his relations, at a few miles distance. On his return, he heard, with surprise,

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE MISER AND THE OCULIST.—An old miser, who had worn out his eye-sight by sitting up all night to count his money, became entirely blind, and undertook a long journey, on foot, to request of an oculist to cure him. The latter demanded a large sum in advance. The blind man observed, that he was advanced in years, that he would enjoy the benefit only for a short time, and that it would be unjust to charge him as much as a young man. The oculist abated something, when the other represented that he had no occasion for his eye-sight to be restored during his sleep, and that as he slept one third of his time, he must deduct one third of the charge. His own terms were agreed upon, yet he objected to the bargain, and protested that he would pay only one half of the sum offered, as he wanted only the operation to be performed on one of his eyes.

---

DR. WHISTON.—The late king George II. being fond of old Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court gardens, during the time of his persecution; as they were talking upon this subject, his majesty observed, that however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself.—"Is your majesty really serious in your advice," answered the old man.—"I really am," replied the king. "Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time?"

---

THE EMPEROR SEVERUS,—The Emperor Severus was never more capable of governing the Roman Empire, than in his fits of the gout. When his legions in Britain imagined him useless on that account, and became mutinous, in order to raise his son Caracalla to the chief command, he bravely had them decimated, and convinced them that his authority still demanded all their respect, as it was his head that governed them, not his feet.

---

CATHERINE TUDOR.—At Llewent is the portrait of this lady, better known by the name of Catherine of Berain. She was daughter and heiress to Tudor, ap Robert Fychan of Berain. Her first husband was John Salusbury; and on his death, she gave her hand to sir Richard Clough. The tradition goes that at the funeral of her beloved spouse, John Salusbury, she was led to



Digitized by Google

the church by sir Richard, and *from* the church by Morris Wynne, of Twedir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him with great civility, informing him that on her way to church, she had accepted the proposals of sir Richard; but assured him that he might depend on being her third, in case she ever should be a widow again.

---

FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.—An ordinary of Newgate, Mr. Smith, who was one of the most famous scruple-drawers of his time, had one impertinent clipper once to deal with. Why, says the fellow, what harm have I done. A parcel of overgrown shillings fell into my hands, and I only par'd off their superfluities. They would have bought but twelve-pennyworth of beef and turnips at first, and they'll buy twelve-pennyworth of beef and turnips still. Ay, but hark you, my friend, cries the Ordinary: what is it to clip a thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round called in scripture, but circumcision? And who, under the evangelical dispensation, dares practice circumcision, but one that has actually renounced the Christian religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate perverse Jew in his heart? Upon this the poor clipper threw himself at his feet, owned the heinousness of his sin, confessed that sabbath breaking had brought him to to't, and wept like a church spout.

---

THE PACHA OF ALEXANDRIA.—A pacha, or governor, of Alexandria, had taken a great friendship for an European merchant, he could never be without him, and all his court gave entertainments to the stranger. The latter was subject to the gout; and the pacha, who had unfortunately studied a little medicine, had a mind to cure his friend, and when he knew that he was in the most excruciating pain, he made two of his servants go, with orders to give him fifty strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet. These fellows, who were not so learned as their master, astonished at a remedy that did not seem of a very friendly nature, were at length persuaded that the infidel had given offence, and executed their order accordingly, with the utmost rigour, of which they did not fail to boast on their return to the pacha.—"How, wretches," said he, "have you dared to use my friend ill? The fifty strokes I ordered, were a remedy—the insults you have added are an offence."—He immediately ordered each of them one hundred strokes on the feet, as a punishment; from thence

Digitized by Google

he went to beg pardon of his friend for the insolence of his servants, who had presumed to make an addition to the remedy. The European would readily have dispensed with the remedy, but he soon had reason to commend it, for he was perfectly cured of the disorder.

---

CHANCELLOR DUPRAT.—The Countess of Angoulême, had appointed Duprat her agent at Cognac, tutor to her son, afterwards Francis I. The king, Lewis XII. being far advanced in years, and having no male issue, married princess Mary, sister to Henry VIII. king of England, a young and beautiful princess, to whom Francis, only nineteen years of age, appeared more amiable than her old husband. The two lovers had an appointment; Duprat, who was apprized of it, lay in ambuscade, and at the moment when the door was left open for Francis clandestinely to go in, seized the gallant, and carried him away by main force, saying: "What! my prince, have you lost your senses? If the queen should be got with child, would you not get a master? Would you forfeit a throne for an instant's gratification? Don't you know that the king can't live long?"—Francis wanted to run him through, repeatedly saying, that he preferred that good fortune to royalty; but Duprat, being a more powerful man, prevented him. Lewis XII. died soon after, and Francis succeeded him. When Duprat went to congratulate his majesty, he said to him: "Remember that you are indebted to me for your crown, and you would prove the most ungrateful of all mortals, if you do not promote me to the highest offices that will become vacant in your dominions."—Francis promised and kept his word.

---

J. J. DE MESMES, DE ROISY.—J. J. de Mesmes, who flourished in the reign of Francis I. of France, not only cultivated every branch of ancient learning and polite literature with success, but was a most generous patron of men of letters. But, what was his noblest praise, he exhibited in his life those great and generous sentiments which a successful study of the fine writers of Greece and Rome usually inspires. The king would have deprived an excellent magistrate (M. de Ruzé) of the post of advocate general of the parliament of Paris, in order to confer it on M. de Mesmes, but the latter nobly refused it: "God forbid," said he, "that I should ever accept the place of a man, who usefully serves his king and country."



Digitized by Google

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLY.—In our last number we stated, that this poet was the son of Sir J. Shelly, Bart., but in this we were wrongly informed. He is the grandson of Sir Bysshe Shelly, of Castle-Goring, Sussex, who is descended from a younger branch of the family of Sir J. Shelly. Sir Bysshe was born in America, and was created a Baronet in 1805; his eldest son, Timothy, being the father of our poet, who has one brother, and several sisters still living.

Shelly, as we before remarked, married early, and which marriage proved unhappy for both parties. In a fit of despair, his wife put an end to her life by drowning in the Serpentine, having first filled her pockets with stones. She had lost her husband's affections, and could not survive that shock to her feelings.

---

CATHERINE II.—Catherine II. Empress of all the Russias, had invited the Samoiedes to send deputies to her capital, there to join the deputies from the other provinces of her vast empire, assembled to establish a code of laws. Her imperial majesty received them seated on her throne, surrounded with all her magnificence, and informed them, through the organ of an interpreter, that feeling for their nation the same natural affection as for the rest of her subjects, she had called them together to impart their ideas, in order that they might have such laws as were best adapted to their manners, situation, private and general welfare. The deputies replied, that they stood in no need of laws for themselves, but that they humbly begged of her imperial majesty to decree some for their neighbours.

---

THE ISLE OF FOOLS.—A French opera, entitled, "the Isle of Fools," was performed on the stage of one of the northern courts, in which piece is generally introduced a large book, which is supposed to be a list of the fools, read over by one of the *Dramatis Personæ*. A volume in quarto, intended for that purpose, lay behind the scenes. The heir apparent to the sovereignty of the country chanced to see the book, and asked a young and very handsome actress: "Pray, Miss, will you have the goodness to tell me what yon book is?"—"That thick volume, your highness, replied the lady, is the list of the fools, it has been placed there, that nobody might touch it till it is wanted."—The prince wishing to see the book, it was reached down to him, when his

Digitized by Google

highness found—that it was a volume of the history of his country and his house, that had been taken inadvertently out of his library, without looking at the title. "That young actress," said the prince, to a gentleman of his suite, "has perhaps spoken more to the purpose than she was aware of; nevertheless, in order that the list may be more complete, instead of this volume, I shall send one of the General History."—He gave his order in consequence, which was immediately attended to.

---

THE WAGERS.—Several gentlemen had met at a tavern, to feast upon turtle, when they saw a man drop down in the street, with all the symptoms of an apoplectic fit.—"I'll bet you that he is not alive in twenty minutes."—"Fifty guineas, that he will die in less than a quarter of an hour."—"A hundred, that he breathes still;" all the wagers were no sooner proposed, than accepted. One of the party, who had bet that the man was not dead, left the room in a hurry, joined the good people, who without betting, offered the sufferer their best assistance, and presented some salts to his nose. But the most eager of those who had bet for death, came running, pulled back the hand of the former, exclaiming: "I should not wonder if you were to win with your cursed salts. Remember that the bets are high. You are going to alter the case. Your proceeding is not honourable!"—When gold is every thing, the word "honourable" assumes very odd acceptations.

---

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.—When the king of France, Louis XV. was only six or seven years of age, a lady ventured to ask the French ambassador, at the court of the Hague: "How is the little king?"—His excellency thought himself bound in his diplomatic capacity to reply: "Madam, there is no little king in France."

---

M. DE MALEZIEUX.—M. de Malezieux conversing one day with the duke of Orleans, regent of France, respecting a treaty of peace that had just been concluded, could not refrain observing, that prudence would have required inserting in it some clause, the interpretation of which, at a favourable opportunity, might afford a pretext to renew the war. The prince replied: "When one has the means of waging war, a good pretence is not worth a sous."



Digitized by Google

THE WATCH.—Two individuals were kneeling in a church before the same altar. Presently they drew nearer to it, and received the sacrament side by side, and then resumed their former places. One of them having finished his prayers, missed his watch, and recollecting that the other was the only person who had approached him close enough to pick his pocket, hesitated for a while, but finally determined to ask him to return the trinket. "Sir," said he, when the church was nearly empty, "you have stolen my watch whilst we were kneeling side by side to receive the sacrament: there are still a few pious souls in the church, let not them be scandalized, let us forbear creating a disturbance; restore the watch, without waiting for compulsion."—The person accused, interrupted not his devout meditations, but instantly delivered up a watch that he had in his pocket. The former, satisfied at having recovered his property, went home, and related the transaction to his wife. "What do you mean?" cried the lady, surprised! "I have just seen your watch hanging at the head of our bed; I even looked to see what o'clock it was."—Upon his going up into his bed-room, he was soon convinced that the watch he had received was not his. He held them both in his hand, in great perplexity. After imagining that he had been robbed, it was he that was bound to make restitution. Both the wife and husband, indulging the most whimsical conjectures, stick to the idea that the man who had surrendered the watch, is really a thief, who, having stolen one or several, at any rate had preferred losing one of them, to running the risk of being found out.—Nevertheless, the watch must be restored to some one. Strict enquiries were made; a description was given of the individual's person, of his dress, the hour, and the place he occupied, were equally mentioned. "Sir, what would creditable people say, the parish is so populous! yet, it can only be count ***."—"Are you mad?"—"You may but try."—The husband determined to pay a visit to count ***, whom he recognized to be the very identical man. With the utmost confusion, he expressed how mortified he felt at his behaviour, and likewise his astonishment at the gentleman having surrendered his watch when demanded with such effrontery.—"Ah! sir, replied the venerable count, to tell you the truth, I mistook you for a thief, and as I am possessed of a large fortune, I condescended to sacrifice my watch, in preference to creating an unseasonable disturbance in a place of worship."

Digitized by Google

# Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

## THE DUKE AND THE DEVIL.

"Give the Devil his due."—Old English Proverb.

Two dukes lately met at a hell near May-fair,
(As hereafter they'll meet in another—elsewhere,)
One look'd just as if the blue devils had seized him,
The other, as tho' that same sorrow much pleased him.

In hells upon earth, this is always the case,
For the sunshine that smiles on the lucky one's face.
Casts a gloom on his friend's—this the Median law,*
"One up—t'other down"—like two boys at see-saw.

"Lost, by G—d!' cri'd Y—k;—'Won, by heaven,' roar'd the [other,
"Fortune uses me worse than a cruel step-mother!
"I'll blow out my brains!'—'Nay, good Y—k, pr'thee wait,'
"Reflect—what a loss it would be to the state.

"In council and camp, thou art equally great,
"In the strife of the sword, and the strife of debate—
"Farewell to discussion, farewell to review,
"Unaided, unheaded, unmarshall'd by you.

"Depriv'd of their head—their commander-in-chief—
"Our turncoated army would perish in grief—
"And our senate!—Why that might assemble 'tis true,
"But—if Y—k were an absentee—what could they do?—

"Consider thy creditors!—live for their sakes!—
"Nor thus most dishonourably bolt with the stakes—
"Oh, live for their sakes!—for some comfort it gives,
"The poor wretches to know that their debtor still lives.

* The laws of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—Scripture.

Digitized by Google

" Oh! live for the people!—your brother is old,
" And Englishmen hope the first F—d to behold,
" Oh! balk not their wishes—besides, if you stop—
" Awhile till you wear't, the crown you can pop.

" Try the Commons again—I'm convinc'd, duke, that rather
" Than lose such an Orator, Gen'ral, and Father—
" A generous people, to pay all thy scores,
" Would pawn e'en their beds, and lay down on bare floors!"

" You're mistaken!—John Bull has more knowing become,
" 'Tis not quite so easy the rascal to hum—
" Of my talents, he's fully aware, I've no doubt,
" But then, he may think he can make shift without.

" You, alone, my dear BEDS, have it now in your power
" To prove a kind friend, in this critical hour—
" Just lend me ten thousand—I'll chance't on a main—
" There lend me that sum—and I'll play you again.

" What a chance for a Jew!—You may win or may not—
" If again you're unlucky—you'll pay me—in what?"—
'Twas a question his highness appear'd to fight shy to—
One which he indignantly " scorned to reply to."

They parted!—Poor Y—k!—all had pity'd thy case,
Had they witness'd the mis'ry express'd in thy face!—
His chamber he reach'd—doff'd his coat and his hat,
And in his shirt-sleeves all disconsolate sat.

A knock at the door!—a soft tremulous knock—
Rous'd the mourning one up, like electrical shock;
'Twas the steward,—he enter'd—all trembling and pale—
And with epilogue-looks to a tragical tale:—

" Please your highness—I've tidings unwelcome—to tell!"
" Why, what's that to me, you old booby!—well—well?"
" Your carriage by bailiffs was rudely surrounded,
" And in spite of both threat and remonstrance, impounded!"

Digitized by Google

"Time was, the sad news had afflicted me much!—
"But now my old heart and old conscience are such,
"I can hear it unmoved,—tell the butler to send me
"A bottle of port—perhaps that will befriend me."

"I'm sorry your highness can neither have port,
"Nor maderia, nor sherry, nor hock—nor, in short,
"Wine, or liquor of any description—until—
"So the wine-merchant writes,—you have settled his bill."

"The devil!—I dream sure!—what is it I hear?"—
"In the kitchen we've got, some most famous small beer!"
"Small-beer! what's that?"—"Why 'tis what they call swipes,
"It will not make you drunk, but will give you the gripes."

"D—n your swipes, and you too! leave the room you old elf;
"He's gone, and once more I am left to myself—
"I've read of a lady—who wanted some cash,
"Sold herself to the devil—'twas an act somewhat rash.

"Yet, surely, 'twould be a much pref'rable thing
"Than drinking those swipes—to the son of a king;
"I'm resolved—aye, and whether I'm gained or lost by it—
"Were he here—could I raise him—why, dam'me, I'll try it."

In the midst of a circle, describ'd on the ground
He stood—grave and fat—and his sword wav'd around
For a magical wand—what he said, the lord knows,
But, some how or other, the devil arose!—

Describe him I can't—of identity, proof—
Sufficient appear'd in each black cloven hoof;
Tho' he had, as I saw, neither horns, tail nor fork—
"Your servant," quoth Nick;—"Your's truly," said Y—k.

"Your commands, sir, with me!" quoth the devil:—"I'm told,
"You're a dealer in souls—I have one to be sold—
"Twenty thousand's the price—you can raise't very well,
"By a tax on the import of coals into hell."

Digitized by Google

"Twenty thousand! by G—d, you must think I am mad;
"No, no, my dear Y—k, I am not to be had—
"I wouldn't give that for a soul without taint,
"And you, surely, must know—you're not quite such a saint.

"How is it, you are so excessively poor,
"You lost it by gambling, I think?"—"To be sure."
"Why, then there's no need of a purchase, dear F—y,
"Your chaplain could tell you—your soul's mine already.

"Farewell, for the present—your measure of crime
"Is not yet fill'd up—it is not quite your time—
"Twenty thousand!—ha! ha!—you may take it for granted—
"Stop awhile, my old sinner, and then—'Y—k you're wanted.'

---

## A PARADOX.

SINCE thou'rt condemn'd to wed a thing,
And that same thing must be a she;
And that same she to thee must cling
For term of life of her and thee;
I'll tell thee what this thing shall be.

I would not have her virtuous,
For such a wife I ne'er did see;
And 'tis a madness to suppose
What never was, nor e'er shall be;
To seem so, is enough to thee.

Do not desire she should be wise,
Yet let her have a waggish wit;
No circumventing subtilties,
But pretty slights to please and hit,
And make us laugh at her or it.

Nor must thou have one very just,
Lest she repay thee in thy kind;
And yet she must be true to trust,
Or if to sport she has a mind,
Let her be sure to keep thee blind.

Digitized by Google

One part of valour let her have;
Not to return but suffer ill,
To her own passion be no slave,
But to thy laws obedient still,
And unto thine submit her will.

Be thou content she have a tongue
That's active, so it be not loud;
And so she be strait limb'd and young,
And not with beauty much endow'd,
No matter, so she be not proud.

But above all things, let her be
Short-liv'd and rich, no strong-dock'd Joan,
That dares to live till fifty-three;
Find this wife, if thou must have one,
But there's no wife so good as none.

---

## A REVIEW, OF A VIEW IN HYDE PARK.

Achilles was dipp'd in the river of Styx
And impregnable made in each part,
Except his right heel—which did mortal reveal,
Being wounded by Paris's dart.
But this son of Mars could little foretel
In an age like the past—that was dark,
In the year of our Lord—Eighteen twenty and two,
His Effigy'd be in the park.
There he is with no *clothes*, the *parts* they transpose,
Exciting in Venus much grief,
It prevents the emotion of amorous joy;
They cover the *part* with a leaf.
But should wind and weather, and Autumn together,
Occasion this *fig-leaf* to fall;
Tho' ladies indecently visit it now,
I think then they'd go one and all. W. R.

Digitized by Google

## ON WOMAN.

(IN IMITATION OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.)

Right welle of learned clerkis it is said,
That womanhood for manis use is made;
But naughty man liketh not one or soe,
But lusteth, aye, unthriftilie for moe:
And when, by holye church, to one he's ty'd,
Then, for his sould he cannot her abyde:
Thus, when a dog first 'lighteth on a bone,
His tayle he waggeth, gladde thereof y growne;
But thilke same bone if to his tayle you tye,
Pardie, he dreads it, and awai doth flie.

---

## LINES ON LORD C—'s BEING RECEIVED WITH GROANS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

With groans he came into this breathing world,
With groans his soul to Pluto's shore was hurled,
Let Ireland's tears attest, and Europe's moans
His food was misery, and his music, groans.
Mark ye the ruling passion, strong in death,
His the last murder—and resigned his breath.

---

## ON OUR PIOUS CLERGY.

Why do the parsons pray with fervent zeal,
That God his judgment on the world may deal;
When, by the wicked only they can thrive,
As with the devil and all his works they strive.
But as Penelope of old, they say,
Destroyed by night, what she had done by day;
So they can preach, and pray, and give advice,
Fools only follow—we're not so precise.

---

W. Benbow, Printer, 9, Castle Street, Leicester Square, London.

Digitized by Google

APPLAUSE. Noisy flattery, which we lavish freely on those who amuse and divert us; but with which we rarely recompense a good action. A distemper of public assemblies, especially in capitals.

APRICOT. There are countries where the men to whom they give places are like the *apricots;* never chosen at their maturity, but always too young or too old.

ARBITRARY POWER. What every one wishes to exercise, but by which no one is willing to be governed.

ARCHIVES. Depositaries of many respectable chimeras and many useful impostures.

ARGUMENT. The scourge of the mind. An abuse of speech.

ARISTOCRAT. A partizan of absolute power. One who despises the rights of the people, and only respects persons, birth, rank, riches, or such as live upon public plunder. In France, this name is more particularly applied to those who regret the destruction of the feudal system, the privileges, the corvees, the monks, and the tythes.

ARITHMETIC. The science of numbers, which enables one to dispense with wit, and take the place of sensibility.

ARMIES. Masses of men which sovereigns send to kill each other, under pretence of procuring glory and happiness for their people. An assemblage of soldiers, who kill without knowing each other, in defence of a man whom they most probably detest.

ARMS. Instruments of the most cruel passions, but which sometimes execute the most noble actions.

ARROGANCE. The master-key of stupidity and folly.

ARTIZAN. The bee of society, despised by the drones, who feed on the produce of his industry.

ARTS. Inventions of genius, perfected by taste.

ASTRONOMY. A science, which exhibits the human mind in all its greatness, and teaches man his own littleness.

ATHEIST. A term of reproach, applied by the ignorant or fanatical, to men who are superior to vulgar prejudices, and think it is possible to be good, without being superstitious and intolerant.

ATTACHMENT. A sentiment produced by desire, but weakened by possession.

ATTORNEY. A cat who settles differences between mice.

AUGUST. An adjective, which will be used as long as we have princes and courtiers.

AUSTERITY Is, in the virtuous, ostentation; in the vicious, imposture; in the proud, artifice; and serves the ambitious for a cloak.

AUTHOR. An indefinable being, who would govern the whole world, without being able to govern himself; who lives on smoke, and puts himself up for sale every day.

AUTO-DA-FE. An outrage on religion. They do not enlighten men by burning them to death.

AVARICE. There is something in this passion which may be compared to fire, the violence of which increases in proportion to the quantity of combustible matter which is put on it for fuel.

---

B.

BABBLER. One who is fond of hearing himself talk. A tiresome person who says every thing he thinks; tells you all that he wishes—every thing he knows—and, when he has done that, all that he does not know.

BALDERDASH. May be divided into two classes, simple and compound. The



Digitized by Google

simple is understood by the author, but not by the public. Compound-balderdash is neither understood by the public, nor by him who writes it.

BANKRUPTCY. The method of getting rich by rules of art.

BANNER. The cockade of governments.

BARBARIANS. A name given to people who have not the cunning to conceal their faults, their vices, or their turpitude, under an agreeable appearance.

BARS. A defence very impotent against the stratagems of love.

BASHFULNESS. A grace which adds value to all other qualifications.

BASTARDY. A destiny which the injustice of men has rendered dishonourable; by which innocence is punished, and which all the virtues united cannot efface.

BASTILES. Strong prisons, which provoke revolutions, but do not stop their course.

BATTLE. A political *auto-da-fe*.

BAYONET. A weapon which renders every thing just; an unanswerable argument.

BEATIFICATION. A solemn act, by which the pope declares to the universe that some particular individual enjoys eternal felicity. The best catholics only believe as much as they think proper.

BELIEF. The opposite of knowledge.

BELLS. Instruments of superstition and of liberty; much less useful in burying the dead than in calling up the living; and often more powerful in kindling a conflagration than in stopping one.

BENEFIT. A trophy erected in an ungrateful heart. Of all things in the world, that which grows off the soonest is a *benefit*.

BIOGRAPHY OF LIVING CHARACTERS. A speculation on misfortune; a species of assassination which is not yet punished. A new poison, said Voltaire, has been invented in low literature—the art of outraging both the living and the dead, in alphabetical order.

BIRTH. A title which is worth as much as it has cost.

BISHOPS. Successors, in splendid equipages, to poor fishermen, who wandered about Palestine on foot. Servants of two masters, one of which pays, and the other commands.

BLAMING. A propensity of hasty minds, a habit of weak ones; the passion of wicked ones.

BLINDNESS. A certain formation of the eye, which prevents you from recognising an old friend when in distress.

BLOCKHEAD. A kind of pitcher, which any one may take by the handle, and carry where he pleases. A little troublesome being, always moving about, and to be met with every where; who frequently gains his end when men of sense fail. I pity my children for having sense, said a lady, for if they were blockheads, they would make a fortune, like their uncle.

BLOW. The end of a conversation, and the commencement of a duel.

BLUSH. A very equivocal sign of modesty and bashfulness. Our blushes are more frequently the result of pride than modesty.

BOARDING-SCHOOL. A place where young ladies learn to dance, to receive and write love-letters, and to ogle the male creatures.

BOASTER. One who is despised by men of sense, but respected by weak men.

BOLT. A thing of great service against the troublesome and impertinent. It fastens our doors; prevents the babbler from coming



Digitized by Google

in; keeps out the crowd; and leaves us at liberty to be with ourselves.

**BON MOT.** The expressing, in a new and pointed manner, what every one has in his mind.

**BON TON.** A dignified freedom in discourse; a natural politeness in expression; a decency of behaviour; a propriety of deportment, which confounds neither ranks, conditions, qualities, titles, nor persons. It enables us to feel equally what we owe to others, and what we owe to ourselves.

**BOOKSELLER.** A man who lives on the wit of others; a speculator upon the curiosity, and more frequently on the stupidity of the public. One may say of an ignorant bookseller, that he lives, in the midst of his books, like an eunuch in a seraglio.

**BOUDOIR.** The coquet's gymnastic school.

**BRAIN.** The seat of all good and all evil.

**BREAD.** There is but one way of preventing those from revolting who want bread—to give them some.

**BREAKFAST.** The soul of business: affairs of play, of love, of honour, all are arranged at the breakfast-table.

**BREVIARY.** A book which ecclesiastics always carry with them, but which they willingly change for a Machiavel when they become statesmen, or for a dagger when embarked in factions.

**BROKER.** Synonymous with cheat or thief.

**BRUTALITY.** The effect of ignorance, superstition, misery and slavery. There is a stage of brutality which destroys the life of the soul, which becomes deaf to the voice of conscience, and has no idea but that of obtaining food.

**BUDGET.** A debtor and creditor account, which nations are beginning to require of their ministers. The thermometer of public misery or prosperity.

**BULL.** A piece of parchment, to which is affixed a seal of lead, but which is frequently considered no weightier on that account.

**BULLETIN.** A report, in which it is customary to magnify the good, and diminish the evil.

**BUSINESS.** Every thing which serves to fill the purse. To make business, is the business of those who have none.

**BUT.** A particle very consoling to the self-love of those who are obliged to eulogize some one.

---

## C.

**CABAL.** A petty method of accomplishing great things. An art, which has been brought to perfection in our days, and which is not disdained either by policy or talent. —(Vide Election—Theatre.

**CABINET.** A great manufactory of iniquities. The study of kings.

**CADUCEUS.** The attribute of Mercury. It opens the door of courts to those who choose to carry it.

**CALCULATION.** The science most generally cultivated, because it is the most lucrative, and can dispense with wit and study.

**CALENDAR.** A time-piece which youth consults with hope, middle age with anxiety, and old age with alarm.

**CAMELEON.** A little animal, very common in our days, who assumes all colours, without changing his nature, and to whom, one change is a transition towards another.

**CAMPAIGNS.** The soldier's title to nobility.

**CANAILLE.** A term which is very often better adapted to him who uses it, than to those to whom it is applied. A word much in use among titled blockheads, to denote



Digitized by Google

useful men. The Marchioness de B—, seeing a commoner come out, who had spoken in favour of the nobility, said, "We must agree that there are still some of the canaille who think well."

CANDIDATE. A man who is on the road to honours, and who does the most base and humble things to-day, in hopes that to-morrow he may give himself airs of insolence.

CANDOUR. The quality of a sensible and just man, by the effects of which rogues prosper.

CANNON. The only king who exercises universal monarchy.

CAPACITY. A quality almost useless in society, for it is not asked whether the man be fit for the place, but whether the place will suit the man.

CAPITALIST. A speculator useful or dangerous, according as his conscience is more or less elastic.

CAPRICE. A modification of tyranny with which they reproach beauty, but which is practiced with equal success even by ugliness herself.

CARESSES. A method of supplying what one ought to feel, of replying to what we do not believe, and of returning thanks for what we do not want.

CARDS. Little pieces of pasteboard, painted red and black, for the amusement of the idle, and the ruin of families.

CARICATURES. Epigrams expressed by pictures.

CARNAL-MAN. One who is so unfortunate as to be made of flesh and blood.

CASTRATO. A martyr to music.

CASUIST. A spiritual algebraist, who knows how to calculate and reduce to equations the follies which a Christian may commit, and the precise extent he may go in iniquity, without risking eternal damnation.





CAUTIOUS MAN. He has more cunning than sense, seldom worthy of confidence, or susceptible of friendship.

CELEBRITY. The advantage of being known to persons who have never seen you; of being insulted in the newspapers; calumniated and denounced in public; and purchasing, by innumerable mortifications, a life of anxiety and uneasiness, in the hopes of being spoken well of after your death.

CELIBACY. A very convenient state for those who are desirous of enjoying the pleasures of matrimony without suffering its pains.

CENSORSHIP (of the Press.) A system by which our thoughts are put under quarantine.

Quelquefois dans Paris, un commis à la phrase
Me dit: à mon bureau venez vous adresser
Sans l'agrément du roi vous ne pouvez penser,
Pour avoir de l'esprit allez à la police;
Les filles y vont bien sans qu'aucune en rougisse;
Leur métier vaut le votre, il est cent fois plus doux.

A magistrate's clerk once said to me, at Paris: come and make application at my office, for you cannot think without consent of the king; nor possess wit without permission of the police. The prostitutes blush not to go there for a license to whore, and their trade is more profitable than yours, and a hundred times more agreeable.

CERBERUS. The porter to a minister of state—a school-master—a jealous husband.

CEREMONIOUS MAN. One always occupied with others, and always paid with ingratitude.

CHANCE. The god of atheists. A word of great importance to the ignorant, who

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*Benbow. Publisher.*

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] NOVEMBER 1, 1822. [No. 11.


" *Perdutto e tutto il tempo*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" All time is lost
" That is not spent in love."

## NAPOLEON.

See'st thou yon rock that rears its awful form,
And points majestic still to heaven its spire;
Though round its base the tempest vainly storm,
Yet doth it calmly and sublime aspire,
The theme of poets lays, and minstrels lyre.
So stands Napoleon in fair history's page.
So long shall stand while burns th' etherial fire:
The glory, dread, and wonder of his age,
The conqueror of the world, the mystery of the sage.

The present age, though sufficiently willing to do justice to the habits of Napoleon, now that death has removed him from this bustling scene, is yet not the proper period to depict his character, his policy, his rise, his career, and his downfall, as hereafter, they will be transmitted to posterity. The living, who judged ill of him from his actions, or adored him from his personal qualities, and his extraordinary career,



Digitized by Google

are yet too prejudiced to judge of him impartially. It will, indeed, be a difficult task for any one who shall undertake it, to exhibit Napoleon and his actions in their true point of view. So many varied and opposing qualities unite in him, that it will be hard to say, whether he was or was not a tyrant; whether he was most inclined to despotism or freedom; whether he was loved or detested by his subjects; public spirited, or selfish; ambitious, or forced into wars; whether he was elected by the people to power, or placed there by his unruly soldiers; whether he possessed the common feelings of humanity, or was ruled altogether by a cold and calculating policy; whether his encouragement of the arts and sciences was false, fleeting, hollow, or from a real desire to promote their true interests, and whether he is more entitled to the execrations or blessings of mankind? Such are a few of the important questions that the historian of Napoleon will have to decide upon, and from their incongruities draw a fair and perfect picture. Napoleon is as much a phenomenon as a man, as he was as a conqueror, and sets at defiance all theory, or preconceived systems. As a conqueror, he will rank with Alexander of Macedon and Julius Cæsar in history, and will be more renowned for his military, than his civil policy. He rose to power, as it was said of Augustus, neither by election, usurpation, or conquest, but by a mixture of the three. He rose from the lowest ranks of the people, to sovereign power; and though his government, in its spirit, was essentially republican, yet there can be no doubt but that he wished to be the founder of new dynasties and thrones, and to combat against the freedom of the age. He humbled the old monarchies, to his feet, he raised them up, formed alliances with, and was finally overthrown by them. He rose with the words "liberty and equality" in his mouth, and these were the rallying cry of his enemies when he fell. He sought to aggrandise himself and his family by riches, titles, and power, yet was the projector of new roads, new canals, new harbours, new laws, and every thing that could add to the accommodation of his sub-

Digitized by Google

jects. His ambition, though uncircumscribed, was, as he says, of a cold nature, and he fought not like the son of Ammon, for glory, nor like Julius, to attain power and a name. He was a mixture of the good and bad qualities of both; for

> The force of nature could no farther go,
> To make a third, she joined the other two.

He united the romantic enthusiasm of Alexander, with the cautious policy of Julius: he partook of the hasty spirit of the former, and was not free from the hesitation of the latter. Cæsar hesitated to pass the Rubicon, which Napoleon would not have done, nor would Alexander. Cæsar hesitated to assume the name of Emperor, when he possessed the power, and thus fell a prey to the conspirators. Napoleon hesitated, when fortune seemed adverse, and thus hastened his own fate. There is one point in which Napoleon and He of Rome assimilate remarkably, and that is the promptitude with which they took advantage of casual circumstances, ever ready to profit by that tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Both restless in their elevation, and uniting the manners of the plain citizen, with the magnificence of Emperors, they fell, the one by his friends, the other by his over reaching ambition. Napoleon was a disbeliever in human principles, he thought all men actuated by their own selfish interests, and thus he had no one to rely upon in the hour of adversity He was a believer in days and destinies, and fortunate times, and seasons, which present many remarkable coincidences in the period of his career. No one will doubt his military genius—as superior to those of his contemporaries; no one will deny that he possessed talents of the highest order. His mind he could adapt to the greatest, and to the minutest affairs; he could plan a conquest or an opera ballet, with the same ease and vivacity. He was temperate in his personal indulgencies; omitting nothing which could insure or extend his power, he was plain



Digitized by Google

amidst his magnificeuce, and in the splendour of a court, was least distinguished by the richness of his apparel. The beginning and end of his career, were equally romantic; his campaign into Italy, and his expedition from Elba to Paris, were well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of his followers. He could discriminate between men, better, perhaps, than any who preceded him, reducing into practice the reveries of philosophers. He had the superlative art of attaching all who beheld him to his cause, as some animals possess the power of infatuating their victims. It was impossible to gaze on him without emotion, and to see the child of fame and of history—him that was to excite, to the latest generation, the applause and wonder of the world. His reign will be remembered as the appearance of a comet, splendid, magnificent, awful, and rare, which men contemplate with mixed feelings of devotion and fear; adoring the celestial stranger, yet dreading its too near approximation. He will deserve the thanks of every friend of freedom, because he unmasked the native baseness of the powers that be, showed the facility with which they might be overthrown, the supremacy of intellect, and with what energy men can struggle for liberty. They will sympathize with his fate, because he was overthrown by worse and contemptible tyrants; because with him were allied the principles of happiness, of security, and of freedom, against the common oppressors of the earth. He might have been the greatest man that ever lived, but he preferred being the most astonishing and brilliant; he might have annihilated those tyrannies and old systems which now vex mankind by their ignorance, as much as by their oppression, and been known only as the common benefactor of his species. He swerved betwixt the people and their old rulers, he trusted more to the latter than to the former, and his exile and death will remain as a warning in future, never to trust to the generosity of feudal tyrants. His death has removed much of the prejudice that was excited against him, and on the whole, though his talents and energies

Digitized by Google

were thus directed, he was more entitled to our applause than execration, and in this light we think history will regard him.

## SOME REMARKS UPON MARRIAGE.

Marriage being the port or haven at which most of the sons and daughters of Eve design to touch sooner or later, 'tis no wonder that people are universally curious to know how this ticklish ceremony is performed in other countries. We find here at home, that the first place in the common prayer-book that young maidens generally dip in, is the service of matrimony. I once knew a raw girl, that could readily make all the responses in that office before she could answer to one question in her catechism; which occasioned her father, who was a grave old gentleman, to wish that those of her sex would take as much care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for their first end. For so it proves to many of them.

It has been frequently said, that marriage and hanging go by destiny; but for my part, I am no predestinarian, neither do I believe, with the rest of the world, that matches are made in heaven, any more than I believe that all oxen are bought and sold there, before they come to Smithfield Market. But though I am no admirer of destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have any one to infer from thence, that I believe there is no manner of resemblance between hanging and marrying: for hanging, with reverence be it spoken, as well as marrying, is performed by tying a knot, which death only dissolves; and they agree too in this particular, that all civilized countries have different fashions in the one, as well as the other. And since the New Marriage Act, the resemblance is still greater, for the names of those unhappy persons about to be tied or tried, are stuck upon the Old Bailey and the church doors, and sad are the lamentations for the



Digitized by Google

unfortunate. Furthermore, a priest and his assistant finish both ceremonies, and the prayer-book is as useful to the one as the other.

The Roman Catholics make a sacrament of marriage, and in consequence of that notion, pretend it confers grace. The Protestant divines don't carry matters so high, but they say this ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as, generally speaking, it confers repentance, which every body knows, is a step to grace.

It must be confessed on all hands, that marriage is the most serious action that man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our latter end, with fear and trembling. For this reason, I can't endure to hear people cast their ill-natured spite upon so holy an ordinance. If it is a man's good fortune to meet with a good wife, he ought to date his happiness in this world from that very moment, and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the catalogue of his sins, and interpret it as a visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my part, recommend me to that gentleman, who, having married a lady of extraordinary capacity, never complained of his fate, or made his spouse uneasy, but honestly thanked God, that now he had a hole to put his head in.

The ladies that read a book called Marriage Ceremonies, will find sufficient reason to thank providence that they were born in so good-natured an island as our's is, where the preliminaries to marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some places in the world. To give an instance of this, our author of the Marriage Ceremonies tells us, in page 51. "Among the Sabrians (a sort of mongrel Christians, who live on the confines of Persia, next Turkey,) the parties meeting at church, the minister makes the bride swear before the women that she is a virgin." As ill an opinion as the world unjustly entertains of our females, I am very well satisfied that there are about forty thousand conscientious wives, within the bills of mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have

Digitized by Google

taken so rash and insnaring an oath. How is it possible that a woman should positively swear to an imaginary thing, which may be lost, (the lord knows how,) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no husband was a jot the securer for prescribing those arbitrary and unlawful oaths.

Yet as great a hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in comparison of hardships practised in some countries, even after the nuptial ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the same book, p. 42. "That among the Greeks, if the women find in the bed the next day any sign of a lost virginity, they make a great feast; but where that is wanting, they say nothing, the bridegroom sending back the bride to her relations." The same inhuman custom is observed among the Moors, the Persians, by the Spaniards, and by the Jews in Barbary.

As for the latter I don't wonder at it, to find such usage among them, because they were a stiff-necked people, that always were demanding signs and tokens; nor among Infidels and Mahomedans; but that any Christians, that are happily freed from the Levitical bondage, should still hanker after the old superstitious leaven, is a matter of the greatest astonishment to me. I cannot but reflect with horror, how many ladies in England, that now live comfortably with their husbands, and are blessed with a numerous issue, had been shamefully discarded and sent home, if ever such an unrighteous fashion as this had got among us. It seems to argue a great deal of cruelty in the men, that they should relish no pleasure, but what comes at the expence of their dearest consorts. But it is my daily prayer, that providence will protect the freeborn women of England from such bloody-minded husbands.

But though the greater part of the world is so excessively fond of virginity, yet we find there are some people that have other notions of things. Our said author, p. 88, acquaints us, "That when one of Cauchin marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his bride the first night, but is obliged to give her to a Brach-

Digitized by Google

man, who lies with her; and that they believe this to be a favour, and a good omen." I hope the parishes in this country are not of a large extent, otherwise, the priest has more work upon his hands than he will go through with, unless he keeps a curate or two to relieve him when marriages come in thick. The holders-forth of our Evangelical conventicles affect to be thought great pains-takers, and really deserve the name; for their bands will testify for them, both in the dog-days, and out of the dog-days, that they sweat exceedingly in their labour of love. But, alas! what is this, when considered in the same place with the drudgery that these priests undergo in their ministry. I have often wondered that the Popish clergy who stand up so stiffly for the divine right of first fruits, do not flock in shoals to this kingdom, which voluntarily pays such an extraordinary tribute to the church.

But customs vary in different countries: for our author says, that in Pegu, "the king, and those of the greatest quality, lie not the first night with their wives, but admit others, and pay those bountifully that will give themselves the trouble." With all due reverence to our women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least of the married men in this kingdom, if they will speak their minds fully, must do their wives this justice, as to own, that they saved them this porter's drudgery, as a monarch, not inferior to Solomon for wisdom, rightly called it. Our neighbours of Scotland, before they came to be civilized, used to lie the first night with the brides of their vassals: but now they have flung up such a troublesome piece of state, and make their tenants drudge for themselves.

In Muscovy, as our author says, they take a wife without seeing her once, or knowing her defects, which is somewhat hard. Heaven be praised, that here in England, we are not forced to buy a pig in a poke; nay, there are some married men in the world, that were as intimately acquainted with their wives before marriage as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free government, and to have Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act on our side.

Digitized by Google

And, indeed, in our time virginity is not reckoned such a precious commodity, for the head of the church has always had a stronger predilection for married women and widows, than for young virgins. But this is, no doubt, a cunning stroke of policy, for the consequences are too awful to think of, should his gracious m——— ever attempt to storm (to him) one of those inaccessible fortresses. For the hard labour required, will sometimes bring on the death of fat elderly gentlemen, who will expire in the most delightful way that death can come, but who would not venture, knew they the dangers to be encountered.

To conclude these reflections, it is my hearty advice, that all unmarried persons would choose themselves a spouse the first opportunity, in order to recruit those numbers that have been destroyed in the wars, and not suffer their rising talents to be buried in a napkin, for which they must severely answer one day. And as for those that are married, the best way they can do, as I presume, is to live as easy as they can; and following the good counsel of Hobson the carrier, so to manage themselves as not to tire before their journey's end.

T. B.

## The Rambler;

*Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* GREGORY GRIFFIN.

*(Continued from page 394.)*

### CHAPTER V.

We left our hero at that interesting period, when Madame St. Clair, terrified by the loudness of the storm, had rushed to seek protection in his arms. The volume he had been perusing, the excitement of his passions, the time of the night, one would have thought, would have prompted him to take advantage

Digitized by Google

of the situation of Madame St. Clair, and indulge himself in the most sensual and delightful of all pleasures. Yet there is something so repulsive, even to the most debauched of sensualists, in the woman making the first advances to love, that Gregory, bashful and innocent, and forming purer models in his imagination of the sex, was strangely perplexed at this conduct of Madame St. Clair. Had it been any one else, his passion would have overpowered him; but, as it was, love appeared disgusting and repulsive. Of Madame St. Clair, he had formed filial ideas; he loved her, indeed, but it was the love of a child for its mother: a love that would have regarded as pollution, any closer connexion. He held her in his arms till she had recovered from the fainting fit; and then, placing her on a chair by the bed-side, begged to know the cause of this extraordinary illness. The love of women is strong, when once their mind is settled on its object; their hatred is equally strong, and approximates closely to love. Madame St. Clair, finding that she had failed in her object, detested him now as violently as she had once loved him. The conflict of contending emotions was too much for her; the anguish of disappointed passion was too strong for her intellects; and she relapsed suddenly into a convulsive fit, which was the cause of serious alarm to Gregory. He sprinkled her face with water—took her to the window, which he threw up for air—and, when she seemed to be recovering, carried her to her own bed-room. He soothed her, but she spurned him from her: he addressed her in the most endearing language, yet he was unable to appease her wrath. Oh, Love! how capricious art thou!—how completely thou makest us poor mortals, alternately, thy sport and thy delight! How unfortunate that man, otherwise so violent, is sometimes unable to gratify that longing which is the end of our existence. The means which Madame St. Clair had taken to undermine the principles of Gregory, had succeeded, but she was disappointed when she came to reap the harvest. His love for Amelia now burned more impetuous than ever; he disregarded those ties with which

Digitized by Google

mature years have incumbered the matrimonial contract and—and he revelled, in imagination, in the enjoyment of that illicit love—more exquisite, because it was unlawful—sweeter, because it was stolen, and forbidden. It was then that he first began to suspect, that all virtue and honour, among women, were only appearances—that all principle, among men, was but a mask—and that, as the world was divided into slaves and enslavers, he would unite himself to the strongest, and the oppressive party. What is religion said he, but an imposition to terrify men? What are morals, but masks for the rich to gratify their vicious inclinations? What is virtue, said he, with Brutus, but an empty name? What are laws, but a robbery of the poor, and protection of the great. No wonder if an enquiring and intelligent mind, like that of Gregory, who had seen men but through the medium of books, who had read the exclamations of philosophers against society; and who knew something of the depravity which history exhibits on its pages, should entertain such dangerous opinions. His mind was in this state, when Madame St. Clair burst into the room, and filled with thoughts of Amelia, which accounts for the coolness with which he met her advances. He thought of the blooming Amelia, ripe for the enjoyment of man, and he judged rightly, that two novices in love experience pleasures unknown to the old practitioner. Alluring as was Amelia, he regarded her with none of those virtuous emotions which he had formerly indulged in, but as a victim of his pleasures, formed for the enjoyment of man. He was now in a critical state, he had to encounter the anger of Madame St. Clair, and to keep watch over his passion for Amelia. Madame St. Clair did not fail to misrepresent this affair to father Baldini; she told him, that his pupil had manifested the most unruly desires towards her, and that so unreserved was he in his propensity to love, that he was actually forming a scheme to seduce a young creature to his illicit pleasures. The good father, who was, in regard to the appearances of virtue, a true Jesuit, was alarmed, lest his pupil should commit himself, and thus

Digitized by Google

bring scandal upon the cause he had espoused. Taking the first opportunity to be alone with Gregory, he informed him of the suspicions that were entertained against him. My dear boy, said he, your talents and your industry have gained my approbation, and I have formed high hopes of your usefulness to the church, and to our holy order. I am aware that the path intended for you is a tedious and unpleasant one for youth. I know, that at your age, the passions of men are the most violent, and that you begin to feel those inclinations for the softer sex, which it is very natural for all to feel. Yet there is a difference between you and the rest of the world, which renders it necessary for you to appear that which you are not—to exclaim against those vices you practice yourself, and thus you will be enabled to gratify your inclinations to their utmost extent. You will find, that the professors of religion possess advantages in their intercourse with the sex, superior even to the redoubted *militaire*. We are protected by our profession from the indignation of men; our holy character lulls suspicion; the weakness and vanity of women are gratified by the love of the messengers of God; and we can speak symbolically of the delights of love, of the raptures which the Church, as the bride of Jesus, receives in his arms. We can dwell on the love of God, quote from the Canticles those amorous and equivocal expressions, which the male devotee regards not, but which sink deep in the hearts of women. Love, the most boisterous, the most sensual, and the most refined, are all well pourtrayed in scripture, and can be adapted to every constitution and temperament. By confession, we know their weaknesses and foibles; to us, the most secret recesses are thrown open; and, should we ever be negligent, and cause even a shadow of suspicion, we have only to brand him as an infidel who should express his sentiments, and thus terrify the credulous, and alarm the true believer. Such are a few of the advantages which the clerical character possesses above all other professions. With you I shall deal plainly, my dear boy, and expect my candour to be met by an equal degree

Digitized by Google

of sincerity on your part. You must have seen, in your little experience, that the gratification of the sensual appetites is the first and supreme pleasure of man. That man never lived yet who could resist their influence: all have done homage to the omnipotent god of passion. Yet the pursuit of these pleasures is attended with a degree of trouble, pain, and vexation, that damps the hopes of many a bold gallant, and emasculates, if I may so say, his manly courage, sinking him to a tame member of society. Should the gallant succeed in his amours, should he revel to satiety in the arms of hallowed beauty, how many dangers must he previously encounter: how many more will afterwards stare him in the face, assailing his reputation and his life, and years of sorrow will succeed often to one short but delicious hour of enjoyment. The starched prude, and the stern moralist will condemn him; the devotee will exclaim against the wickedness of the age; the priesthood will hurl anathemas against him: his enemies will rejoice at what they consider to be his failings; connexion and kindred will treat him as a stranger; and he will become as an alien and an outlaw in the prime of his youth, and in the land that gave him birth. Yes, the priesthood alone, of all classes of society, can enjoy the full fruition of love, without the penalties attached, they alone can taste the honey, and not feel the sting. Credulity will ever have its followers, I may say, victims. The husband, or father, when once they look with reverence upon a man as the representative of the deity, find it difficult to judge his actions by the test of other men. This is our strong hold. In our holy profession, the men kneel to the Virgin, the women invoke the saints. Their devotion is a sublimated love, raised to the highest possible state of excitement, and in which they soon find their weakness, and their need of assistance from man. Even in the heretic, or reformed churches, this is not forgotten: the operation of the holy spirit of love is their grand theme, and their principal followers are the women. Our churches resort to ceremonies, and the paintings, the music, the incense, the



Digitized by Google

dense light streaming from heaven, serve the double purpose of chaining down the reason, and of rendering the devotees subservient to our private or public accommodation. In your whole life, keep this in mind, never to hazard your reputation for your pleasures; all means are lawful that tend to the glory of God; and thus, in your amourous pursuits, you will have the satisfaction, if you are a conscientious man, of knowing, that you are at once propagating the Gospel and your own species—advancing the cause of the Church—and gratifying your own desires. This is the *summun bonum* of human policy."

*(To be continued.)*

## LONDON HELLS EXPOSED;

### *In the History of the Hon. F. Haphazard and Miss Harriet Syren.*

They died in the blaze of their fame.—BURNS.

THE companion that the Honourable F. Haphazard had met with at the Rouge et Noir table, was one of that species of adventurers which are only found in great cities, and pass for gentlemen among men of honour as they are termed, but for black-legs with all honest men. He was initiated in all the craft and mystery of the gaming table, and seemed intended by nature for an adept at gambling. Beneath a smooth and unruffled surface, he could conceal the most violent and disgusting passions; he could lose all he possessed in the world, and be calm as a philosopher; he could ruin his friend, and acquire thousands by a throw of the dice, the turn of a card, or the revolution of a ball, and yet view his success with indifference. Affable equally in the height of his prosperity, and in the depth of his adversity, he never offended the pride of men of more en-

Digitized by Google

thusiastic passions—men who were not so indifferent to the loss or acquisition of this world's goods. By this prudent and steady conduct, he found friends where-ever he went; a winning address ensured him the good opinion of the fair sex, and thus he became really more dangerous to society from the valuable talents he possessed. Without being influenced by religion he did not despise it, and steered a middle course between the devotee and the infidel, equally pleasing to both. He was now in the thirty-third year of his age; the hey-day of youth was over; and he found himself pendulating in society, without any prospect of settling in life; enjoying wealth, yet possessed of no property. He was on the look out for one with more money than wit, and such he found in the Honourable Frederick Haphazard. Alone, our cunning sharper began the conversation, by remarking what enormous sums Mr. Haphazard must have spent since his father's death.—Yes, a few thousands; treating it as a matter of indifference, replied the hon. gent. hounds, horses, and women cannot be supported on trifles. Mr. Lowe, for such was the sharper's name, wishing to avoid alluding to the difficulties Mr. Haphazard might have brought himself into, remarked, that a man of fashion was necessarily subject to great expences; and was often made a tool of by men of more enterprise, and without fortune. Mr. Haphazard then proceeded to inform his friend of the state of his affairs; and concluded by saying, that he would join in any honourable scheme by which his fortune might be retrieved, and he be enabled support his proper style in life.

Behold, at length, this sprig of British nobility, the proprietor of a gambling house; passing his name for the furnishing and fitting it out in a requisite manner.

The agreement was, that Mr. Lowe should be the ostensible proprietor; and that Mr. Haphazard should invite all his friends to the house, and that the fair Miss Harriet Syren should serve as a decoy for the same.

For the first few weeks the profits of the concern were enormous, and exceeded the expectation of the



Digitized by Google

Honourable Mr. Haphazard; and now that he was securely enmeshed in the nets of gambling, Mr. Lowe began to practice the scheme he had long brooded on, of ruining his friend.

Several of his acquaintance, black-legs like himself, he introduced to the board, and matters were so arranged, that they carried off in a short time no less than 15,000 pounds.

The Honourable F. Haphazard was looked to to replenish the bank; he raised the last mortgage upon his estate, and risked it on the gaming table.

In the meantime, the Syren had formed an intimacy with Mr. Lowe, which led to the tenderest connexions.

They obtained credit for furniture, wines, clothes, and goods of every description, which they speedily converted into money, and decamped to the continent.

Thus the man of fashion found himself destitute; he awoke as from a trance, and beheld the follies of those who would fain be thought Pinks, Swells, and Dons; he saw that he had attained a name which, without money, rendered him despicable. But habit and indolence had obtained too great an influence over his mind, and he found himself unable to conquer them.

His pride was soon reconciled to the profession of a gambler, by those arguments, with which every man on assuming a vicious course knows how to soothe the alarms of his own conscience.

After passing through the ordeal of whitewashing, as it was termed by the old school, the turf at Newmarket, and the Fives Court, became the scenes of his exploits.

Here his own wants occasionally and the losses he had sustained by the rogueries of others, made him down to the deep ones, and he became as acute a callator of chances, as Ricardo is of the finances.

Thus he lingers upon the town a black-leg, and a man of fashion, and thus the life of the Hon. F. Haphazard, is as unpleasant to himself, as disgraceful to his country.

Mr. Lowe had the address soon to discard the Syren, who returned to England in the train of a young English Nobleman.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Lowe the swindler, black-leg, and accomplished gentleman, settled the property so unjustly acquired, so as to support himself genteely for his future life, and thus contradicted the assertion of moralists and philosophers, that vice is never successful to the end.

From these adventures of the Hon. F. Haphazard, this moral may be drawn, that the life of a man who lives solely for his own pleasures, is sure to end in infamy, and that his name, will never be mentioned without execration, either by cotemporaries or posterity.

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### BOW-STREET, Oct. 26.

### LOVE AT FIFTY.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why need you kick me down stairs.

Mr Wood, a gentleman of property, residing in the King's Road, Chelsea, applied to the magistrates for protection against the importunities, the intrusions, and the repeated menaces of one Mr. John Grant. This Mr. Grant had thought proper to fall in love with Mr. Wood's sister-in-law, Miss Eliza Newberry, who is said to have twenty thousand golden charms, besides those with which Dame Nature has liberally furnished her, in short, as the song says

She had money, and Mr Grant had none,
And so to court her he begun.

After Mr. Grant had courted her a year, finding he had no success, he very philosophically turned his attention to a Mrs. Telfair, a widow, with a snug £800 per annum, whom he married, after a vigorous courtship of three weeks. In a twelve month, or so, he popped her under ground, and then he turned his attentions to his old flame, Miss Newberry. No menaces could intimidate him in his pursuit of her affection, he was here and there, and every



Digitized by Google

where he hovered round, if not as a guardian, yet as an attendant angel, and he would often exclaim with the poet,

> Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time,
> And make two lovers happy.

Yet Miss Newberry was deaf to the voice of love, she never took pleasant walks with him in the month of May, she never answered, perhaps never read his love-sick epistles. But we will describe him.—Mr. Grant, the persevering lover, is a tall, gaunt, bony old gentleman, in black, his hair sable silvered, and his countenance, which was somewhat of the longest, extremely cadaverous. His garments hung uncouthly upon his sharp pointed shoulders, and he stalked solemnly to the table, with his umbrella under one arm, and Young's Night Thoughts under the other.

> Unsightly man to win fair lady's love.

Mr. Wood now stated, that it was eight years since the defendant began to court Miss Newberry; following her all over the country, and making her life quite miserable. He accosted her wherever he met, and represented himself every where as her favoured lover, and declared upon every occasion, both among her acquaintance and his own, that he would marry her by dint of perseverance, even though he should spend his life in the pursuit. Upon one occasion, when she was with her friends, at Benson, in Oxfordshire, he came there, and sat for whole days in the hedge, opposite her father's house.

> Built him a willow cabin at her gate,
> And called upon his love within the house.

This courtship was interrupted by two episodes, one, the above marriage, and the other, a magistrate's order to keep the peace for twelve months. This latter having expired, he renewed his offensive courtship on the Sunday preceeding, at a church in Chelsea, assaulting both Mr. Wood and his sister-in-law.

The Defendant said, this was a cruel conspiracy for the purpose of blighting his love, he did not say—in the bud, but looked as though he had a mind to say so. He attempted to prove that Miss Newberry had offered him her heart, but failed in his object,

Digitized by Google

The Magistrate ordered him to find bail, but the defendant said, he would prefer going to prison, and to prison he went, there to console himself with the words of the poet.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

CASTLE RUSHEN (ISLE OF MAN.) WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

RITCHIE *v.* BLUET.

This was a case of great aggravation. The plaintiff was the daughter of a Captain Ritchie, who dying abroad, in the East India service, was prevented from settling that property upon his children, as he would otherwise have been enabled to do. At his death she found herself in a manner pennyless, after having been educated so as to appreciate the enjoyments of genteel life. The defendant goes by the name of Bluet, yet that is not his real name. He is of an industrious family, from Taunton, but impatient of honest industry, he has thought proper to turn player. He then relinquished his family name, and as Mr. Barrymore, he travelled through the several gradations of a player's life, from a country stroller, up to a second rate performer at Drury Lane Theatre; having attained that rank, he as regularly descended through all the minor Theatres about London. The levity of a player is ill calculated for the education of youth. It exercises the talents while it destroys the judgment. From this profession he went into the Navy, and with the profession of a gentleman adopted the name of his family. As a half pay lieutenant, he met the plaintiff in Lambeth, where she resided with her aunt. He there succeeded in gaining her affections, and after some delay gave a promise of marriage which he never intended to perform. It was at this time that the defendant lived wholly upon the plaintiff's property. He took her out, she gave him her purse, and thus he had the credit of spending liberally and like a gentleman, in his pleasure. From December to June, she had spent upon him one hundred and thirty pounds. He induced her to go over to Ireland, and lay out one hundred pounds upon her education in music, in order that she might have the means of supporting him, when she became his lawful consort. Here various letters passed

Digitized by Google

between the plaintiff while in Ireland and the defendant in England. The excuse the defendant now made was, that he did not wish to bring ruin upon a family, and lamented in woeful terms his own wretchedness and misery. About this time he came to the Isle of Man, in the double capacity of servant and companion to a Mr. Foster, a gentleman of fortune from Ireland. If he did not wear this gentleman's livery, he wore his clothes, rode his horses, and took care of his establishment. His debts were paid by Foster; he put a gold watch, chain and seals in his pocket, and he lived in that easy state for which he would sacrifice any thing, except his own money and personal industry. After this he went to London were he became a fancy-man to a fashionable prostitute. The gentlemen of the Jury would scarce know what was meant by a fancy-man; it is one who is supported by a woman of levity, upon her earnings from her other admirers. His unfeeling and shuffling conduct was detailed in numerous instances, and the Jury brought in a verdict for £500 damages, with all costs.

---

## MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.—Friday, Oct. 25.

### Ex-Sheriff Parkins, v. the Parish of Mary-le-bone.

We have in some of our preceeding numbers, regularly recorded the exertions of the worthy Ex-sheriff to increase and multiply, agreeably to God's holy ordinance. Now the worthy Ex is fond of notoriety, which some say he mistakes for popularity, and therefore takes occasion to bruit his amours to the world, to the great delight of every pot boy. There was first the discussion before delivery, the discussion after delivery, and lastly the appeal of the worthy Ex. from the decision of the Magistrates. The proceedings of the Court commenced by reading the appeal of the Ex-Sheriff, in which he stated, that he had had no intercourse whatever with the defendant, pronounced her to be a common prostitute, and enumerated various visits which had been paid her by her male acquaintance.

Mr. Adolphus, on the part of the respondent, produced Miss Hannah White, the mother of the young Ex-sheriff. She had lived in the service of a Captain Fozzard, in the Riding-House in Hyde Park. One evening in June, when the weather invited to

Digitized by Google

love, and all nature seemed amourously inclined, he met her in the Park and there they partook of the fond enjoyments of love, to the very brink of rapture.

> Then London's Sheriff in her warm embrace,
> Planted the seeds of his own vigorous race.
> Pleased with the toil, renews the fight once more,
> That pleasing hour account for all the ills she bore.

This interview gave rise to another in August, when they went into Kensington Gardens. This was repeated three or four times, and she believed more. She was subsequently delivered of a child, in Marylebone workhouse.

Mr. Alley, for the worthy Ex-sheriff, made an animated speech, and contended that the girl was not worthy of credit. The landlady where Miss White lodged, proved that several men were in the habit of visiting her, and one of them passed for her husband. Several other witnesses attempted to invalidate her evidence, but they entirely failed. The worthy Ex-sheriff admitted, in his declaration, that he had once given her four shillings in the Park, but that was all he knew concerning her. Mr. Adolphus dwelt upon this in his reply, and contended that such assignations were not extraordinary, for gustibus non est disputandem. The Court confirmed the decision of the Magistrate, and the Ex-sheriff left the Court impressed with paternal feelings, and anxious to behold his lovely son.

> As flies the native of the bough to warm,
> Its young to cherish, and to keep from harm,
> So flew the Sheriff to his beauteous boy,
> Begot in rapture and conceived in joy,
> There his own features in the youth he sees,
> Owns his dear son, and thinks upon the trees.

---

## WHO'S THE DUPE?

Mr. Lowndes, the eccentric India House orator, appeared to shew cause why he refused to maintain two illegitimate children. The sum demanded was ten shillings a-week for each. The defendant said he had no doubt but one of them should have been affiliated on Mr. H., a magistrate, who used to visit the female. Here was "justice at odds with gravity," with a vengeance!—

Digitized by Google

But as these sapient slips will sometimes silence the most select societies, we, *for the present*, leave the worshipful Mr. H. to make his own silent soliloquy upon them, and return to the aggrieved Mr. L., who, it seems, had already paid about one hundred pounds at the rate of ten shillings a-week, but refused to pay what was now due.

The gentleman considered it very hard that he should have to pay for two children who were the offspring of a common woman, whom he had met in the piazza of Covent Garden. The first child it was very doubtful whether he was the father of, and the second it was absolutely impossible that he could be. But even if he had paid the money at any time, it was contrary to morality to allow the mother that sum, since she was living in a state of prostitution; the elder child, being seven years of age, had scenes presented to her mind that could not but be highly injurious to her moral character. Since provisions were so much lower, and he had himself reduced his rents twenty per cent., on that ground a reduction ought to be made, especially since the sum would be equal to what half-pay officers and curates received, who had wives and families to maintain. Besides, she had 600l 3 per cent. Consols.

The magistrate said, that the award being made, there could be no alteration now.

The gentleman observed that, since in many cases half-a-crown a-week was considered a handsome sum from a tradesman, he did not think the law made so wide a difference as ten shillings a week in the allowance of a gentleman. Had the woman been seduced by him, he should not have hesitated one moment about the matter; but, to convince the magistrate what a deceitful being she was, he would just relate what occurred when she was receiving 800l. a-year from him. One day she seized hold of the skirts of his coat, to prevent him going into her apartment, since she had there a person whom she had secretly introduced.

[A young woman was here brought to filiate a child; the gentleman inquired whether she had been seduced under a promise of marriage? On learning she had, and that 2s. 6d. per week was apportioned as the sum the father was to pay, the first gentleman said it was shameful to oblige him to pay 10s. a-week for two children, one of whom it was doubtful if it was his, and the other it was quite impossible that it could be, while this poor woman had only 2s. 6d. a-week under a case of seduction.]

Digitized by Google

The magistrate said he could not alter the award, and, therefore the charge must be paid.

The gentleman paid the money to the overseers.

# Miscellanies.

## THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

*Continued from page* 408.

The liberties Theresa allowed me of tender caresses, was a vain solace that only increased my desire; for thinking me a child, she believed all her permissions inoffensive. How oft have I sighed on her breasts, and panted with pleasure with my lips cleaving fast to her gentlly heaving bosom; without any suspicion of my ability of satisfying a passion I seemed to be possessed of before the age of accomplishment.

In this situation, Donna Theresa took me with her to the country seat of the Cardinal, which had an agreeable view of all the Campania of Rome. Here were gardens, grottos, and cascades, every thing that could relax the body, and gratify the most luxuriant. One day, after inspecting these magnificent grounds, we passed to an apartment allotted to Theresa; where, fatigued with the heat of the day, being thrown on a couch, her maids undressing her head and lovely body, discovered such charms as filled my eyes with pleasure, and my cheeks with blushes of warm desire. Being near undressed, she ordered my gown to be brought, and me to be undressed, that I might be more cool. I obeyed her, but sighed to see her retire to the bath without me, leaving only to imagination what the waters concealed.

I had not been long undressed, and thrown on the couch more uneasy with the pain of desire, than the fatigues of the journey, but the maids coming out, brought me orders to repair to their lady, who designing awhile to indulge her pleasure in the bath, had a mind to divert the time more agreeably with my innocent prattle. I obeyed with more pleasure than I durst yet discover, ravished with the thoughts of being so near the naked beauties of

Digitized by Google

my charmer, which would be but faintly excluded from my full view by so transparent a veil as the water.

The bath was made of various depths, according to the person or use that was made of it; on the farthest side from the entrance, was a couch of marble, on which one might lie with nothing but the head above the water. There it was I found the charming Theresa extended at full length, with one arm thrown over her head, and her sprightly eyes full of languishing desires, promised, to the happy man that could thus attack her, no obstinate resistance. Beyond this watery couch, the margin of the bath is raised about two feet, where she bid me lie down and divert her with some pretty story, as I was wont.

Though my heart was too full of the charms that were near me, to be pleased with diverting my thoughts to a story that was foreign to my wishes, yet I was not less inclined by choice, than by duty to obey her commands. Having, therefore, thrown myself down by her on the margin of the bath, with my hands folded in hers, I proceeded to narrate, in as moving terms as I was capable of, the history of the unfortunate loves of Don Frederic, and Donna Catalina, of Toledo.

As soon as I had concluded, 'my dear little Cupid, cried Donna Theresa, how sensibly dost thou talk of the transports of love, and all the excesses of its dissolving raptures, as if by some miracle thou hadst known what they were. Oh! my dear little miniature of man, that thou wert as capable of easing my pains as thy tongue has been of raising them.' And grasping me with some eagerness on that sudden ejaculation, I tumbled into the bath with my gown on. She started up at the accident, and caught me with her arms, to secure me from being frightened by the fall; and pulling off my gown and shirt, threw them aside, and ringing the bell, she bids the maids take them and dry them, and ordered me to stand still in the bath, which would do me no harm, but refresh me after my fatigue.

The maid being gone, she placed me by her side, on the step to the couch, but kept her arms round, for fear I should fall any farther. As she gave me a thousand kisses, so she suffered my hands to wander wherever I pleased, which gave an insipid sort of satisfaction to both, though it served only to raise our mutual desires. I sung her a song, and used all the liberty she gave my seeming innocence, to rouse her wishes to their utmost extent.

Digitized by Google

I had scarce done my song, when she caught me in her arms, and cried out, my dear little creature, were the gods of old Rome still in fashion, I should swear thou wert Cupid come to rifle my charms, in the pleasing disguise of a boy. I love you more, replied I, than Cupid could do, and pressed her bosom with my fingers as hard as I was able. It is not impossible, continued I, for beauties such as yours, to work greater miracles than all the heathen brood of imaginary deities,—which, having given my heart so fierce a flame, may supply the capacity of appeasing its rage, which could not else be expected from my person and appearance.

Infinitely pleased with the flattery, and moved by a strong imagination, she lifted me up in her arms, and threw me on her bosom, when she soon made the discovery of the miracle I promised, finding me sufficiently capable of easing both her desires and my own. Her wanton hand, unsatisfied with what she felt, run over my naked body, scarce yet convinced of her error, till unable to defer the joys, and unwilling to give her time to recover her surprise, I easily took possession of a fort that was not provided for a siege.

> Quick, and more quick, her panting breath expires,
> Her tongue wants force to utter her desires.
> She left the welcome story to her eye,
> Where humid fires were seen suffused with joy.
> The sting of love now fixt within her breast,
> Passive she lies, and waits the welcome rest.

After a thousand fond caresses, and frequent assurances of my mortality, that I was a man of eighteen years of age, and capable of answering her warmest desires, she seemed transported, the pleasure being heightened by the novelty, and charged me to keep my good fortune a secret from the world; besides, she assured me, that for the future, I should be her constant bed-fellow, secure from slander and suspicion, by the false appearance of my person. She told me, she should now be as jealous and fearful of the women, as I had been of the men, and therefore her bed should be our security for both.

Now leaving me on the watery scene of her pleasure, she got out of the bath, and rose a no less charming Venus from this little bed of waters, than the fabulous Aphrodite from that of the ocean, she left her warmer Adonis, full of satisfaction and pleasure in this fortunate adventure; and having dried her lovely



Digitized by Google

body, she veiled it with her shift and her gown, and went herself for the robes to dress me, her darling. But my gown not being yet dry, she brought me a shirt, and my clothes, and lifting me out of the bath, with eyes yet incredulous, she could scarce believe my visible credentials of manhood. She kissed me all over, and vowed she had never seen a sight so amazing, so complete and delightful as the admirable harmony of my parts and proportion. Seating me in her lap, she dressed me with her own charming hands, she led me into the saloon, to a collation that awaited our coming, where, with rich wine and viands, we recruited the pleasing expences of love. The cieling was painted by, and the walls hung with pieces of the first masters of Italy.

During the month of our stay at the Villa, near Tivoli, we took care to give our joys agreeable variety, and let no moment glide by us without loading its downy wings with some pleasure or other. Love, music, and poetry, had their turns, and whenever chance or company separated our persons a few moments, our thoughts were never asunder.

This was the zenith of my good fortune, and being made for pleasing, it was a folly to expect ought beyond it. I was possessed of the greatest beauty of Italy, just in her bloom, fifteen winters not having passed over her head, a lady of the first quality of wit. In the midst of the inquisitive eyes of mercenary spies, enjoying the full gust of love in perfect security, I was courted by the men servants, fondled by the maids, and blessed with the warmer and more charming embraces of my lady, her favourite confessed.

But of all happiness, that is the most frail that depends on the various humour of woman, and a young woman, nay of a young woman of quality, the very epitome of all the follies and of their sex; for their titles furnish them with the vanity of excelling all other women in lewdness and inconstancy, as if their quality supplied all other defects.

The month was scarce expired, before I found a sensible decay in the violence of Theresa's passion, every enjoyment rendering her pleasure more languid; while my flame rather increased by possession. But returning to Rome, the change of the scene gave a new edge to her inclinations, as acting under a greater restraint.

I was welcomed with no little pleasure by the Cardinal, and the rest of my humble servants of that family. To remove all my

Digitized by Google

fears, Donna Theresa's importunity prevailed for my continuing her bed-fellow. Being retired with Donna Theresa to her cabinet, and all the company withdrawn to their apartments, having permitted some soft dalliance which I could not defer; she opened her scrutoire, and looking out some papers, let fall a miniature, which I snatching up, found it to be the picture of a beautiful youth. When demanding with some concern who the happy man was, whose portraiture she admitted to her closet, with a kiss she assured me that I need not be jealous of the original, or envy his fate; for though happy in his love, yet he lost his life in the pursuit of his amour.

I pressed her to give me an account of the unfortunate lover, which she promised to perform on the morning's return, when sleep had refreshed her, and made her able to go through with the history. So to bed we went, where placed in the ivory pale of her arms, and on the sweetest bosom in the world, I revelled in pleasure as long as I was capable of giving or receiving any joy. The low ebb of love being come, in the midst of soft kisses we both fell asleep.

The morning returning, I first escaped the image of death, and with kisses and soft caresses quietly drove away the drowsy leaden God, that too long usurped the finest eyes in the world, and having paid our morning devotions to Cupid, we slipt on our gowns and went into the closet, to satisfy my impatience to hear the mournful tale she had promised to relate. She took from her scrutoire the picture I mentioned, and several papers relating to her amorous affairs, and sitting down by me on the couch, and casting a languishing regard on the picture, she gave two or three sighs, and let fall a pearly shower of tears, which added a new, but a melancholy beauty to her face. I sucked up the balmy drops with the greedy thirst of love, and smothered the rising sighs with the fury of my kisses. At length composing herself she began her tragical narration.

*(To be Continued.)*

---

## PORTRAITS OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

### No. II.—Mr. C——ng.

Mr. C——ng is like Mr. Cobbett in more things than one. They are both adventurers in society: one the son of a common



Digitized by Google

trull, the other sprung from the loins of a plough-boy. Both are eminent in their respective parties: both are hated and detested by those they profess to serve. The one will rant about the classics and the Greeks, and how Priam stared when they told him all his Troy was burnt. The other, forcible, feeble, and contemptible, despises those qualities, rants about Tull, and turnips, and young ideas, and praises the mob while he is making a tool of it—and both are well versed in grammar! The one is unprincipled with the mob, the other with the rich! Both can fawn and flatter, and bully their adversaries; both can turn tail when they behold danger; both have kicked the ladder by which they rose, and both will kick the bucket, some day or other, when they will meet with their deserts. Mr. C——ng has erected a monument in honour of him that first invented wind-mills that can grind east, west, north, or south, with equal indifference, and the weathercock, he thinks, is the most noble part of the building, as it *crowns* all. His conscience, like one of your modern thieves, can adapt itself to circumstances, can explain sin like your true Calvinist, shutting his eyes when he beholds the iniquities of power; and, of all texts in the book, he likes that which preaches up submission to the "powers that be." He is an illustration of the proverb, which says, it is an ill bird that bes—ts its own nest, for it is a wise child that knows its own father. He will call God to witness, with his hand upon his heart, of his intentions for his country's good, looking as pious as a jesuit administering poison in the sacrament. He can spew out abominable jests, by wholesale, and can ridicule the poor, among whom he was once one of the meanest. He is a perfect Machiavellian, accommodating himself to times, places, persons, and circumstances; what was right one day, is wrong the next, so perfectly can he assume his Proteus shapes, as sharpers do in every country. His good qualities lie in a small compass, and are put out at interest, to make them thrive. No one knows where to have him, he is a slippery eel, with all the cunning of the serpent, with all its tricks and meannesses. At Rome, he would do as they do at Rome, and would be a cardinal, haranguing upon the expediency of supporting the whore of Babylon, and her fornications and abominations, and would talk about divine right, and divine revelation, with with all the flippancy of a Protestant parson, in eighteen hundred and twenty-two. He is an abominable linsy-woolsey mixture; in politics, pretending to li-

Digitized by Google

beral sentiments, yet a supporter of false—an ignis fatuus, that deceives the unwary—a lurid light, that frequents hollow places. He has been on so many sects and sides, that he has not a rag left to cover his nakedness, and he stands now in his native deformity, an example of inconsistency and false ambition, no good to himself nor to his fellow creatures.

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

This national place of amusement opened on Wednesday the 16th ult., with a poetical address, from the pen of G. Colman, spoken by Mr. Terry. The play was "The School for Scandal," which, as it was first produced at that house, was never better performed. Mr. Terry was SIR PETER TEAZLE, in the absence of Mr. Munden. Mr. Dowton appeared, after an absence of two years, in the character of SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and was loudly and deservedly applauded. Since it opened, nothing new has been brought forward, and the performances have consisted of good sterling comedy and tragedy. Mr. Young, in HAMLET, and ROLLA, has met with great applause. We were promised that this season should be a beginning, *de novo*, free from the errors of the preceding. But, although Mr. Elliston has had the address to draw Mr. Young, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Liston, from their old house, Covent Garden, yet the public cannot have the gratification of seeing two of these stars shine at once in the same firmament. Thus Kean is not to be seen till Young's engagement has elapsed, and these imitators of majesty assume as much importance as their brother monarchs at Verona. These are evils we rather wish to see remedied than ever expect. The inside of the house is most splendid: the pannels of the boxes being painted with scenes from Shakespeare; and the new curtain is most magnificent. Mr. Munden, as OLD DORNTON, in the "Road to Ruin," is a fine treat; and when we miss him, we shall not soon behold his like again. Great credit is due to Mr. Elliston for the exertions he has made for the amusement of the public.



Digitized by Google

## ADDRESS,

### WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF OPENING DRURY LANE THEATRE, SPOKEN BY MR. TERRY.

Since Theatres so oft in this our time
Are launch'd upon the town with solemn rhyme,
Thoughts ready-made, to fit the theme are found,
Like last years' tunes on barrel-organs ground;
And poets furnish, in the bathos style,
Old tropes and figures for the new-built pile.
The sock and buskin named—the Muses follow;
The Opera, always prefac'd with Apollo!
But, Architecture's claims when we enforce,
Vitruvius and Palladio come, of course;
Till, after a long dance through Greece and Rome,
To Dryden, Otway, Congreve, getting home,
We end with Shakespeare's ghost, still hov'ring on our dome.
Alas! how vainly will our modern fry
Strive with the old Leviathans to vie!
How foolishly comparison provoke
With lines that Johnson writ, and Garrick spoke.
Abandon we a strain, without more fuss,
Which when attempted, has abandon'd us;
And let us guiltless be, however dull,
Of murdering the "sublime and beautiful."
Thus, then, our Manager, who scouts the fears
Of pulling an old house about his ears,
Has spared, of our late Edifice's pride,
The outward walls, and little else beside:
Anxious has been THAT labour to complete
Which makes magnificence and comfort meet;
Anxious that multitudes might sit at ease,
And scantier numbers in no desert freeze.
That ample space may mark the liberal plan,
But never strain the eyes or ears of man.—
Look round, and judge;—his efforts all are waste,
Unless you stamp them as a work of taste;

Digitized by Google

Nor blame him for transporting from his floors
Those old offenders here—the two stage doors—
Doors that have oft with burnish'd pannels stood,
And golden knockers, glittering in a wood,
Which on their posts, through every change, remained
Fast as Bray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd;
That served for palace, cottage, street, or hall—
Used for each place—and out of place in all;
Station'd like watchmen, who in lamp-light sit,
For all their business of the night unfit.
So much for visual sense:—what follows next
Is chiefly on the histrionic text:
And our adventurer has toil'd to store
His list of favourites with some favourites more;
Sought planets ROVING from their former sphere,
And fix'd, as stars, the brilliant wanderers here;
To Drury's luminaries ADDED light,
And made his sky with constellations bright.
Rich the repast—and may, we trust, insure
The custom of the scenic epicure.
E'en I—although among the last and least—
May pass, perhaps, as garnish to the feast.
As for our living Dramatists—if now
The GENUINE bays disdain to deck their brow,
Still they can please, and, as they're dull or clever,
You patronize, or damn, the same as ever;
For each degree of talent, after all,
Must here by your decision rise or fall.

---

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

Has pursued a steady course; and though deprived, by what some consider unfair means, of its principal ornaments, has had good audiences. Miss Paton has been a great attraction, and the critics pronounce her very little inferior to Miss Stephens. Several new pieces have been produced here, as well as performers. A Miss Chester appeared in VIOLANTE; and a young gentleman, of the name of Mason, in the character of young NORVAL. The

Digitized by Google

former, it is understood, has succeeded; the latter possesses little of the fire of genius, but a good knowledge of the technical business of the stage, and his acting is evidently the result of sheer industry. He will therefore become very useful as a second-rate performer. Of the pieces, "Ali Pacha" is the first, a rich Asiatic melo-drame, where the dresses and scenery are uncommonly splendid, and worthy of each other. It represents the tyrant, Ali, killing and murdering wherever he goes; and instead of embodying the principal actions of his life, shows us nothing but murder and blood throughout, even to disgust. It will have a run, by the splendour with which it is got up. The other piece is an Interlude, and was received with laughter and applause.

---

## COBOURG THEATRE.

The season at this house has closed, such as it is Mr. Glossop, the manager and proprieter, reminds us of the astrologer in Rasselas, who could alter the seasons as he liked, and bring wind, rain, &c. on the world, wherever and whenever he pleased. Something of this power is in the grasp of Mr. Glossop. He can controul the seasons with a mighty hand, he can shift Midsummer, to Christmas, and Christmas he can ordain to be kept under the refreshing shade of some mighty tree. In a few words, Mr. Glossop engages his performers for the season, and when he wants to get rid of them, declares the season to be at an end. This is hardly just to the player, whose employment is sufficiently precarious, without such treatment as this.

There is a stupid fellow of the name of Sloman at this house, who, if the manager were to dismiss, some of these seasons, we think he would suffer no loss. Continually thrusting himself forward, with his humpty dumpty shoulders, he cares not who he annoys, so he can but procure the shouts of the gods. We experienced this a few nights ago, at Mr. Bradley's benefit, when he ran across the stage in one of the scenes, merely to get a share of the applause. We have the satisfaction of knowing, that he received a severe beating for his impudence, by Mr. Bradley. Both parties, afterwards, made their appearance at Union Hall, and were bound over to keep the peace to each other. We hope this will be a caution to him, and show him, that he will not be permitted to play his tricks with impunity. We shall keep an eye upon him in future.

Digitized by Google

## RAWSTORNE STREET.

OCT. 22.—IRON CHEST.—ALL AT COVENTRY.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, Mr. Mellows, bore a strong resemblance to a criminal at the Old Bailey, after receiving sentence of death, and howled like a mad dog. MILFORD, Mr. Concannon, was more like a tear-throat ballad-singer from the purlieus of St. Giles's, than the soft, gentle, tender-hearted secretary; and bellowed loud enough to deafen the noise of a roaring cataract. RAWBOLD, Mr. Durham, convinced the audience that he was not only *raw*, but *bold* also; and, in appearance, apparently belonged to the gang of dustmen employed by the celebrated Mr. B——, of Battle Bridge. ADAM WINTERTON, Mr. Burroughs, reminded us of an old weazle, waddling on its hind legs. SAMPSON RAWBOLD, Mr. Bayns, appeared to have taken more than common pains to copy the grimaces of the Tom-fools who infest Bartholomew and other fairs, and gave an excellent imitation of the laughing hyena. ORSON, Mr. Hookham, was like a broken-winded knife grinder, seeking employment. The remainder of the characters were wretched. These *muffs*, to vulgarise a little, concluded the evening with "All at Coventry." The less said of this piece the better!

# Literature.

*The Two Visions; or, Byron v. Southey; containing the works by these authors, celebrated as the Visions of Judgment.*

We have been highly amused with the perusal of these two works, which have thus been reprinted in a convenient form, parallel to each other, that the reader might see and judge for himself, respecting their different merits. Southey's Vision of Judgment was published a few months after the death of King George the Third, and may be said to have fallen dead born from the press. It is a production worthy of a poet laureate, worthy of the subject, and dull, and disgusting as its own absurd hexameters. Once a Jacobin, always a Jacobin, and one would almost fancy, on perusing Southey's Vision, that he designed to ridicule that mythological machinery which has ever been the great power by which priests have troubled the world. But, however, we are thankful to Mr. Southey, for the new light that he has thrown upon the mysterious regions and personages, as

Digitized by Google

Heaven is not accessible to every one. Till the publication of his Vision, we had always understood, that the good things of this world were divided among the high and the noble, and the poorer classes, those who were oppressed and degraded, were sure to be entitled to the joys of Heaven and immortality, through a never-ending eternity, while they had the satisfaction of seeing their oppressors confined in hotter regions. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven, was the maxim of Jesus, which he further exemplified in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. But we will give an analysis of the work, and our readers shall judge for themselves. The poem is divided into twelve books: the first, is 'The Trance.' The poet meditating one dull night, hears a bell toll, which reminds him, that King George is buried that day. He then feels a stroke 'as of lightning,' and he knows not then what has become of him, whether he has sense or not, or whether he is dead or alive. He, however, makes a prayer, and in the next book, 'The Vault,' finds himself in a vault, surrounded with coffins, lighted by a cerulean light, while some angels are tuning away at their harps. In the next book, 'The Awakening,' the King, old George, and the poet awake, ascending to the gate of Heaven. Here the King meets Perceval, who was shot by Bellingham, and who relates to him what was done on this world in 1813, 14, and 15, relative to the downfall of Buonaparte. The King enquires if the radicals are quiet, and whether the multitude know their blessings at last, and Perceval assures him, that the spirit of evil and of faction is still at work, violent as ever. The next book, 'The Gate of Heaven,' treats us with a picturesque view of the New Jerusalem, and an angel standing on the walls of Heaven, summons the devils from the black dominions, to appear as witnesses before the King of Heaven, against King George. The rabble rout of devils come in a mob, making great noise and bustle; 'The Accusers' relates the trial.

In the front of an amphitheatre, is Ineffable Presence, the judge, around him angels and archangels, cherubs, spirits, &c. stretching far away further than the eye could see. The devil comes forward, produces John Wilkes, and Junius, who neither of them dare say a word, as king George seems to be in high favour with the court. The devil vexed at their silence seizes them with horrible grasp gigantic, and whirls them way into the sulpherous darkness. The devil himself is hurled away the next minute

Digitized by Google

by a whirlwind from Ineffable, the judge and ends this court trial; which is something like what the courts used to be in the good king's days, the judges as tyrannical, and the witnesses as terrified. Then 'the Absolvers' comes, among whom we find George Washington, who is made to pay a compliment to the old king. Then 'the Beatification' where the king, drinking of the Well of Life, is fit to enter into Paradise and over which the angels chaunt a merry psalm. 'The Sovereigns' giveth an account of the kings of England that are in Heaven. Among whom we find old Glencoe William, the Dutchman, Charles I. without his head, Elizabeth, Edward VI., Edward III. and the Black Prince, and the Lion-Hearted Richard, and Alfred, with the Saxon worthies. Then comes 'the Elder Worthies' who consist of Bede and Wickliffe, Chaucer, Cranmer, Cecil, Shakspeare and Spencer, with Milton, who is now reconciled to kings and priests, and from which we learn that none but high church Tories must be in heaven. Then comes 'the Worthies of the Georgian Age,' among whom is the apostate Burke, and the next book is 'the Young Spirits,' which is succeeded by 'the Meeting' where the old king arrives safe in Heaven, meets all the Royal Family that have died, and who kindly take him in their club of chaunters, there to sing hosannahs and hallelujahs, for ever, and ever. Southey wanting to get in, finds himself bilked, and tumbling down from heaven, hears only the bell, toll, toll, thro' the silence of the evening. The work is dedicated to the present King, and no doubt met with a pleasant reception.

The second "Vision of Judgment" is by Lord Byron, and is in the "Don Juan" metre, and takes a very different view of the question. It opens with a very humourous view of St. Peter, sitting outside Heaven, with his rusty key—and

> "The angels all were singing out of tune,
> And hoarse with having little else to do,
> Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
> And curb a runaway young star or two."

Excepting the "recording angel," mentioned by Sterne, who, having stripped off

> "Both his wings in quills
> And yet was in arrear of human ills."

So he had six angels, and twelve saints, given him as clerks, till at the "crowning carnage, Waterloo," they gave up their tasks

Digitized by Google

in divine disgust, shocked at the infernal scene. Thus things go on, till George the Third dies, making no great stir on earth, excepting his grand funeral, where the black made all the woe, and where the tears that were shed were bought at their full value.

> " And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
> It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
> The rottenness of eighty years in gold."

Then the poet digresses respecting blasphemy and damnation, in a way that will make our pious and loyal critics stare, and shake in their shoes.

A dialogue next ensues between one of the cherubs that bring Old George, and St. Peter, who gives us a description of Louis, with his head in his hand—the reception he met with—the headless howl he set up on his being refused admittance—and the sympathy of the martyr saints for his awful condition.

The Devil next arrives, followed by Michael, to hold the court, and a fine description is given of these two immortal personages, and their civil behaviour towards each other. Michael asks what Satan has to say against the King, and the Devil gives a very eloquent and just picture of George's reign. He describes how grew upon his heart a thirst for gold, which can but overwhelm the meanest hearts, and says :—

> " From out the past
> Of ages since mankind hath known the rule
> Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amassed
> Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
> Take the worst pupil, and produce a reign
> More drench'd with gore—more cumbered with the slain."

The Devil allows that George possessed some neutral virtues, such as being temperate, a good husband and father—

> " And this was well for him, but not for those
> Millions who found him what oppression chose."

The Devil then, by a sly hint, alarms St. Peter respecting Old George's refusal of Catholic Emancipation; and insinuates, that the good old saint is interested in this. St. Peter here rises in a deadly passion, and cries—

> " You may the prisoner withdraw;
> Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelf,
> While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself."

Digitized by Google

And vows that he will change places with old Cerberus, rather than permit this "royal Bedlam bigot to range the azure field of heaven." Michael interposes in a very friendly manner, and hopes that the Devil will excuse St. Peter's warmth. Satan then brings his cloud of witnesses, a vast mass, from all countries. Michael turns pale—hopes that the Devil and himself are not personal foes, if political enemies—and says, that the testimony of one or two will suffice: to which the Devil very politely consents, and brings forward Wilkes and Junius. The former refuses to say any thing against the old blind monarch, and votes for his admission into heaven.

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this,
"You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
"And seem to think it would not be amiss
"To grow a whole one the other side
"Of Charon's ferry."———

Junius comes next, and bids them ask the blind King for his answer to his (Junius's) letter.

"My charges upon record will outlast
"The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
"Exaggeration—something which may doom
"Thyself, if false, as him, if true? Thou was't
"Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
"Of passion?" "Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him."

The court is here interrupted by the appearance of the Laureate, Southey, of whom we have a fine description. He says that he has anticipated the decision of the court in his "Vision of Judgment," which he will read to them. He begins—but

"These grand heroics acted as a spell,
"The angels stopp'd their ears, and plied their pinions,
"The devils ran howling, deafened, down to hell,
"The ghosts fled gibb'ring to their own dominions."

And, in the bustle, King George slips into heaven.

"And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
"I left him practising the hundredth psalm."

Such is the extraordinary work which has excited, in no common degree, the wrath of our ultra-loyal and pious hypo-



Digitized by Google

crites. It has spoken the truth. It has placed George the Third, both in his political and private character, in a true point of view. It is time that the veil which has covered the infirmities of kings should be removed, and that they be exposed to the world in all their native deformity. If flattery has elevated such a piece of stupidity as George the Third into a great man, it is but right that another picture should be drawn, which will shew him in his true colours. Talk of respect for the visitations of providence, indeed! A king is a public man; every thing about him—his vices, his virtues, his graces, and his blunders, are public; and if he must be lauded for qualities which he never possessed, it is but fair that satire should laugh at those vices that oppress the world. To George the Third, individually, is owing the American revolution, and the long exterminating war with France. He was a despot in mind and in deed, incapable of any generous impulse, or gallant exploit—confined in his intellectual views, and sordid in his passions. He is now the property of History, who will no doubt appreciate his worth, and that of his successors.

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

A Work of Love.—The following notice was distributed at the doors of Edmonton Church, on the 10th of September, after a sermon, preached there, by the Rev. Dr. Hawker. A tradesman, of domestic habits and retired life, between thirty and forty years of age, who has been some time in a respectable trade in London, by which he has acquired of this world's goods from one to two thousand pounds; but, from his situation in life, has not had an opportunity of settling himself with a companion of similar habits—he trusts he will be found of an accommodating disposition, and determined to make every one with whom he has to do, comfortable, to the utmost of his power—is desirous of meeting with a female of similar habits and circumstances in life, well versed in domestic concerns, good-tempered, obliging to her friends, yet not extravagant, or given to much company, neat in her appearance, of light complexion; but above all, having the grace of God in her heart, and believing Jesus Christ to be

Digitized by Google

all in all to miserable sinners. The limits of this notice will not admit of any further description; but should this meet the eye of any one, influenced by the same spirit that dictated the above, he has no doubt of spending the present state in comfort, and the eternal in everlasting happiness.—A line, addressed to A. B. C. 40, Wellington-street, Goswell Street Road, appointing an interview any day in October next, will be attended to with all secresy.—The above is characteristic, but not quite so much so as the extraordinary expedient of a man of the name of Cooper, who preached some years ago at Sion Chapel, who intimated, after the sermon, that he wanted a wife; and in a Sunday or two after, to put an end to the numerous applications and extreme agitations among the spinsters, stated that he was—engaged.

---

## LINES ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. E. BRUSH.

Now Brush with Mrs. Brush a brush may take,
And brush her brush, and little Brushes make.

---

## ON THE NEW TREADING MILL; OR, STEPS TO REFORMATION.

Thus will our rulers all our crimes restrain,
By sending to the Mill each rogue in grain—
For thieves and vagabonds will ne'er be missed,
No Mill can work if not supplied with grist.
Thus dusty Bob shall be at home once more,
And all the heroes skill'd in chaffing lore.
So will the flower of all the British Nation
Procure their bread again in honest station,
And the Mill grind a general Reformation.

---

ANOTHER GOSPEL PROPHET.—Counsellor Lilliensten, of Frankfort on the Mayne, has published a very singular work, in which he attempts to prove, argumentatively and methodically, that the predictions respecting Antichrist are now on the eve of being accomplished. Antichrist, he asserts, will appear in 1823; his arrival will be succeeded by ten years of religious wars, after which, the Millenium, he assures us, will commence in 1836. The infidels had better be looking about them.



Digitized by Google

**Force of Argument.**—During the last month, Christianity and the State have added three more forcible arguments to their stock of reasons for the continuance of the powers that be, in the conviction of Messrs. Dolby, Clarke, and Waddington. Such logic as this, unlike that of words, has the effect of silencing its adversaries, which is more than the lusty doctors of the Church can say of their arguments. Some of our cotemporaries affect to ridicule this use of the arm of flesh; and would infer from it, that Christianity cannot support itself, and that such proceedings imply its weakness. On the contrary, they show its strength, and that, too, in a manner to which the defendants must acquiesce. When we had read these trials, we blessed God that we had such a holy religion, and so excellent a government, and shouted: "King Jesus, and King George, for ever!"—and were resolved never to doubt again on religion or on politics.

## ON MR. CANNING'S APPOINTMENT.

Behold! oh, ye Radicals! look at our king,
God save him for ever! ye surely will sing;
He takes to his bosom a serpent once more,
Who's bit him, and stung him, and made him quite sore!
Thus a king, when he's forced, can have something like zeal
For the good of the nation, its glory and weal,
And from his own anguish, for your's he will feel.

**Libels and Judge Law.**—At the close of the trial of Mr. Waddington for blasphemy, a stupid Juryman asked Abbot, the Lord Chief Justice, if a publication denying the divinity of Christ, was a libel? His Lordship's reply was, that there could be no doubt that any book denying the divinity of Christ is a libel, which said decision of his Lordship, implicates nine-tenths of the whole human race as libellers. It is, however, very natural in his Lordship to give such an opinion, as he gets fat upon his belief, and has throve well by his creed. He would have said the same against the Heretics in good Queen Mary's days, and is admirably adapted for a Dominican Inquisitor. He is not the only abbot that has anathamatized infidels, and he may per-

Digitized by Google

haps live to see more generous opinions yet, prevail among our rulers, and the clergy may find that the power of public opinion is not enfeebled, nor its arm shortened that it cannot avenge.

---

## LINES

*On the ——— refusing to dine with the Corporation of the City of London, on account of the Queen's picture.*

Why starts our gracious ——— with alarm,
Should once her Injur'd Shade but meet his eye?
Who, when the mind's diseased its ills can charm,
And bid the fiends of conscious guilt to fly?

The ——— starts in horror, when the shade
Of his lone victim stands before his view,
He shuns the shadow, and tho' still afraid,
He slanders those now dead, he basely slew.

---

MRS. GARRICK.—This lady, the relict of the celebrated David Garrick, expired at her house on the Adelphi Terrace, on Wednesday the 16th, ult. She had attained her 99th year, and had survived her husband 43 years and nine months. She was the daughter of the Earl of Cork and Burlington, by an Italian lady with whom he had an amour at Florence. Signora Violetta, for so she was called, was educated as an Opera Dancer, and was greatly admired for the elegance which she displayed in all her movements. But the agent who was employed to protect and support her from the Earl's bounty, acting unfaithfully, she was brought over to England, and in the course of time introduced to his Lordship's family as a companion and instructor to his daughter, her sister. Her union with Mr. Garrick was brought about in a very singular manner, she falling ill through her affection for him, before ever she had received any attentions from him. Garrick fortunately was on the look out for a wife, and one that had money would be to him the more acceptable. He was sent for to his Lordship's house, £10,000 was offered as a marriage portion, he accepted it, and the fair Violetta, with these hopes, soon recovered from the indisposition her affection had thown her into. To the day of her death she revered the memory of her husband.



Digitized by Google

and considered the most eminent actors of the present day, as sadly degenerated from the time of Garrick. Her letter of remonstrance against Mr. Kean's Abel Drugger, was brief. "Dear Sir, you don't know how to play Abel Drugger." His reply deserves also to be recorded, and placed to the credit of his gallantry. "Dear Madam, I know it." Mrs. Garrick was buried on Friday last, in Westminster Abbey, by the side of her husband.

---

## THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

In the Commons' House, a Member gravely rose,
And thus declar'd, while telling England's woes—
"How small, of all the ills which men endure,
"The part that Kings and Lords can cause or cure!"

Then men of crowns and coronets! we pray,
That hence ye will retire from Soyereign sway,
And leave us people, at a cheaper rate,
To rule ourselves and meet the ills of Fate.

---

## ON A PIOUS CLERGYMAN.

Our parson he prays with so holy a grace,
You'd swear that by Christ he would have the first place;
Yet his heaven he kindly bestows on the sinner,
Who's thinking of hell—but the parson of dinner.

---

Piety and Nastiness.—The ancient monks imagined that holiness was often proportioned to a Saint's filthiness. St. Ignatius, say they, delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes. He never used a comb, but let his hair clot, and rigourously abstained from paring his nails. One Saint attained to such piety, as to have near 300 patches in his breeches, which, after his death, were hung up in public as an incentive to imitation! St. Francis discovered, by certain experience, that the Devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; and one of their heroes declares, that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies.

Digitized by Google

DELICACY.—A company of fashionable ladies in conversation, were discussing the merits of various popular English novels, when one lady remarked that she preferred "Tom Jones" to "Sir Charles Grandison," as being more interesting, and giving a truer picture of living manners. A city lady, eager to show her deep reading and observation, exclaimed, "Yes, ma'am, and I too prefer Tom Jones, whom I have just left in bed with another man's wife."

## EPIGRAM.

"England is the envy and admiration of the world!"

This maxim has puzzled the wits of the wise,
Yet their jests and their wit still alike it defies,
The world envies those on the taxes who live,
Those who pay them, admires, they so patiently give.

MIRACLES.—St. Gregory the great affirms, and who will doubt him?—that a little monk got into such a habit of working miracles, that at length the prior forbade him to exercise his supernatural talent. The monk conformed to the order, but one day seeing an honest bricklayer falling from the roof of a house, he hesitated between the monastical obedience and charity, in saving the poor man's life; and only ordering him to remain in the air, he ran to acquaint the prior with the case. The prior gave him absolution for the sin of beginning a mirracle without his leave, and allowed him to go through with it, but never to do the like again. How useful such a saint would be in London!—and "och! long life to your honour's glory!" would be the cry of many a stout Irishman domiciled in the kindred region of St. Giles's.

FASHIONABLE GALLANTRY.—Under this head was inserted in the contents of our last number, an article, entitled Clogherism. Now we never intended to libel the fair sex by such a foul union, and though the practice of this horrible crime it confined to our fashionables, yet there is nothing of gallantry in such inhuman abominations. The crimes of the Bishop having been found out, has caused his degradation from his rank, by his Right Reverend Brothers. N. B. What will become of the Holy Ghost, who was settled on his Lordship, when he received his Bishoprick?

Digitized by Google

MORALITY OF THE CLERGY.—A correspondent, who dates from Turnham Green, after some animadversions upon the conduct of the Clergy, respecting the late infamous transaction, says: Many other actions there are, no doubt, committed by these reverend gentlemen, which the eye of the world hath not seen, but are buried in the graves of the consciences of the perpetrators. To those whose guilt has been made manifest to the world, let me add this one, which came under my particular notice. The Rev. Mr. W—lk—n, B. A. the officiating clergyman at the English chapel at Aberdeen, North Britain, a gentleman educated at an English University, admired for his moral virtues and excellent character, and on that account presented to this lucrative situation. About a year ago he married a lady of an old family, highly respected in that town, and lived with her in true connubial bliss. About six months since, on a Sunday evening, a respectable tradesman of that place (from whom I myself heard this) discovered this paragon of perfection—this idol of his sheep—in the arms of a servant whom he had seduced, and in such a situation as to blast his fair fame. This was about half a mile from the town, behind a powder magazine. The consequence was, an investigation into his conduct by six gentlemen, when such scenes of wickedness were laid to his charge as convinced the people what sort of a man he was. The congregation signified their intention of leaving his chapel, which he prudently averted by resigning, and, no doubt, by this time is on his way to the United States.—Such were the transactions of this wolf in sheep's clothing that they quite disgusted those who heard of them. However, he was a clergyman, and he was suffered to walk off without any punishment but the stings and arrows of his guilty conscience. What I have said, I know to be true. This wretch I often heard exclaim most bitterly against the vices of the church, and when the late disgraceful affair came out, he was the most bitter in his invectives against the infamous Bishop, while his own heart was corrupted by those very vices he himself cried down.

> "Oh! what authority and show of truth
> "Can cunning sin cover itself withal."

---

PUBLIC GOOD.—Before the gangs of the Vice and Bridge-street Associations drew the public attention to Paine's 'Age of Reason,' there had not been sold a sufficient number of copies to defray the expence of paper and printing. Of various editions now

Digitized by Google

in active circulation, there are no less than seven; and it is calculated that one hundred thousand copies have been sold within the last three years. Many travelling venders of books regularly sell them, and find a constant demand at the different public houses and coffee-rooms in the metropolis. They are various in size and price, and are fit either for the peasant's or the peer's library. Other proscribed works are circulating the same way, such as 'Queen Mab' and several others; and thus Messrs. Murray, Sharpe, and the hypocrites of the Vice Society, have NOT succeeded in their professed objects, NOR EVER WILL.

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### THE KISS.

Fond maid the Kiss you gave was cold,
Bestow another ere we part.
Nay, cease intruder, tho' I've sold
Still I've retain'd my heart.

You ask a Kiss, and I the boon deny,
Why not with such a poor request comply,
Hear me fond youth, one single fact impart,
I ne'er embrace, save when I give my heart.

### ON A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

Little tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest.

Digitized by Google

## ON ACHILLES.

Achilles was fond of the lasses they say,
And handled his distaff by night and by day;
He killed all the Trojans wherever he could,
'Gainst warriors and women, he equally stood—
Then be not so nice, O ye good, and he pure,
Who pretend that his nakedness ye'll not endure;
He stands like a soldier, just ready for fight,
What he kills in the day, he'll make up in the night—
So our heroes will stand for the good of the nation,
And boldly come forward with brave emulation,
Where the battle is fiercest and hottest they'll rush,
Commanders and privates shall equally push,
And Achilles shall show them, in tale and in story,
There's nothing like fighting for love and for glory.

---

## THE FABLE OF THE BEES.

*Continued from page 428.*

The root of evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful vice,
Was slave to Prodigality,
That noble sin; whilst Luxury
Employ'd a million of the poor,
And odious Pride a million more:
Envy itself, and Vanity,
Were ministers of Industry;
Their darling folly, fickleness
In dyet, furniture, and dress.
That strange ridic'lous vice, was made
The very wheel that turn'd the trade.
Their laws and cloaths were equally
Objects of mutability;
For, what was well done for a time,
In half a year became a crime;
Yet whilst they alter'd thus their laws,
Still finding and correcting flaws,

Digitized by Google

They mended by inconstancy
Faults, which no prudence could foresee.

Thus vice nurs'd ingenuity,
Which join'd with time and industry,
Had carried life's conveniences,
It's real pleasures, comforts, ease,
To such a height, the very poor
Liv'd better than the rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

How vain is mortal happiness!
Had they but known the bounds of bliss;
And that perfection here below
Is more than Gods can well bestow.
The grumbling brutes had been content
With ministers and government.
But they, at every ill success,
Like creatures lost without redress,
Curs'd politicians, armies, fleets;
Whilst every one cry'd, damn the cheats,
And would, tho' conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none.

One, that had got a princely store,
By cheating master, king, and poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, "The land must sink
"For all its fraud:" And whom dy'e think
The sermonizing rascal chid?
A glover that sold lamb for kid.

The least thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the public business;
But all the rogues cry'd brazenly,
"Good gods, had we but honesty!"
Merc'ry smil'd at th' impudence,
And others call'd it want of sense,

Digitized by Google

Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But Jove, with indignation mov'd,
At last in anger swore, He'd rid
The bawling hive of fraud; and did.
The very moment it departs,
And honesty fills all their hearts;
There shews 'em like th' instructive tree,
Those crimes which they're asham'd to see;
Which now in silence they confess,
By blushing at their ugliness;
Like children, that would hide their faults,
And by their colour own their thoughts;
Imagining, when they're look'd upon,
That others see what they have done.

But, oh, ye gods! what consternation,
How vast and sudden was the alteration!
In half an hour, the nation round,
Meat fell a penny in the pound.
The mask hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great statesman to the clown:
And some in borrow'd looks well known,
Appear'd like strangers in their own.
The Bar was silent from that day
For now the willing debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those that were in the wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious suit:
On which, since nothing less can thrive,
Than lawyers in an honest hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With inkhorns by their side troop'd off.

(*To be continued.*)

W. Bennow. Printer, 9, Castle Street, Leicester Square, London.

Bennow, Pubr.

Digitized by Google

# RAMBLER'S MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *MAN OF FASHION'S COMPANION.*

Vol. 1.] DECEMBER 1, 1822. [No. 12.


" *Perdutto e tutto il tempo*
" *Che in amar non si spende.*"
TASSO.
" All time is lost
" That is not spent in love."

## VENUS.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

THERE is not, nor has there been, any subject so interesting to mankind, as the mysteries of the Goddess of Love; and when we trace back the traditions, even of fabulous antiquity, we find the earliest poets of Greece, all warmly engaged in her service. Hesiod himself, did not disdain to sing the origin of this bewitching goddess, whom he represents as springing from the foam and froth of the sea; this ancient tradition, however, though believed in Greece, is supposed to have had some allusions to the island of Cythera, being the birth-place of the goddess, who, therefore, figuratively sprung from the ocean. Homer indeed, gives a different genealogy to the laughter-loving dame, and states her to be the daughter of Jupiter, and Dione. The ancients, however, were not contented with one Venus, for the Philosophic Cicero



Digitized by Google

himself, mentions no less than four of that name; the first, daughter of Cœlus and Aurora; the second, as described by Hesiod: the third, who appears to be Homer's Venus, the wife of Vulcan, and the Goddess of Crim. Con.; and the fourth, Astarte, the Phenecian Venus, beloved by Adonis. This lady, indeed, seems to have made sad havoc among the grey-beards of antiquity, for the sedate and accurate Pausanias particularizes not less than three; one, the celestial divinity presiding over platonic love; the second, a lady of more earthly mould, and as such, bestowing her patronage on downright matrimony; and a third, the averting Venus, or *Apostrophia*, who banished all improper passions. From the extreme dissonance of these amatory legends, no exact conclusion can be drawn, nor did the ancients seem to aim at any, as their physiology, morality, and even their history are equally tinted with these fables: sometimes they describe their Venus, as a female of the loosest conduct, sometimes as a pure and celestial goddess, then simply as a planet, or one of the passions. This figurative language is what has formed the mythology of the ancients; as Orpheus, Homer, and all the early poets, speak of her as forming the world, and keeping both gods and men as slaves to her empire. Her worship originally commenced at Cythera, one of the Cyclades, from whence it passed into Greece, and as all nations in their infancy are fond of the marvellous, the Grecians not only described her as springing from the sea, but also gave her the name of *Aphrodites*, signifying, *produced by foam*. The fondness of the Grecian poets for embellishment is well known; we are not surprised, therefore, at their giving her a son, which idea, however, they seem to have borrowed from the Phenecians, whose Astarte had a son by Adonis. From this simple beginning, commenced that love system, which has given such force and spirit to ancient poets, to Anacreon, Theocritus, and the Grecian school; to Ovid, Horace, and Tibullus, in the gay regions of Italy: to Secundus, Bonnefonius, Petrarch, down to Hammond, and Armstrong, and though last, not least, Mr. Little. Not-

Digitized by Google

withstanding all the absurdities of the antient mythology, there is yet an elegant simplicity in their ideas respecting the general goddess. A young and blooming virgin rises from the bottom of the deep, reclining on a shell; her transparent drapery floating in the breeze, she is wafted to the shore, and bends her steps to mount Cythera, whilst the most fragrant flowers spring up under her footsteps; the Hours are entrusted with her education, and soon accompany her to heaven, where her beauty excites universal admiration amongst the gods. She is bestowed by Jupiter, on his son, Vulcan; her son, Cupid, becomes her powerful auxiliary, and with him, the Loves, the Graces, the Sports and Smiles in her train, she becomes the dispenser of joy and happiness, not only to the celestial regions, but also to her votaries on earth.

The modes of worshiping her were various; sometimes they sacrificed to her a white goat, or a sparrow, or offered incense upon her altars: the ladies also consecrated their hair to the voluptuous deity, and from this, arose the story of the hair of Berenice being placed among the constellations. The rose, of all the flowery tribe, was most particularly dedicated to the goddess, as its crimson tint was supposed to have arisen from the blood of Adonis, wounded by one of its thorns; the myrtle was also another of her symbols, from its being abundant in the isle of Cythera; and even the lowly violet derived fresh charms from the goddess.

The engraving of the goddess, given with this number, is made from a drawing taken at Naples, of a painting dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, in the year 1742, and now in the possession of his Neapolitan Majesty. Connoisseurs speak in the highest terms of the grace and beauty of the original, and consider it a valuable specimen of Roman art. It was painted on a wall which formed the termination of a vista, in a subterranean garden. The body was of the most lively flesh colour: the inside of the shell of bright carnation: the veil flying in the air, yellow: and the outside of the shell green, relieved with white.



Digitized by Google

# The Rambler;

## *Or the Life, Adventures, Amours, Intrigues, and Eccentricities of* Gregory Griffin.

*(Continued from page 490.)*

### CHAPTER VI.

The advice given to our hero, by Father Baldini, was destined to form a new era in his history, and to fix those youthful passions, which are too often the attendants of our early career, and not unfrequently imbitter, in their excesses, the happiness of the rest of our lives. But a new light had dawned upon his mind with the advice of the good Father Baldini, who, whatever else might be said against him, could not, in this instance, be charged with not exemplifying his doctrines by his own practice of indulging his passions. Gregory recollected now the voluptuousness of Madame St. Clair, and he judged rightly in supposing that the pleasures of love would be still more enhanced, were the ages and inclinations of either party more upon an equality than they were in that instance. He now sought the company of Amelia oftener; his embraces were more ardent; and when he parted from her, it was with pain, which only shewed the force of his passion. His grand object was now to endeavour to animate her bosom with the same fire that burned so furious in his breast, by which, he would disarm her better judgment, by inflaming her imagination. He now found out the pleasure that the ancient and modern amatory poets afforded; and Ovid, Catullus, Secundus, and a few others, were now his constant companions. For the first time, he tried himself to compose a few rhymes, to show the force of his affection, and perhaps my readers will not conceive that he altogether failed in his object.

Oh, Love! I own thy mighty power,
And prostrate at thy shrine,

Digitized by Google

While raging flames my heart devour,
I feel thou art divine.

One hour of bliss with her I love
Were worth an age of woe,
To teach my pretty, modest dove,
That joy is still below.

When two rapt souls in union meet,
All earthly bliss it passes,
And sure there are no hours so sweet
As those spent with the lasses.

These were the studies that now employed the time of Gregory, the future minister of the gospel in the Catholic Church, to receive the confession of sinners, and to give absolution for the crimes they may have committed. His first step upon the virtue of Amelia was to introduce such books to her notice, as would, by their seductive eloquence, charm while they infused the poison, and lead her to contemplate the mysterious union without any sentiment of alarm. The *Bible* was the first book that he employed, for he considered, that if he could bring to her notice the numerous amatory passages throughout the sacred book, he could then talk and discourse more freely upon those subjects, as they would have the stamp of divinity and revealed religion to recommend them. Some of the chapters in the beginning of Genesis, and numerous others throughout the five books of Moses, which do not always discourse in the most refined terms or ideas respecting the sexual connexions, were the principal that he pointed out to her. The great instrument which he relied on for success was the Canticles of Solomon, which express, in the most luxuriant and licentious terms, the violence of mutual passions, heightened and improved with all the voluptuousness of the east. Our priests and religionists have, it is true, endeavoured to allegorise this luscious poem, but they must be very weak observers of its effects, if they see not, that under the



Digitized by Google

cover of the affections which the church has for Christ, and Christ for the church, they, in reality, nourish the very vices they condemn, and thus provide for themselves perpetuity of their office, by secretly nourishing those violent emotions. Amelia had lost her mother, and her other parent, in his wordly pursuits, was too engaged to prevent his child falling into the snare prepared for her. She had now placed her affections upon Gregory, as we before related; she had confessed that she loved him for himself alone, and thus one great obstacle was surmounted. When he talked of the violence of his love, and accused her of being too prudish, he would recollect himself, beg forgiveness, and attribute his excess to the happiness he enjoyed in her affections. Simple and innocent woman! the sport and the adoration of man, how long shalt thou be subject to the caprices and inconsistences of man? How long shalt thou be the most exalted or the most depraved creature of the universe? It seems, that the eternal law of nature had pre-ordained thy fate; for, in giving to thee a powerful attraction towards man, she has decreed, that before possession of thy enjoyments, he shall love with all the fervency of the heated elements, that his raptures shall cease when once he has attained his wishes, and that then thy soul shall burn with emotion as furious, as his love grows weaker. This was the case with Amelia and our hero. The studies of this young minister of the gospel were enlivened by his daily interviews with his beloved, and that the eloquence of his tongue was not without effect, might be told from the sparkling of her eyes, which too plainly indicated the state of her heart.

In her chamber she would study those passages where Gregory had doubled down the leaf, as a warning, he said, for her not to read them, as being dangerous to her morals. But female curiosity prevailed, and those very passages bore marks of having been the most attentively dwelt upon by his eager pupil. She knew not, as yet, that Gregory was destined for the church, by which he would be prevented, even were he so inclined, from loving her according to Act

Digitized by Google

of Parliament. Gregory in his rambles round the metropolis with Amelia, would discourse to her of the pleasures which love, free and unrestrained, gave its votaries, and he would exclaim against those unnatural institutions and customs, which only fetter the affections of youth, in obedience to the will of avarice, prejudice, or oppression. He gave her Rousseau's Eloisa to read; a book which honestly avows in the preface, that the young lady who reads it, will be undone; and which serves only to stimulate their curiosity the more, by enlisting their virtue in defiance of the dangers. Amelia was beyond the common run of girls, that think of nothing but lovers and dressing. She would take delight in those pleasures of the mind, which are the only evidences of intelligent beings. Her situation prevented her from very extensive reading or study, yet what she did attempt at she knew thoroughly. This laid her more open to his attacks, as she had formed some romantic notions, like Mary Woolstoncraft, that she could preserve his faith without the necessity of resorting to the aid of the Marriage Sacrament. These visions of happiness and pleasure were, however, destined soon to be dissolved, and she soon awoke to behold the sad miseries of reality.

Gregory and young Fenton, whom we introduced as his companion, had concerted a party of pleasure with two favourites to one of the villages in the environs of London, towards the latter end of the laughing month of May. Though Gregory had concealed his intention of profiting by the first opportunity to repay his love, yet Fenton had sufficient discernment to perceive that such was his object, and he likewise had formed a similar plan. Sunday being a day on which their services were required, prevented them from following the multitude in their amusement, but the next day they were amply recompensed. To Richmond on the Thames they proceeded, and it was a day as delightful to the world, as it was memorable to them. The sun shone in all his brilliancy, the birds sung from every bough, cheering their mates; and all nature

Digitized by Google

seemed disposed to recreation amidst the genial influence of the elements. Gregory and Fenton rambled along the meadows with their companions, alternately kissing and playing, sometimes provoking and sometimes pleasing them. To dilate upon the many follies they committed were useless; suffice it to say, that the two girls submitted amidst the new hay to the embraces of their companions, thus anticipating those joys which are attempted to be monopolized by those who have heard the service read by the priest. Who can blame youth that it falls into such errors, who can say, thus evilly have ye acted, and thus should we have done: the tongue is more eloquent in the cause of vice than of virtue, the pleasures of sin are greater than those of innocence; and above all, the pleasures of sin are immediate and perceptible, whereas the rewards assigned are distant and in another world. These adventures of Gregory will show upon what principles, and by whom religion is generally supported. In this intrigue he mixed the enthusiasm of youth with the policy of the priest, and he proved himself thus early to be worthy of a place among the College of Jesuits. He passed blameless and pure into the office of priest, after undergoing the usual probationary exercises, &c. In the next chapter, we shall behold him in another light, still as discreditable as the one in which we have viewed him.

*(To be Continued.)*

---

## *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

SIR.—Passing down Fleet-street, some few days since, I observed a number of soldiers walking together; and from their generally thoughtful severe aspect, concluded they were going somewhere upon business of a particular nature. I had not followed them many yards, before they all turned down an alley near Bouverie-street, and entered a sort of ware-room, where a number of people had collected for the purpose, it appeared, of paying God that homage and praise which they thought his benevolence demanded.

Digitized by Google

Unlike most of the Christians of the present day, they did not appear to consider ornament in their meeting-house, nor parade and ceremony in their business, necessary to their salvation.

Feeling, no doubt, the force of the promise held out to them, that where two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, he would be with them; they had assembled together with lowly and contrite hearts, and in a room to correspond.

The room in which this company had assembled, might be thirty feet square; the ceiling very low, and the appearance of the place, generally very dirty, with but two very small windows;—sufficiently large, however, to admit at least a small portion of the light of heaven. But I would not wish it should be understood from this, that they were anxious, like many of the statesmen and politicians of the present day, to keep the people in the dark. On the contrary, they appeared to me to be a sort of sceptics; not desirious to admit too much, but rather to be inclined to doubt, and while they received the light of revelation to examine, and if possible throw a light upon it themselves; which they did, by placing two small lamps at one end of the room—though, by the bye, their pretensions were (like the abilities of the speakers) very humble.

The soldiers having taken off their caps, belts, bayonets, &c., immediately hung them in uniform order, on nails, for that purpose affixed, at the further end of the room. The appearance of all this paraphernalia of war, disposed in such regular order, was very imposing—and while it struck the beholder with terror, it presented such an awfully sublime appearance, that my eyes were rivetted upon them. My attention, indeed, was so taken up with the extraordinary appearance of the place, that I had forgotten to take off my hat; and unfortunately this was construed (very erroneously) into disrespect: and an old man, whose pale long visage, and stedfast appearance, plainly denoted the little pleasures the vanities of this life gave him, tapped me on the shoulder with a stick, in a no very ceremo-

Digitized by Google

nious manner, and told me I had better walk out: not appearing to understand him, a female, who was standing near, informed me I should take off my hat, which I immediately did.

The business of the day commenced, one of the soldiers elevated himself a little above the rest, and began prayer, but not with that indifference, and in the strain of most of the parsons of the present day, far from it, he displayed a fervant zeal and enthusiasm which clearly shewed that the principles he wished to inculcate he sincerely believed in. GIVE HELL A MIGHTY SHAKING, exclaimed the orator, while some of his companions near him, were groaning as if they were in the depth of misery and sunk even into the very bottomless pit itself. *Give Hell a mighty shaking*, he again exclaimed with redoubled violence, and which shook the very roof as he uttered the expressions.—AMEN, rejoined an old woman in a squeaking, and at the same time, solemn tone, that plainly denoted the inward satisfaction and delight she would feel in assisting in the grand work. "Oh, Lord, Lord!" continued the speaker, "Thou hast plenty of work to do, turn the hearts, we pray thee, of all infidels, and destroy their inflammable publications, and may we never fight again in battle, but in thy service. In this strain several other of the soldiers, also, delivered prayers, but such was the impatience they manifested to begin, that before the individual upon his knees had concluded, one of the others would jump up during a pause, and commence, and by this means, the greatest confusion was caused. The whole assembly, indeed were so enthusiastic that they repeatedly interrupted the speakers by exclaiming simultaneously, Amen, Amen. Christ deliver us, &c. &c. To give an accurate description of the infatuation of these deluded creatures would be quite impossible.

On the Sunday following, I again visited the place, but found very few persons present; and nothing like the zeal exhibited, that I formerly witnessed, that having been *a special prayer meeting*; which I was informed took place the 2nd. Sunday in every month; I was also

Digitized by Google

informed, that the place they met in, belonged to Mr. Butterworth, the celebrated bookseller in Fleet Street, who occasionally held forth there himself, and this information induced me to repeat my visit, in the hopes of hearing his pious exhortations. The next Sunday I was at my post, and had the pleasure of seeing this great man enter, as if impressed with the dignity of his office, and willing to shine before men in his goodness. I was accosted by one of the members of this pious conventicle, who having noticed me here the preceding Sundays, had imagined that the light of faith had worked upon my soul, and that I was likely to become a proselyte to their sect. He invited me to sit down, which I did, and he immediately began to question me, (this was before the regular performance had commenced,) respecting the state of my soul, and wished to know if the Lord had ever been gracious to me. I told him not to be *tipping* me any of his *flash*, as I was not *awake* to it, and therefore would beg of him to speak plain English. He turned up the whites of his eyes at this, as much as to say, what a hardened sinner, and again asked me if on doing certain great crimes, such as profaning the sabbath, taking an oath, I had not felt the power of the Devil striving to win my poor soul from the fat things of righteousness and faith, to the leanness and unprofitableness of this corrupt world. I was about to give a proper rebuff, when the service of the day commenced by some twenty people striking up what they called a hymn, being at once doggrel poetry, set to a most doleful tune.

> Only Love to us be given,
> Lord we ask no other heaven,
> We thy saints, alone on earth,
> Grant us Lord the second birth.

And ever and anon a thin anatomy of a man, whose shrivelled looks bespoke his length of years, raised his hands to heaven, while his long visage lengthened as his enthusiasm increased, till at last he appeared the very picture of fanaticism, which could have birth only

Digitized by Google

in ignorance and error. This hymn over, prayers followed, then a chapter from the Bible, then hymns, prayers, groans and amen were mingled in discord, harmony not understood; and lastly the sermon by the great man himself. It was like him, and worthy of his intellects. He commenced with a picture of the terrors of damnation, and frightened all the old women by describing the state of the wicked at the last day, when said he, they will be running to and fro seeking for some one to save them. I will say, no, ye rejected me when I spoke unto ye, and now I will reject ye, and ye shall go to your master the Devil, whom ye were willing to serve. This I must remark was in the very spirit of Methodist charity, which is the most uncharitable of all sectarianism, and which knows no salvation beyond its own pale. The pious soldiers and the old women seemed much comforted when the orator assured them they would be saved, and would have the pleasure of shouting Hallelujah for ever and ever. The hymn struck up as a finale, the pious company departed, and I hastened to communicate what I had seen to the readers of the 'Rambler's Magazine.'

*November*, 1822. G. M.

## MEMOIR OF AN ORATOR.

A SKETCH.

"Wit, and't be thy will put me into good fooling! Those wits, "that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I that "am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says "Quinapulus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit."

SHAKESPEARE.

"The web of our life," saith our great bard, is of a mingled yarn, both good and ill;" and truly, so have I found it, in the comparatively short period of time that has beheld me a denizen of this mundane system, where

Digitized by Google

"all is vanity and vexation of spirit." By a fate known to few, I was thrown upon the world, and my own resources, at the early age of fifteen, vigorous, romantic, and enthusiastic in my feelings and attachments. I had just tasted of that "Pierian spring" which imparteth eternal youth and immortality to him who shall quaff its waters, I had obtained a glimpse of past things and generations, and looked forward to futurity with the hope, that I, obscure as I then appeared, might one day be numbered amongst the renowned and illustrious of the earth, and I started fearless in the world's entangled paths, reckless of consequences, buoyant in spirits, and sanguine in expectations. I had imbibed the spirit of the romances and chronicles of ancient days, and I contemplated, with mingled feelings of self-gratification and regret, the abodes of fallen chivalry, and the plains whereon Britain's empire had been lost or won. Of my adventures then, I shall not now trouble you, suffice it to say, that I arrived in this proud metropolis, as the goal of all my hopes, and the stage whereon I was destined to appear before an admiring and grateful world. Since then, singular and varied has been my career. I shall not detain you farther with that egotistical subject, *myself*, but hasten to introduce to your notice, the character whom I shall endeavour to pourtray, and respecting the likeness of which thousands will be enabled to judge. Seeking for variety, I hunted down folly in every shape—myself, alternately the prey and sport of each conflicting passion. At one time, I was seized with a mania, common to many, of attending and exhibiting at those popular arenas, termed *debating clubs*. It was there that I became acquainted with the individual to whom I allude, and who is now far removed from this strange eventful scene, alike insusceptible either of our love or our hatred. After an acquaintance of three years, business called me away from London; and, on my return, I learned that he was—dead! And art thou *gone*, thou prince of orators?—thou, whose luminous eloquence has arrested the full tide of debate; thou, who has caused us to retrace our steps and our argu-



Digitized by Google

ments; thou, at whose bidding, appeared the sages and heroes of antiquity; thou, who couldst overwhelm our wise men in their own wisdom, and astound the ignorant by names they never had heard of! Alas! Jack Wright—I shall never see thee more! "Where be thy gibes and jests now?" Where the wit that sparkled, and those words that burned? Where that eloquence that could mount into the highest heaven—soaring far beyond the mortal ken of the astonished sages of the east, and which even dared to arraign the most potent lawgivers of the west? Alas! like thee, it has vanished, and left no trace or remembrance behind, save a mark like the foot of the traveller in the sand, which the next returning tide shall sweep away for ever! But on the pages of *The Rambler* shalt thou be immortalized: I will offer my humble tribute to thy memory: I will snatch thy name from the oblivion to which, otherwise, it seems doomed. Such were the ponderings of my brain when the mournful tidings were imparted to me; and his shade, to my "mind's eye," has oft reproached me with not offering that homage to his genius, without which it could know no peace, nor enter the Elysian fields, nor even Charon's gloomy bark.

"Ill-fated shade, I mourn thy hapless lot,
"Thy name neglected, and thy words forgot;
"So fall the million, while a favoured few,
"The sons of Fame, to distant ages new—
"Are all one generation can afford,
"Of thousands, myriad multitudes adored."

There are many persons that will read this, and remember poor Jack Wright! I may say of him, that wherever a multitude was gathered together, there was he to be found in the midst of them. For a tribute of applause, he would travel from Dan even to Beersheba, from the east even unto the west: and for that unsubstantial airy nothing, *fame*, he would do more than many men would require to accomplish important and useful objects. He was a striking instance of ta-

Digitized by Google

lent perverted and degraded He was a melancholy example of what man may be reduced to when he deserts principle, and his own esteem, for the noisy shouts of a brawling mob—that even despise him for his superiority over them. He had entered life with brilliant expectations, and was destined for the service of the church, if the rumours concerning his early career, which was involved in much obscurity, be correct; and he became, and in this state closed his existence, a regular speaker, or spouter, as it is often vulgarly called, at debating clubs—almost depending on them for a paltry subsistence. To him—nothing came amiss. He would lay down the law upon any given subject, with the decision of a master, and as one having authority—requiring but a certain quantity of *blue ruin*, as it is facetiously, and not inappropriately termed, to wind up his spirits to the proper pitch, from whence they might be set a-going, till they ran down, and required further aid. He could describe, in brilliant words and metaphors, the mighty march of human intellect: that was his expression, and he would detail, in phrases which charmed attention on the ravished ear, the consequences of that fearful irruption in Europe, which, rushing forward like a mighty avalanche precipitated from the eternal Alps, overwhelmed every obstacle—laid desolate regions which had been blessed by the industry of man—swallowed up states, empires, and kingdoms—and engulphed within its attractive vortex the monuments and institutions of preceding days, consecrated by time, and endeared to us from the first period of perception.

"Whene'er the deluge rolled with sweepy sway,
"Their arms, their kings, their gods were washed away."

He delighted also to discuss the merits of the great question of reform—to pursue it through all its minute bearings, with its innumerable modifications and ramifications, and often hostile to the popular and favourite system. Like other great men, he had a theory of his own, which, could it once be reduced to practice,



Digitized by Google

would be an infallible cure for all disorders of the constitution. To the Radicals he gave no quarter, for to them he attributed the passing of those acts which circumscribed the field of his operations, excluding him from his usual sources of gain. To the Spenceans, and their system, he was an avowed and irreconcileable enemy; and he would sieze every opportunity of uniting them with the other reformers, and making both the subjects of his sarcastic and keen observations. At the very sight or mention of the Spencean he would prepare himself for battle—as doth the fretful porcupine: he would become animated, fiery, and enthusiastic; and it was evident then to all that he entered into the subject, *con amore*, and spoke from the integrity and sincerity of his heart. Then he shone supreme over his compeers, "an archangel still though fallen." He could, whenever he pleased, sometimes to show his powerful skill and talent, and sometimes to conceal his ignorance, involve our thoughts in a labyrinth of words, words that seemed to embody ideas, and yet were airy nothings, and he himself often lost the clue to his own meaning, and was unable to extricate himself from his perplexity. You know not, perhaps, Mr. Editor, what important subjects are discussed at these assemblies; you are not aware how they will give their opinions and arguments, and finally their decision by a show of hands. They will set at rest for ever the most abstruse and difficult mysteries, doubtful points in jurisprudence, science, morals; theology, civil society, its prejudices, institutions, customs, &c. &c. they will debate with as much solemnity as the councils of Trent and Nice of old, and with as much authority as our modern congresses of sovereigns. In all the mazes of these important subjects our orator was well versed, and he would discourse an hour by Shrewsbury clock very learnedly, and very scientifically upon the policy of our own, and the surrounding nations. He would draw actions and inferences from premises that never had being, and now and then he would astonish the natives by a scrap of Latin, which of course, had formed part of his studies during youth,

Digitized by Google

and you would hear the astonished natives exclaiming: 'That's Latin,' 'How I loves to hear learned lingo,' and give their speaker an additional stamp with their feet, in testimony of his extraordinary powers. In a celebrated Forum, which became at one time, even an object of attention to the Imperial Debating Club, which fixes the destinies of these isles of the ocean, and whose decisions are of greater weight than those I am now dilating upon, our Orator was oft the competitor for praise, and the antagonist in argument of a celebrated Galen, one who is well versed in all disorders of the constitution, and whose exploits have rendered him notorious to the world. Then were feats of skill: then were watchings for the enemy's weak part, where each adversary sought to put in a thrust; there were guards and attacks and parrying, and though both 'were cunning o' fence,' yet neither exclaimed with the timid Sir Andrew, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. The one degraded the existing authorities, ridiculed their policy, and the whole tenor of their conduct with the most bitter and unsparing sarcasm; a champion for public freedom, for civil and religious liberty, for the rights of man on their most extended scale, for the freedom of the press, and unlimited licence in discussing the measures of our rulers, he eloquently and boldly animadverted on the cause of popular discontents, on the right of Englishmen to enjoy the testament which Alfred the Great bequeathed to them, namely, to be free as that, 'chartered libertine' the air, and he would talk boldly of Magna Charta, the martyrdom of Charles, the revolution of James II. and he would appeal to the feelings and passions of his auditors, by calling upon them to fall with the gallant few and brave, fighting against the enslaved and enslaving myriads of kings, like as Leonidas fell at the immortal conflict of Thermopylæ. His speeches were always rounded, and concluded by those declamatory expressions which are ever sure to have an influence with the unreasoning and passionate multitude, who are hasty in their resolves, and intemperate in their



Digitized by Google

movements. But our orator had a more arduous task: inasmuch as he had to combat against popular prejudices, as he had to allay the enthusiasm excited by his predecessor, to call back their excursive imaginations and bid them exercise their reason, as he had to view man and society as it is, and has been, and to avoid on the one hand the Utopian dreams of romancers, and of theoretical and book-learned philosophers, and on the other, to combat against those who held man to be created for a few, and who, arguing from his vices only, condemn him as an irrecoverably degraded being. Then was Jack Wright seen in the full meridian of his glory, then, animated by the quantum sufficit of necessary excitement, by the applause that awaited his success, by the triumph he would have over his eloquent opponent, by the prospect of gain, by the full swing that he could give to his real principles, as he termed them, those of a Whig of 1688; then I say, he would fearlessly encounter the hydra of sedition and discontent, he would remind us of the glorious days of Old England, and of good Queen Bess, and would ask, in a triumphant tone, if Englishmen had not always been secured in the full enjoyment of their rights and liberties? He would ask, who fought for the Magna Charta, on which the eloquent gentleman that preceded him had said so much? Who accomplished the Reformation? Who passed the Habeas Corpus Act? Who expelled the Stuarts? Our brave Ancestors, he would exclaim. He would ask, if England had not always been the abode of the free and independent, and whether the very complaints of, and the licence given to his antagonist, did not prove the existence of that liberty, whose loss he so warmly lamented. It showed that our institutions were liberal in their tendency, and equally balanced between the reveries of wild speculators, and those who blindly venerated the ignorance of antiquity with all its absurdities. I have heard, and I have lamented, that a man possessing such wonderful powers, endowed so largely with the divine gift of eloquence, and capable of enlisting our judgment while he raised our passions, the *ne plus*

Digitized by Google

*ultra* of an orator—I have lamented, I say, that he should ever so far degrade himself, as to exhibit for a trifling pecuniary consideration, those powers, almost daily to the mere mob, to men, who could scarce comprehend the meaning of his words; to men, as inferior to himself in intellectual acquirements, as he was beneath them in point of personal respectability and esteem in the world. Yet he would unblushingly espouse that side of any argument which his employers chose, now the patriot, now the apologist of tyranny. He would describe in high wrought phrases, the career of that one man, who died an exile on a rock, the victim of his own over-reaching ambition, he would laud him at one time, as the great regenerator of the human race, and the first opportunity, denounce him as an unprincipled and sanguinary tyrant, without one redeeming quality to secure our esteem, or merit him a niche among the great and good of the earth. Necessity first pointed out this irregular and devious path, indolence of habit confirmed it, and thus gradually he became the individual I have been endeavouring to describe. Nevertheless, he retained the manners of a gentleman—one of the old school, and which could not be disguised by poverty or any external appearance. He was incapable of exertion, when exertion was required, but make toil a pleasure, instead of a duty, and he would cheerfully perform the task allotted to him. The latter period of his life was rendered insupportable to him, from his craving for spirituous liquors, which left him a prey to the most horrible imaginings, when the events of his preceding life would rise up in horrible array against him, accusing him of having murdered time, and wasted his days in pursuit of the vainest of all vanities; without honour to himself, or usefulness to society. The dreams of early ambition would then present themselves, he would weep in anguish over his fate, and he would supplicate in the humblest terms, for the means of drowning memory in the Lethean oblivion of intoxication. The last scene which ends this strange eventful being, was in

Digitized by Google

that receptacle of the unfortunate—a workhouse. where amongst strangers he expired, forgotten by all; and his name, to those who knew him, serves now, like many other great men, merely to point a moral, or adorn a tale.

## Fashionable Gallantry.

### MORALITY OF A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

ARCHES COURT, NOV. 16.

THE OFFICE OF THE JUDGE PROMOTED BY SAUNDER *v.* THE REV. D. G. DAVIS, CLERK.

Dr. Phillimore stated, that in this case the judge's office had been promoted by Mr. Sander, against the Rev. Griffiths Davis, clerk, in a suit, touching and concerning his soul's health, and the lawful correction and reformation of his manners, and more particularly for profaneness, drunkenness, irregularity, and indecorum, in the performance of divine service. Mr. Davis, it appears, is a parson, on whom the Lord hath shed the gentle anointings of the Holy Ghost, to teach men the way they should go, and the things they should avoid Having got possession of the said Holy Ghost, he next got a living, or a cure for souls; though from what appeared afterwards, he was not very healthy himself. He, however, cured them of their affection for the church, and got into a pickle himself, as the result will disclose. He was charged with getting drunk in four different parishes frequently, and ingulphed such large doses of spirits, that the devil, the best friend of the cloth, took possession of his soul's tabernacle of clay, and caused this same divine, to blaspheme, swear, sing obscene songs, and the like of that, to the great edification of his congregation. Indeed, we find the Prince of the Power of the Air, Old Lucifer, him with the hoofs and horns, and forked tail, was quite a crony of this same divine; for on one time, at a vestry meeting, when he had been thanked for removing a pauper, he declared

Digitized by Google

that with a good horse and five shillings, he would ride to hell and back again, and face the old devil.

> "The devil fell ill, vowed he a priest would be,
> "The devil got well, and the devil a priest was he."

But there were other things worse than these; for it was proved in evidence, that in addition to his curing of souls, at which he was but a botch, he took in pupils, to train them in the right way, and that one of these pupils, a Mr. Beale, young, handsome, and only twenty four years old, was in the habit of sleeping with the defendant and his wife, three in a bed, as the pigs do in Ireland, share and share alike, as sleeping partners in this sexual commerce. Sometimes she would go to Mr. Beale's bed, with her husband's consent; changing about as the flesh was weak, but the spirit waking. Sir John Nicol, the judge, expressed a doubt as to the propriety of reading the evidence, it was so shameful and scandalous. He said he had not the power of deprivation, only of suspension, and then the learned judge commented on the conduct of this Minister of the Gospel, chosen to preach the word of the Lord, in very severe terms. He had ran up scores at the village ale-houses, carousing and keeping it up, as the daffies term it, with every one he met. The parishioners finding he was no dabster at curing of souls, left his gospel shop, and some went to the Methodists, some became Evangelists, Quakers, Infidels, and the rest of the spawn of the church; and others sold their religion to the God of this World, receiving its pleasures, as the price of their sins. The Holy Ghost, it was suspected, had cut his acquaintance, as he had become one of the devil's own, or the Black Regiment of Damnables. The learned judge, as a punishment for this offence, ordered him to be suspended for three years from his office, to pay all costs, and then to procure a certificate of good character and behaviour.

---

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

### COURT OF KING'S BENCH, Nov 22.

#### ABBOTT *v.* YOUNG.

This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff was the daughter of a cattle-salesman, at Holtley, in

Digitized by Google

Yorkshire, and had lived as servant in the defendant's house, who was a maltster of some repute, in the same place, for some time preceding the date of this action. Being very beautiful, she attracted the defendant's notice, and, it appeared, gained some place in his affections. Many overtures were made by him, soliciting some favour in testimony of a reciprocity of feeling on her part, but without success, until a promise of marriage, which he held out, at length induced her to lend an ear to his solicitations. She remained in his service for some time after, and only left it to be removed to Leeds, in order to be confined. There she was delivered of a daughter, and during her illness, the defendant repeatedly promised he would marry her; the reason which he assigned for postponing the ceremony was, that it would be injurious to him at that time to do her justice. He continued to visit her regularly afterwards, while she remained at Leeds, and after her removal from there; but at length he quite deserted her and her infant, and married another woman. The following letter, addressed by him to the plaintiff, upon her preparing to set out for Leeds, was read in evidence.

"*Feb.* 10, 1821.

"My dear Betsey,—I write to you to say, that if you have made up your mind to remove, you have not a moment to spare. Your first care, my dear girl, will be to go strait to Leeds, and try if you can get lodgings to please you. If you succeed, write to me without delay. I need not tell you, that I count the moments with impatience till I hear from you. You say, suspicion may be raised by your absence, could you not pretend you are going on a journey for a week or two? If you cannot set out so soon as I calculate, I pray you, write to me. My best wishes accompany you, &c."

The principal oral testimony was that of Emma Abbott, the plaintiff's sister. Witness's father had two sons, and four daughters, all of whom went into service. Mrs. Crowther, the eldest, got married to a rich old gentleman, who was upwards of seventy. The defendant told this witness that he would marry her sister, more than once. At Leeds, witness visited her sister, who there went by the name of Jackson, the defendant having assumed that name. When her sister was very ill, the defendant appeared greatly distressed, and would call her his dear wife. Witness left Leeds with the defendant and her sister. Upon this occasion,

Digitized by Google

there being no room inside, the defendant begged of a gentleman to give up his place to his wife, who was in a weak state of health. The gentleman complied, and witness and defendant rode outside. He frequently talked of her as his future wife.

Two others of the plaintiff's sisters spoke to the same effect, and the jury gave a verdict for One Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

Mr. Brougham, last term, had obtained a rule to show cause why a new trial should not take place, on the ground that one of the witnesses was perjured. The defendant put in two letters from the plaintiff, tending to show that she never expected he would marry her. Against this, several witnesses were called, who swore, that neither the plaintiff or any of her sisters could either read or write. The defendant now offered to prove, that Catherine, one of the sisters, could write, and that these letters were of her dictation. The letters were not considered admissible evidence by the judge who tried this cause.

Mr. Raine showed cause against a new trial. The question was, whether, if the letters had been read, they would have produced a different verdict from the jury. These letters, he, Mr. Raine, had no objection to read: they were as follows:

"SIR,—This comes with kind love to you, hoping you are well, as I cannot say I am at present. Little Elizabeth grows a fine girl; you would hardly know her if you saw her; indeed, if you should forget me, you must acknowledge our little Elizabeth. I am unhappy that you do not write to me; I am going to put short clothes upon little Elizabeth, she grows such a great girl. I would take it as a great favour if you would give me a character for a situation. I think, if it was Miss A., or Miss G., (Gosnell, to whom the defendant was afterwards married,) you would have written before now. I should be delighted if you would write to me: do, pray do, if it is at all convenient; if not, I must bear with it. Excuse the bad writing: so no more at present from

"Your affectionate

"E. ABBOTT."

The next letter was as follows:

"SIR,—I write these few lines to inform you of the news that my brother has brought from ———. Mrs. Crowder, and sister, and Thomas, insist upon my going to Wakefield, to father my child. They do not wish you to know this, but I thought proper to tell you of it. I want to know what you will allow me a-week

Digitized by Google

for the child. Whatever else you do, you should settle with little Elizabeth, or even before you thought of marrying me, as my sister told me. I am, thank God, much better, and able to take a situation. I cannot stop at home, for there is no peace here. My sister writes to me every fortnight. She says, that if there is a place to be had, that I must go to one; and that as to the shame, half it will fall upon you. I take the liberty of telling you that little Elizabeth is very well, though I don't know whether you like it. So no more at present from

"Your affectionate

"E. ABBOTT."

Upon these points, the application was dismissed, and the rule discharged, thereby confirming the verdict of the jury.

---

## HATTON GARDEN, Nov. 9.

### PATERNAL LOVE.

William Layton, a carpenter and joiner, residing in Peter's-lane, Cow-cross, and Mary, his daughter, an interesting girl, were brought up for examination before Mr. Laing, the sitting magistrate.

Mr. Sellon, one of the magistrates, stated, that there was no charge against the daughter, that the complaint was made generally by the inhabitants, the neighbourhood being constantly disturbed by the dreadful cries and screams of murder from the daughter, from his cruelly beating her; and that when the complaint was made before Serjeant Sellon, he issued his warrant to bring him before him, in preference to taking the complaint of the daughter against her father.

Waddington, the constable, stated, that the male prisoner was a headborough of the parish of St. Sepulchre Without; the neighbours were continually alarmed, day and night, by the screams and cries of murder issuing from the daughter, in consequence of his cruelly beating her; on one occasion he beat her so dreadfully that he broke her arm, and now the same arm was again severely injured, which she carried in a sling. He understood that the cause of complaint the prisoner had against his daughter was her refusing to comply with his unnatural desires.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Allingham, a next door neighbour, deposed to seeing the prisoner taking very indecent liberties with his daughter.

The magistrate then examined the daughter, who, with a great deal of reluctance, acknowledged that her father made several attempts on her virtue. That she remonstrated always with him on such indecent behaviour, which threw him into a violent passion, ending by his beating her, and that she considered her life in danger if she did not comply with his wishes. To preserve herself from him she was necessitated to bolt her door inside, which displeased him, and he took the bolt off, so that she had to place the table and chairs against the door to prevent his getting into her room. The magistrate told the prisoner, had his daughter preferred her charge against him in the first instance, he would be differently dealt with. His daughter was under twenty-one years of age, and he should maintain her until she got a situation, which would be some time, as her arm was so bad, but she should no longer remain under his roof, she should go into the workhouse, and he would be compelled to allow the parish something for her support. The daughter gladly accepted this offer of the magistrate. The overseers were sent for, who came, and the evidence above was again taken in their presence; it was then agreed upon that the father should deliver up her clothes, and allow six shillings a week for her maintenance.

# Miscellanies.

## THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

(*Continued from page* 503.)

I must first inform thee, my dearest Fantasio, said Theresa that instead of being the Cardinal's niece, I am his daughter. For while he was yet Bishop of Fermo, a ship of Malta brought into Civita Vecchia, a Turkish merchantman which he had taken. Among the captives in this ship was my mother, a beautiful Greek slave, that was passing from the Morea to Egypt to her father, that was there a factor. The Cardinal happened to be in that port on some business of the Pope's, and had no sooner cast his



Digitized by Google

eyes on the beautiful Greek, but he was wounded with love, and soon agrees with the captain of the Maltese for a price; and having placed her at a convenient house in Bononia, he took such opportunities of conversation, that she yielded up her charms, and received the Cardinal by a kind of duty as her master, to her bed, from whence sprang your Theresa. A few years she bred me, and when she died, the Cardinal loving my mother extremely, took particular care of the daughter, the only pledge of their loves. Being grown up to twelve, and he now Archbishop of Capua, he took me home as daughter to his sister, and his niece. He spared no cost for my instruction in all that was fit for a woman of quality to learn, and was so fond of me, as to give up the reins of my conduct to my own childish will. But yet careful of protecting my innocence from the treachery and surprise of those whom my beauty might enflame to the assaults of my honour; he placed as a guardian or governante at a distance, an old decrepit antiquated maid, who never having had charms enough to provoke an address in her youth, was as watchful as Argus to prevent the pleasures she could not enjoy in her old age.

She had a low forehead, beetle brows, great goggle eyes, high thin nose, and a chin that turned up to meet it, hollow cheeks, with the bones sticking out like excrescences, a hunch back, swarthy skin, no breasts, but in their place two flabby empty yellow bags, that hung down before, one leg shorter than the other, and a breath that would kill at a distance. Yet with all these defects and deformities, her discourse was perpetually of her virtue, and the quondam conquests of her eyes, and the resistance she had made against the most vigorous onsets of a perpetual succession of lovers.

Though this discourse were an infallible argument of her zeal for her sex, yet the vices, the falsehoods, the treachery and the perjuries of man, was the peroration of all her harangues. The extravagance of her humour would often entertain me, for I never admitted her but to divert me. For though her charge was to be watchful of the avenues of the palace, her commission extended not to invade my privacies within, or to raise any uneasy jealousy in me, that I was under constraint.

I was now turning of fourteen years of age, and full as ripe for love as any of my sex in Italy, drawing perhaps an amorous constitution from both my father and mother. For those who are got

Digitized by Google

in the liberty of desire are doubtless more gay and more vigorous, than the dull product of the formal embraces of a husband and wife, which has given me a perpetual aversion to that imperious animal called a husband, who, as far as my little observation can lead me, seems like the dog in a manger, or the misers of the age, who fondly hoard up bags of gold from the world which they have neither the capacity or will to enjoy.

The Cardinal was now translated from Capua to Naples and dignified with a Cardinal's hat Here I received the addresses of Count Luciano, son of the Duke of Metalone, and had he intended any thing but matrimony, I believe he had been more successful. But what made him more acceptable to the Cardinal rendered him less so to me; ambition had a share in his satisfaction, while mine was only for love and liberty. He however, persevered in his pursuit, and I must confess, that he would have conquered my resolution, if an accident had not happened which totally defeated all his hopes.

About this time, came to Naples an old school-fellow of the Cardinal's, Signor Carpegna and his lady, and being so intimate, the Cardinal's palace was their abode while they staid there. The Signor was a jolly corpulent old gentleman, of about fifty years old, fresh coloured, merry and amorous. He had a wife very near forty, but whose plumpness of person gave her a nearer relation to youth, than she could claim in reality: altogether making a figure desirable enough to a man of the Cardinal's age, who wanted not many months of that of her husband.

Soon after them arrived Signor Faschinetti, with his lady, a nominal relation of the Cardinal's, from Otranto. He was a meagre, sour, close, designing man, turning all things to the bent of his own interests and desires. He was about sixty, and his wife turned thirty, gay, coquettish and talkative. Though by no means ugly, yet she had fire enough in her eyes to light up the embers of love in the breast of old Carpegna.

Their age and relationship brought us often together, and, as the odd fates would have it, my eyes proved so flaming as to set the tinder of Faschinetti's old heart on fire. He openly professed his tenderness for me; assured me that I should be his heiress; called me his mistress; and was ever fiddling about me. But this passed for a sort of paternal love, as the extravagance of his real passion was so incredible, as not to be suspected even by myself.



Digitized by Google

There was a young Neapolitan Baron, called Casanatta, that had married Carpegna's daughter, who was at his country seat in the Abruzzo when the old gentleman arrived. But being returned to Naples, on notice from his father-in-law, he and his lady made daily visits to the Cardinal and his guests. Being all but myself married people, I had too frequent opportunities of conversing with Casanatta, both alone and in company.

Casanatta was of the tallest size of middle men, exactly shaped in body and legs, the down just on his chin, eyes full and languishing, a delicate complexion, and hair that hung down to his waist: he sung with abundance of art and address, with a voice that would charm the dullest: his utterance was soft and piercing, his words flowed like honey, and it was impossible to hear him without finding a soft emotion in your bosom at every syllable he uttered. His humour was agreeable and gay, and his temper open and generous. But his wife was just his reverse; young she was indeed, but had no tolerable thing to recommend her, but the wealth she had, and was like to bring, as the heiress of Carpegna. She was deformed in her person, and crooked in her conditions; reserved, censorious, envious, ill-natured, and sickly. I could but pity the hard fate of so fine a gentleman as Casanatta, to be confined for life to so odious a creature, and I often wished him in Don Luciano's place, or that he had yet been at liberty to make as honourable an address. I found in myself that he would not have been so indifferently received as Luciano, though his suit had been with the same disagreeable view; for I thought that the beauties of his person, and those of his humour, would really hold out through the long and tedious journey of matrimony itself.

Full of these kind thoughts for him, I was so happy to make impressions as great on his heart. He sought all opportunities of conversing with me that he could take without suspicion, and mutual inclinations soon made our short meetings more frequent. Several things contributed to the success of this amour, at least enough to betray us to a passion which neither of us could much longer command.

The Cardinal was taken up in bringing about his affair with Carpegna's wife, and he was too busy in pursuing his with the lady Faschinetti. But the latter, stimulated perhaps by jealousy, oftener interrupted our agreeable commerce than either of us liked.

Digitized by Google

The Baron, however, uneasy at this curb to our pleasures, let not his invention be idle to get him out of the way. For as we were sitting all three together, a footman comes, and brings Faschinetti a billet from a lady pretending to be in love with him, but was prevented, by modesty, from revealing her passion. In short, so many hints were given, that he believed it to be from me, promised to be at the place appointed, and retired in order to prepare himself. I was surprised, at first, when I found myself alone with the Baron, who explained to me, that the trick he had put upon Faschinetti, was merely to get an opportunity of declaring his passion, which he could no longer resist, and that he could not leave this world without letting me know that he fell the glorious sacrifice of my eyes.

Here he paused, and I blushed betwixt anger and pleasure. The pleasure I was obliged to conceal, while false anger usurped my tongue, and belied the soft sentiments of my heart. I forced a weak frown and some seeming harsh words on his presumption of declaring so criminal a passion, so injurious to my honour, and destructive of my virtue—that, since he knew no better how to make use of the innocent freedoms I gave him, I should immediately retrench them, and fly from so dangerous a conversation. He pressed my hand, and gave it ten thousand kisses, begged as many pardons, threw himself on his knees, embraced my legs, and made such an assault for pity and love, that, unable to bear the attack, trembling all over with fear and desire, I broke from him, and ran to my chamber.

He was not so bashful a lover, or so ignorant of women, as to have his passion defeated by the first repulse, or not to understand the symptoms of love from my eyes and my blushes, and the tremblings he found when he pressed me with kisses and tender caresses. He followed me, therefore, and finding my chamber door open, came to my closet, knocked gently at the door, which, when I opened to see who it was, he rushed in, and seized me in his amorous arms, and betwixt kisses and embraces, would not suffer me to cry out. I must confess, the opportunity was so agreeable, and the lover so pleasing, and my desire so heightened, I could not punish the rudeness I found so transporting. In his arms I sunk down on the couch, and with a faint resistance, suffered him to gain a victory in which our triumph was equal.

After a little respite, and a gentle accusation of his cruel rudeness, in sacrificing my honour, I advised him to retire, lest the



Digitized by Google

governante should surprise us, but he informed me that his French valet La Mime, for a reward, had undertaken to win her to his arms, and so lull asleep those eyes, which might else have interrupted our enjoyments.

Here Theresa wept at the remembrance of her happiness, and of the fate of her lover. Faschinetti, jealous of the attentions I could not help paying to Casanatta, even when he was present, laid watch, and soon discovered the secret of our intimacy. I had arranged it with my lover, that he should, at certain times, in the disguise of a pedlar woman, contrive to be admitted into my apartment, where he often passed the night in my arms. Faschinetti discovered this, and informed the Cardinal, who placed some new spies on my actions, and was soon confirmed in his suspicions.

One fatal night, when tired with the repetition of our mutual caresses, sleep had sealed both our eyes, death came and ravished him from my arms. The governante's chamber was between mine and the Cardinal's, which he entered with a dagger and a dark lanthorn, and proceeded to mine which was unlocked. Coming directly to my bed side, he gazed on us while asleep; I was first awakened by his light, and seeing him going to pierce the Baron, I cried out so loud that I awoke the dear youth, but not time enough to prevent the first stab, which though not immediately death, yet made him fall back almost drowned in his gore. I seized the Cardinal's hand, and begged him to dispatch me with the lovely youth. But deaf to my prayers, with another he sent his poor soul a wandering with the dead.

A year elapsed before I could mingle in society again, the first time of which was on the occasion of the festival in my honour, where I met the little Fantasio.

[Fantasio afterwards is obliged to leave the Cardinal's palace, as his eminence wished to gratify a certain detestable passion, which is but too much practised in Italy. He goes through various adventures, which in our future numbers, we perhaps may give in the ferm of detached tales.]

---

## PORTRAITS OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

### No. III.—Mr. Ado-ph-s.

This man is a lawyer, versed in all the trickery and chicanery

Digitized by Google

in which the law is enveloped from vulgar eyes; and one whose mind is as shallow and weak as it is bigoted and fanatic. He is a specimen of your true thorough-bred church and state man: a perfect *Vicar of Bray*—who thinks the ruling powers must be divine, and who adores them, as the Tartars do the *Grand Llama*, in order that he may come in for a share of their excrement! He is a bullying Hector, who ostentatiously throws himself forward as a champion of despotic deeds, as his is a true lawyer's conscience, that can always be bought at its true worth! His eloquence, if boisterous declamation can be so termed, consists of furious invective and his logic is not borrowed from the school of Locke. He will often succeed in his object by the pertinacity with which he clings to his cause, as one of the dames of Billingsgate will triumph over her antagonist by the mere physical superiority of her lungs. He is the only one of his profession that will do the dirtiest work of the law; for such is his reverence for every thing as by law established, that he will undertake to wash the Ethiop white, and convince us, against the conviction of ourselves. He will laud the superstition and the bonzes of his country, and then he will turn round and proclaim that the ears of females would be polluted by listening to its canons. He betrays his origin in the low vulgarity of his ideas and language, and is upon a par with the lowest of the rabble. He becomes infuriated when he hears the supremacy of his rulers attacked, and he knows of no treason or schism so damnable as that of disbelieving in the infallibility of the powers that be. He has nothing but his lungs and his impudence to recommend him; and, as a further attraction, he is well versed in that sort of learning which the righteous in abhorrence call bawdy. He would make a fit Recorder of the Old Bailey, as he could read the criminals a great moral lesson on the deformity of crime, and then hang them, *in terrorem*, by way of exemplifying his doctrine. He thinks kings and their appendages can do no wrong, and this is the main spring of all his movements. He is furious, bigoted, and ignorant: and has not sense enough to perceive, that more designing and cunning people, merely make a tool of him to gratify their own propensities. He has a frontlet of brass; and, indeed, his name is but another appellation for the brazen image. No one is more imperious and insulting when he thinks he can bully his hearers; no one is more devout and submissive when he finds that he has met with his match. He is of that definite species which the

Digitized by Google

keepers of wild animals class under the denomination of "*hot and harmless!*" He is as choleric as a Yorkshire pudding; and as positive in his opinions as a new-fangled sectarian, or an assembly of splay-mouthed divines By his talk, one would think he had as much charity for the poor as he has for the rich, but it extends no further than seeing them easy while in prison. He will adjure God in the most solemn terms, and yet disbelieve in his existence. Loyalty is with him the law and the prophets, and he invariably follows the text of the court commentators. His wisdom would qualify him for a place among the sages of Gotham, where he would shine, in all his glory, as the supreme chief. He is a bawling candidate for place and pension!—a wigged hypocrite, who cannot be free and independent!—and he may rank with the Reynolds's and Oliver's of the day, as being only subservient to other people's bad purposes, and having neither virtue nor ambition to free himself from their shackles.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF LONG AND SHORT COURTSHIPS.

### *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

Sir,—The different modes of courtship that are adopted by the candidates and votaries of Hymen, are nearly as numerous and various as the objects themselves that engage in these amorous pursuits. Some place all their mind in their constancy and perseverance, and others in the spirit and briskness of their attacks. The fields of Mars and Venus, have been often compared; and consequently, the heroes that aspire to renown on either of these theatres, display their skill by adopting caution or enterprize, according as they may seem most likely to lead to ultimate success. Thus the example of Fabius, in a peculiar state of circumstances, may be the most eligible plan of operations, while the enterprising temper of Scipio may prompt him to transfer the war into the enemy's country, and penetrate into the heart of his dominions. It is very certain that courage or boldness carries with it a very strong recommendation to the fair sex, whether this disposition arises from their own timidity, or perhaps, that their admiration may plead for a quality which they do not themselves possess.

Digitized by Google

Women born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward, and the bold.

WALLER.

It is for this reason, that military gentlemen, who are generally more studious of success in affairs of gallantry, than they are desirous of acquiring skill in their own profession, usually adopt measures of promptness and vigour, in preference to those of perseverance in pursuit; and depend more upon carrying female fortresses by storm, than by tedious and lingering blockades. But in spite of these brilliant advantages, it may not be denied that long courtships contrive to win the prize by patience; perseverance and assiduity are, in themselves, expressive of more respect for the fair sex, and of a higher admiration of their charms, than the abrupt and summary method put in practice by the more ardent and enterprising votaries of love. The boundaries of delicacy and decorum are frequently invaded by these hot-headed champions, and as such, no apology can justify their conduct, though the world in general sides with nothing but success.

For if success a Lover's end attains,
Few ask, if force or fraud his object gains.

POPE.

This, however, is a turn of mind deserving of the sharpest reprehension, and the idea that it conveys with it ought to be scouted by every lady of sensibility and refinement. It has been frequently observed, that modesty is a most amiable quality either in males or females, and that the contrary disposition though it is frequently rewarded with success, is supposed to be indicative of every vice. It is not to be denied, that one leading cause of long courtships is to be ascribed to the modesty of the lover, and to the high respect which he unfeignedly feels for the object of his tender passion. But this commendable disposition on his part, should plead very strongly for him with the amiable portion of the creation, who ought never by word or deed, to countenance any breach of modesty, or any deviation from the customary rules of decorum. This is a duty particularly incumbent on the female sex; the strictest regard should be paid to the precepts of reserve and delicacy, as they are very properly termed, the strongest outworks of virtue. The votaries of long courtships are in possession of the outworks, and if they persevere in keeping that hold, the fortress should make an honourable capitulation.

Digitized by Google

## HYPOCRISY AND PERSECUTION.

In announcing to the public and his friends, that he has again been attacked by the hypocrites of the Vice Society, the Publisher of the Rambler's Magazine feels it a duty incumbent upon him, to make an observation on the animosity which the said Society, and others, have repeatedly shown against him, and on the imprisonments and privations he has been forced to endure, through the malice of his powerful enemies. Finding that their last attempt had totally failed, they have renewed, once more, the war-whoop of oppression, they are determined to ruin him, by entailing on him heavy expences, even should the Juries of his country acquit him of the crimes laid to his charge. The proceedings against him, during the last five years, have been cruel in the greatest degree. He has been imprisoned twice, without ever being brought to trial: he has been tried once, and he was acquitted. In 1817, when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, he was arrested in Ireland, though the suspension extended not to that country; he was kept in prison for upwards of ten months, without knowing why, and then discharged, and prevented from obtaining any redress, by a special clause in the Act of Indemnity, to meet his case. He had then committed nothing which could be considered dangerous to the State or the Community, and he has yet to learn the crime or the offence, which rendered him obnoxious to the powers that be.—The next attack, was from that infernal gang of conspirators in Bridge-street, by whom he was confined in the King's Bench Prison three months, and they have never dared to bring him before a Jury of his countrymen, to affirm or negative his guilt. Through them his establishment in the Strand was ruined, but he has this consolation amidst his misfortunes, that he was not the least instrument, among thousands, in stirring up public opinion in behalf of her late most gracious Majesty, Queen Caroline, by his publication of 'The Peep at the Peers,' thus contributing, in no small degree, to the complete establishment of her innocence, and freeing her from the fangs of her blood-thirsty enemies. The agents of oppression, then turned their anger upon the Publisher, and endeavoured to root him out from society. He defied the gang of Murray, and conquered them. He established a Bookseller's business in Castle-street, where he interfered, not from cowardice or dereliction of principle, neither with the political, or the religious establish-

Digitized by Google

ments. He was then attacked by the agents of the Vice Society, a cry was raised against him of obscenity—he was tried and acquitted—though he was cast—with heavy expences.

The works that he has published, contain no more obscenity than are to be met with in every novel that is published, they contain by no means so much lasciviousness as the writings of Shakespear, and scores of other great geniuses whose productions appear continually on the stage, and which have obtained for their authors immortal praise. He need not mention, Rabelais, Sterne, or Voltaire, he need not produce a catalogue of all our poets, including the most chaste, and then ask whether he has published any thing immoral, indecent or lascivious. He need not advert to the numerous exhibitions of naked female figures, daily exhibiting to the public, he need not bring to the recollections of his readers, the amatory passages in the word of God, to give them the best name, to prove that love, in an overwhelming majority, has been the principal theme of all the principal authors. Can any thing more expose the abominable hypocrisy of these confederated wretches, who thus club their extortions from the labours of the community, to destroy and ruin those who may give them offence. They have found another bill of indictment against him, charging him with an obscene libel to which he has been obliged to put in bail. They have never imputed to him any thing immoral or indecent in his personal character and conduct, and he would defy the persecutors of the Vice Society to a comparison, as to the morality and purity of their lives.

This state of the press is worse than a censorship; as now, every thing is a libel that these scoundrels chuse to call so. If extracts from esteemed writers be libels, then he will acknowledge himself guilty: but, till he finds that they attack the rich as well as the poor, he shall consider them oppressors, and abominable hypocrites. Works have been published, and that lately, too, which are grossly obscene and immoral; but, because they were patronised by the great, they were suffered to circulate freely. How long such a state of things must exist, is not for him to tell, but while it does, no man can consider himself free, and he who dares to offend these *reverend* hypocrites, must prepare for durance vile, or else appease their wrath by submission, as degrading to man as it is subversive of his best interests and privileges.

W. BENBOW.

Digitized by Google

## JUSTIFICATION OF BAIL.

Mr. Benbow deems it necessary to make some explanation respecting a recent circumstance, which gave rise to many unfounded rumours, viz. the issuing out of an execution against him by the Sheriff, and the temporary possession of his property, by the agent of the law. About two years ago, Mr. B. justified bail, for one W. Bryant, of West-place, Lambeth, in the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, thereby becoming responsible for that sum, should the said W. Bryant fail to pay it. This Bryant, is a sort of a lawyer or attorney, and Mr. Benbow, at the time he became bound, was quite ignorant of the law, and of the consequences that would attend Bryant's default. At a great expence, Mr. Benbow got rid of the execution, but was never able to obtain any recompence from Bryant. On the contrary, when Mr. B. mentioned it to him, he added insult to injury, told him, that if his goods were sold, he would not suffer much loss. Mr. Benbow was not at that time aware but that this was like ordinary bail, only becoming responsible in the absence of the person bailed, and Bryant suffered him to commit this friendly act; knowing his ignorance, and his own intentions. In justice to his creditors and the public, Mr. Benbow makes this statement to the world, lest it should be thought that he had wilfully defrauded, or been guilty of any such immoral act. We shall keep our eye on this gentleman in future.

---

## *To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.*

May Fair, Half-past Eleven, Saturday-night.
23rd. November, 1822.

Mr. Rambler.—I have just returned from Drury Lane Theatre, which place I was induced to visit, by the favourable report I had received of the fair debutante of this evening, and as the melodious strains with which my auricular organs have been enchanted, still continue to vibrate in my enraptured ears, and preclude the possibility of sleep. I cannot employ half an hour more agreeably than in encomiums on those who have contributed so much to my amusement during the evening.

Rosetta, the principal part in the Opera (Love in a Village) was was sustained by a Mrs. Austin, who made her first appearance on these Boards, and no lady ever experienced a more flattering

Digitized by Google

reception from a genteel and crowded audience, which she fully merited by the excellence of her performance. She sung not only all the original songs and duets, allotted to her part in the Opera, but a popular air of Mozart's with variations, which she executed with astonishing rapidity and precision, and notwithstanding its extreme difficulty, repeated it with equal, if not increased power. She also introduced the celebrated Bravura of 'Shun ye Fair,' by Gairdini, which I believe has not been attempted before, since Mrs. Billington left the stage, in a style which called forth the most deserved and rapturous plaudits of the audience; to do adequate justice to the talent of this lady is beyond the power of one unaccustomed to criticism, but I hesitate not to say, that she is a powerful addition to the already unequalled Corps Dramatique of this once neglected house. If Miss Stephens left Covent Garden (as report says,) from a jealousy of the talent of Miss M. Tree, she will here meet an equally formidable rival. Mrs. A— is in stature rather above the middle size, her figure graceful and genteel, her features regular, her manner easy and unembarrassed, and her age apparently about five or six and twenty, she has been married several years to a very respectable man, has several children, and is as well versed in the duties of a wife and mother, as in her profession.

Braham was the Hawthorn of the evening, and executed the beautiful and plaintive air of 'Friend of my soul this goblet sip,' and a duet (an introduction) with Mrs. Austin (both of which were repeated) with the most electric spirit. The Justice Woodcock of Dowton, was in his usual style of excellence. The Deborah Woodcock of Mrs. Harlow, Lucinda of Miss. Povey, Madge of Miss Copeland, young Meadows of Horn, and Hodge of Knight, were all deserving the applause with which they were severally greeted. Barnard as Eustace, was as lively and interesting as ever, the poor gentleman once appeared about to faint, from over exertion in the arduous character imposed on him.

The Opera was announced for repetition on Tuesday, amidst the most rapturous applause.

DRAMATICUS.



Digitized by Google

# Theatricals.

## DRURY LANE.

To particularize the numerous excellencies that have been exhibited at this house since our last, would require almost a volume of itself. Never in the annals of any theatre, was such a company of performers assembled. Kean, Young, Braham, Liston, Dowton, Elliston, Munden, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Stephens, are the principal stars in this bright constellation. Kean has fully confirmed his previous reputation; he has shown himself the first of living actors. On Wednesday, 27th of November, a memorable event took place, the union of Kean and Young, in the same piece. The play was "Othello," Kean personated the Moor. Young was Iago. These two actors are each eminent in tragedy. Kean animated solely by the fire of his natural genius, trusts more to that, than the artificial acquirements. Young versed in each scenic art, and aided by all that education and study can give, approaches so near to his great rival, as to dispute with him his throne. Kean, on this night, shone pre-eminent; the blaze of his genius shot an electric spark into each breast, which awakened our sympathy, excited our wrath, or drew forth our pity at the will of this powerful delineator of human passions. Young often made us shrink back with horror, from his calm and cold blooded villany, and if it were not hypocritical to find fault with such a performance, we should say, that he was rather too stately in some of the scenes, and wanted that ease and freedom which so eminently characterizes his rival, We allude to the scenes between his wife and Roderigo. Those between him and Othello, were the delight of all. We never heard any thing lik the pathos of Kean, when he lamented that "Othello's occupation gone," and wept in bitter anguish o'er his fate. Kean has confirmed his superiority by this trial, beyond a doubt; and Young, for the future, must rank second in histrionic succession. The characters were wel suited to their actors, and calculated to draw forth their various merits; a finer treat was never present to the lovers of the drama, and we are glad to see two such actors lay aside their prejudices, and only exert themselves in the spirit of generous emulation.

Digitized by Google

## COBOURG THEATRE.

This house has opened since our last for (as it is at present called) the Winter season, some alterations have been made in the interior, among which is a beautiful and novel saloon, under the pit.

The pieces, during the last week, have been a melo-drama, called "Frederick of Bavaria," a translation from the French, which afforded Huntley an opportunity of displaying his talent to some advantage. Messrs. Stanly, Howel, and Rowbottom, were also effective in the little they had to do. A pretty comic piece, called the "Czar of Muscovy" followed, taken from the story of the Czar's engaging himself, and working for twelve months, as a ship's carpenter in a Dock-yard in Holland. Stanly was the hero of the piece, which he play'd with his usual spirit. Sloman, played Peter Slyman, another ship carpenter, and was effective as ever in foolery. An old Dutch Burgomaster, was extremely well represented by Mr. W. Bennet, and afforded us much amusement, and our little favourite Miss Healy, looked and acted very prettily as his niece, but we were much disappointed by the author's not having introduced a single song for this sweet warbler. A pretty and splendid mythological ballet was performed between the pieces, in which Monsieur and Madame Le Clercq, were the principal dancers.

We were not a little pleased to observe, that Sloman's stupid exhibition in front of the glass curtain, was not so favourably received by the gods as usual, even those gentry begin to be tired of his ridiculous foolery, and disgusting sameness.

We have heard much of a fund established at this Theatre, for the relief and maintenance of distressed individuals, widows, orphans, &c., belonging to, or having belonged to this establishment, which by some unacountable means has been discontinued. We have made some enquiry on the subject, and are now in possession of a copy of the "Rules and Regulations," but received them too late to enter fully into the merits of the case in our present number, which however, we shall not fail to do in our next We learn that the performers contributed a considerable portion of their hard earned salaries, and gratuitously gave their respective services to two benefits, that a sum amounting to three-hundred pounds, or thereabouts, was received by their secretary, Mr. Fairbrother, and of which, notwithstanding four years have



Digitized by Google

elapsed, the injured members (some of whom are in great distress,) can get no satisfactory account, nor has any individual that we can learn received relief from the fund. From the respectable names attached to the said "Rules and Regulations," as Trustees and Treasurers, we should have been induced to have placed the same confidence in its security, as the poor deluded subscriber's have done, and as the complaints which have reached us are extremely numerous. We shall feel it our duty as public journalists, to protect injured and oppressed merit; and call on the Trustees, Treasurers, Auditors, and Secretary, collectively and individually to account to the subscriber's for the sums in their hands.

---

## WEST LONDON THEATRE.

A burletta, founded on the comedy of the "Belle's Stratagem," has been performed at this house, in a manner which would have done credit to the patent establishments. The Miss HARDY of Miss Brunton, DORINCOURT of Mr. Brunton, and WIDOW RACKET of Mrs. Barnard, were deserving the applause with which they were severally and warmly greeted. The indelicate dialogue with which this excellent comedy abounds is omitted, the plot retained, and the characters throughout, creditably sustained.

In the afterpiece of the "Bears," Mrs. Barnard, who pleased us so well in the first piece, appeared (though she had but little to do) extremely careless and languid; had she been of the other sex, we should have suspected she had been making libations at the shrine of Bacchus,

The piece called the "Sketch Book," is a composition of the greatest nonsense ever exhibited on a respectable stage. The only thing worthy of remark is a pretty rustic dance, in which the whole of the performers joined. Surely Mr. B. might, from the number of pieces he has in his possession, select something more deserving the attention of that part of the audience who pay for their admission, and not be guided by the applause of those who nightly take their seats by means of orders; by this system he may certainly fill the house, but we fear not the treasury.

We do not approve of the custom of managers submitting their pieces to the perusal and criticism of a performer, and that performer himself an author. Is it reasonable to expect an impar-

Digitized by Google

tial report? whatever may be the merit of the piece or the writer, it is represented to the manager, as unfit for his house, unless the author be a friend of the self-created critic, or a part be expressly written for him to "strut and fret away his hour," our remarks are not confined to this house, as we believe it to be the case in all theatres, and to which we have to attribute the present degeneracy of the stage. The exclusion of pieces of merit, and introduction of trash. As we wish Mr. Brunton well, we cannot approve of his temerity in introducing the "Galley Slaves" at the moment when it is playing with so much success at the major houses, any more than we do the introduction of such pieces in those houses, it is by novelty alone, and not by competition with those overgrown establishments, that he can expect an overflowing treasury.

## Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprits, &c.

Retort Courteous.—The late Colonel M—, who commanded the B—— militia during the rebellion in Ireland, was as remarkable for his gallantry as the enormous size and beautiful crimson colour of his nose, being one evening in company with a party of ladies, one of whom he entertained with his accustomed gallant conversation, when the lady, observing that his hands were of the most delicate whiteness, begged he would inform her by what means he preserved their delicacy. "That, madam," replied he, "is a secret I would not divulge to any lady but yourself; it is done by placing them every night in my wife's bleaching ground!" "Indeed, colonel," coolly replied the lady, "then my advice is, that, in future, you place your nose in that delectable spot!"

Matrimony.—The following curious Advertisement is extracted from the "British Press" newspaper of 1807, and we doubt not but that if a matrimonial lottery office were established, it would be a profitable speculation, and would accommodate many bashful bachelors, and forlorn virgins, who now pine in single blessedness, and ignorant of those joys which are the chief delight and source of our existence.

Ladies.—As many Ladies, from a retired life, or undue re-



Digitized by Google

straint, or caprice, have not entered into the matrimonial state, Mrs. Morris, No. 27, Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, undertakes to obtain them objects to their wishes. Those who have employed her, will confess she is deserving the utmost confidence; it never can be known that Ladies apply to her, if they do not disclose it themselves; as her connections are extensive, it is supposed that she knows where to find unmarried Ladies, without their applying to her. She is at home, every morning, from ten till three, and every afternoon, from five till eight. None but persons of fortune, and of the most irreproachable characters, will be treated with—No letters received that are not post-paid.

---

## EPIGRAM.

Dick bought a sow the other day,
And chose the finest from the store;
But ere he reach'd his home, they say,
He found the sow a monstrous BORE!

---

MRS. —— WHISTLE.—This lady, so well known to the theatrical world, both as a songstress, and an actress, is said to be afflicted with a failing as distressing to her feelings, as it is ludicrous to those who may be acquainted with the secret. That it is the current report of the green-room, and a standing joke among the theatrical gossips we know, and as such we shall give it to our readers, extenuating nothing. Mrs. ——, when in the practice of her profession, and when her melodious notes ascend up to the highest heaven of harmony, sends forth other sounds not quite so musical nor so sweet in their execution. To prevent these unpleasant consequences, a certain instrument is required, denominated a plug, which prevents the egress of the offensive issue, and thus counterbalances the defects of nature. A while ago, Mrs. —— was engaged at a country theatre, where there was a prompter, a sort of a busy, bustling, officious, and whimsical fellow. He was superintending with all the dignity of office, the arrangements for the evening's amusement, when one of those duties which are imposed on all, and which can not be performed by proxy, imperiously demanded his absence. He obeyed the call; was satisfied, but in his haste to be at his post, he unfortunately

Digitized by Google

left his "whistle," the ensign of his authority behind him. The time arrived for the curtain to draw up—the prompter missed his whistle—search was made in every place where it was not, and great was his disappointment at his loss. In the mean time, Mrs. —— had installed herself on the throne which the prompter had vacated, and prior to commencing operations, had extracted her plug from the ignoble station and service to which it was doomed, and placed it by the side of the prompter's lost whistle. In reinstating her plug in its original position, she seized on the prompter's whistle, which was thus destined to receive, not airs from heaven, but rather blasts from hell, or the lower regions, to allegorise a little. Mrs.—— was now called to play her part. she acted well, she sang better—the audience applauded—she increased her exertions, her notes ascended high, almost in the sphere of angels; the listening audience, hung on the sounds with ravished ears, when hark! a sound was heard, shrill, like the prompter's lost whistle, and then a loud exclamation, "There's my whistle, my whistle." Mrs. —— blushed, the curtain fell; some laughed, others pitied her infirmities, and to this day, Mrs. ——'s whistle is the signal for universal laughter, whenever it is alluded to.

## Poetry,

[ORIGINAL AND SELECT.]

### TO BESSY.

Lovely Bessy, lovely maid,
Either rose in thee's display'd;
Roses of a blushing red
O'er thy lips and cheeks are shed;
Roses of a paler hue
In thy fairer charms we view:
Now thy braided hair unbind,
Now luxuriant, unconfin'd
Let thy wavy tresses flow—
Tresses bright—of burnish'd glow!
Bare thy ivory neck, my fair;
Now thy snowy shoulders bare;

Digitized by Google

Bid thy vivid lustre rise
In thy passion-streaming eyes.
See! the lucent meteors gleam;
See! they speak the wishful flame;
And now gracefully above,
Modell'd from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows display'd,
Soft'ning in a sable shade;
Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek;
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume;
Give me little billing kisses,
Intermixt with murmuring blisses;
Soft, my love!—my angel, stay!
Soft!—you suck my breath away;
Drink the life-drops of my heart,
Draw my soul from every part,
Scarce my senses can sustain,
So much pleasure—so much pain—
See! to feast th' enamour'd eyes
How the snowy hillocks rise:
Parted by the luscious vale
Whence luxurious sweets exhale,
Nature fram'd thee but t'inspire,
Never ending fond desire.
Again, above 'its envious vest,
See! thy bosom heaves confest
Hide the rapt'rous dear delight,
Hide it from my ravish'd sight,
Hide it—for through all my soul
Tides of madd'ning transports roll,
Heaving now th' passion'd sigh!
See me languish, see me die!
Tear not from me, then, thy charms;
Snatch, oh! snatch me to thy arms;
With a life-inspiring kiss,
Wake my sinking soul to bliss.

Digitized by Google

Hide thy broad voluptuous breast!
Hide thy balmy heaven of rest!

## THE FABLE OF THE BEES.

(*Concluded from page 524.*)

Justice hang'd some, set other's free;
And, after goal-delivery,
Her presence be'ng no more requir'd,
With all her train and pomp retir'd.
First march'd some smiths with locks and grates,
Fetters, and doors with iron plates:
Next gaolers, turnkeys and assistants:
Before the goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful minister,
'Squire Catch, the law's great finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary sword,
But his own tools, an ax and cord:
Then on a cloud the hood-wink'd fair,
Justice herself was push'd by air;
About her chariot, and behind,
Were serjeants, bums of every kind,
Tip-staffs, and all those officers,
That squeeze a living out of tears.

Tho' physick liv'd, whilst folks were ill,
None would prescribe, but bees of skill,
Which through the hive dispers'd so wide,
That none of them had need to ride,
Wav'd vain disputes, and strove to free
The patients of their misery;
Left drugs in cheating countries grown,
And us'd the product of their own;
Knowing the Gods sent no disease
To nations without remedies.

Their clergy rous'd from laziness,
Laid not their charge on Journey-Bees;

Digitized by Google

But serv'd themselves, exempt from vice,
The Gods with pray'r and sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew
Their service might be spar'd, withdrew;
Nor was there business for so many,
(If th' Honest stand in need of any,)
Few only with the high-priest staid,
To whom the rest obedience paid;
Himself employ'd in holy Cares,
Resign'd to others state-affairs.
He chas'd no starv'ling from his door,
Nor pinch'd the wages of the poor;
But at his house the hungry's fed,
The Hireling finds unmeasur'd bread,
The needy trav'ler board and bed.

Among the king's great ministers,
And all th' inferior officers
The change was great; for frugally
They now liv'd on their salary:
That a poor bee should ten times come
To ask his due, a trifling sum,
And by some well hir'd clerk be made,
To give a crown, or ne'er be paid;
Would now be call'd a downright cheat,
Tho' formerly a perquisite.
All places, manag'd first by three,
Who watch'd each others knavery,
And often for a fellow-feeling,
Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supply'd by one,
By which some thousands more are gone.

W. Bunnow. Printer, 9, Castle Street, Leicester Square, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google